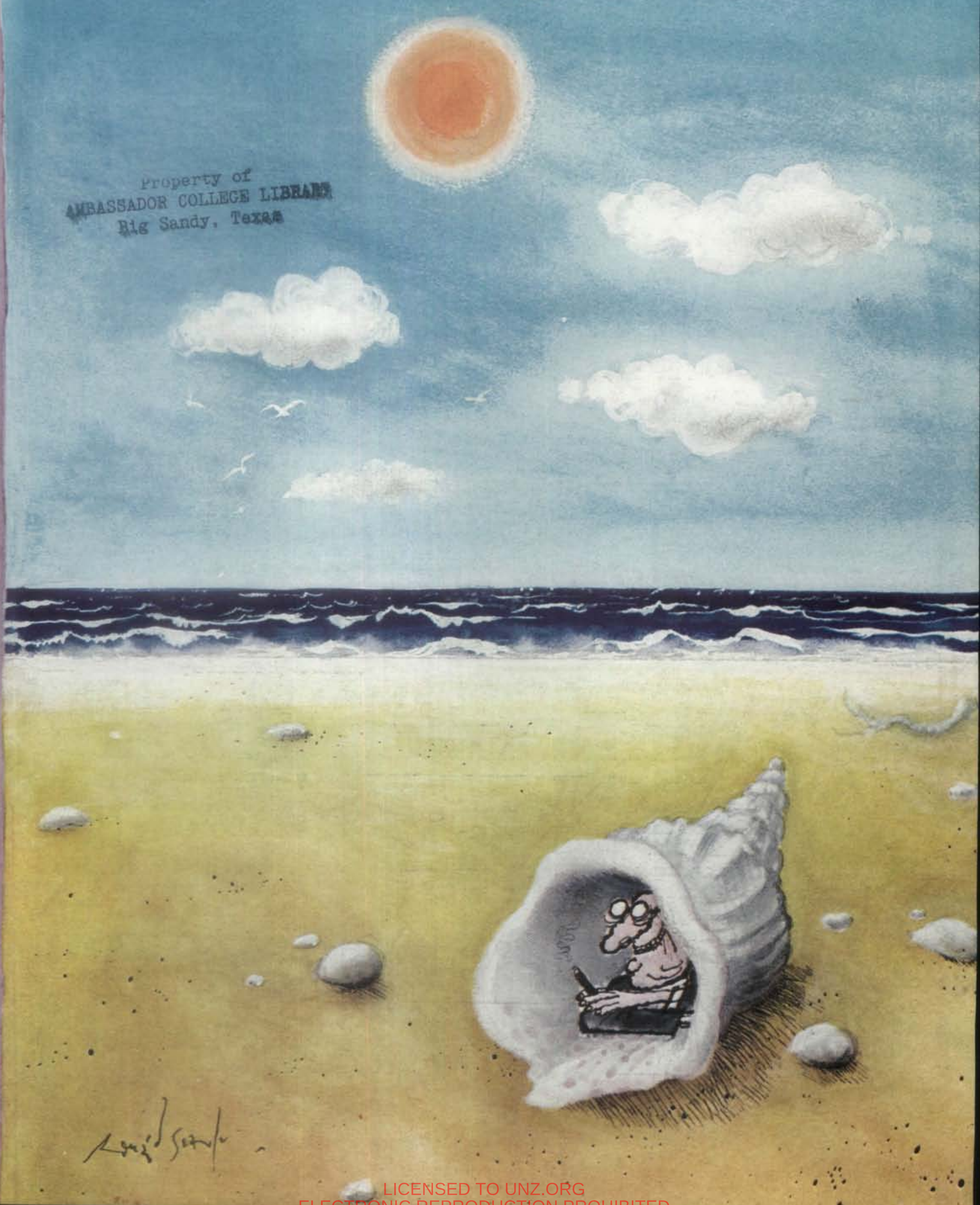
Jan. 13, 1973

THE NEW YORKER

Price 50 cents

Property of
AMBASSADOR COLLEGE LIBRARY
Big Sandy, Texas



GM
MARK OF EXCELLENCE

Caprice Coupe at Louisburg Square, Boston, Mass.

New Caprice. The uppermost Chevrolet.

When we decided to make Caprice the uppermost Chevrolet, we made one thing uppermost in our mind. You.

You ease down, for example, onto thick foam-cushion seats with distinctive fabrics.

You find automatic transmission, power steering, and power disc brakes built in. New assist grip on each front door, too.

You and your passengers have lots of luxurious room.

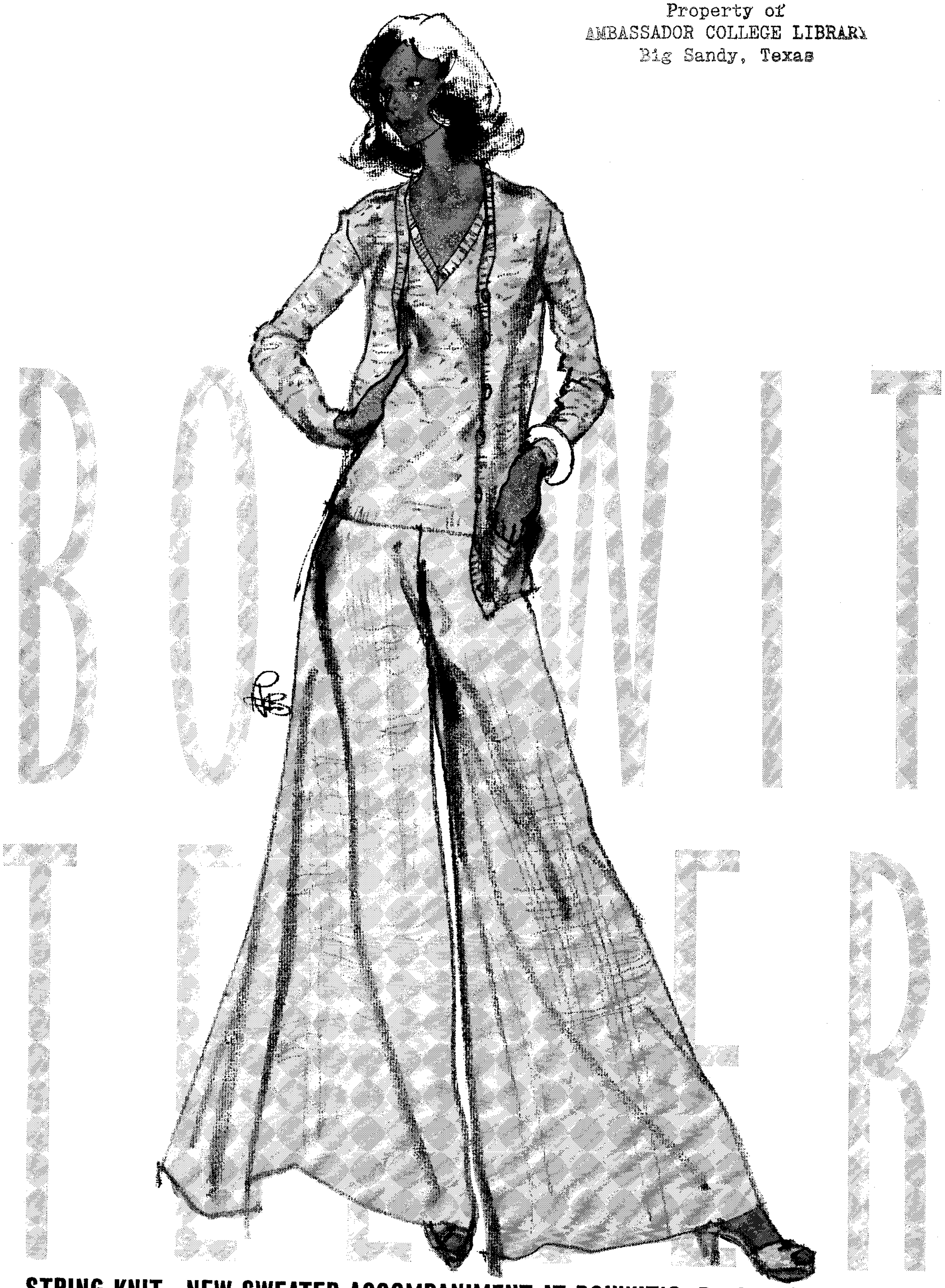
You sit in a peaceful hush, thanks to refined suspension and layers of soundproofing.

You can even order a twin-cushion front seat with reclining passenger back rest (left).

The 1973 Caprice. Consider it uppermost. You might not want to look any higher.

1973 Chevrolet. Building a better way to see the U.S.A. Chevrolet

Property of
AMBASSADOR COLLEGE LIBRARY
Big Sandy, Texas



STRING KNIT—NEW SWEATER ACCOMPANIMENT AT BONWIT'S **Designed in ivory by Kasper for J. L. Sport Ltd. V-Neck, 22.00 Cardigan, 26.00 In acrylic and cotton, S, M, or L. Palazzo's, 4-14 sizes, 60.00 Just Kasper Bonwit Teller All stores**

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			10	11	12	13
14	15	16	17	18	19	20

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Berlin to Broadway with Kurt Weill—This chronological arrangement of Weill's glorious songs, as sung and semi-performed by two young men and two young women, is a bit tame for the writing of the Master, but it has its exciting moments all the same. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 6:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Butley—Alan Bates, continuously onstage and in continuous eruption, as a miserable teacher at the University of London bent on making everyone around him feel as unhappy as he does. The author, Simon Gray, has found the means of making Butley sympathetic; he has also given him wonderfully funny lines to utter. An excellent comedy. (Morosco, 45th St., W. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday evening, Jan. 14.)

The Cherry Orchard—This production of the Chekhov classic has an all-black cast. Preview Wednesday, Jan. 10. Opens officially on Thursday, Jan. 11. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30; opening-night curtain at 6:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

The Children—This mysterious, blurry little play is almost all fantasy. It is about the son, the lover, the daughter, and the husband of a dying woman, none of whom is especially good company. With Bob Balaban, George Welbes, Fern Sloan, and Kevin McCarthy. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Jan. 21.)

Doctor Selavy's Magic Theatre—A very entertaining, wild, and way-out musical set in a madhouse. The show was conceived, directed, and designed by Richard Foreman. Stanley Silverman wrote the music, and Tom Hendry wrote the lyrics. The performances by all hands are highly satisfactory. (Mercer Arts Center, 240 Mercer St., at W. 3rd St. 673-3937. Wednesdays and Thursdays at 7:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Don Juan in Hell—Shaw's comedy, comprising the third act of his "Man and Superman," performed by Paul Henreid, Ricardo Montalban, Edward Mulhare, and Agnes Moorehead. John Houseman directed. Opens Monday, Jan. 15. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Don't Bother Me, I Can't Cope—A sparkling, witty all-black revue directed by the dynamic Vinnette Carroll and with delightful songs—music and lyrics—by Micki Grant. All the performers are good; the presence of the great gospel singer Alex Bradford is especially encouraging. (Edison, 47th St., W. 757-7164. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 7:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5.)

Shay Duffin as Brendan Behan—A one-man show of selections from the lively and altogether extraordinary writings of the late Irish dramatist. Mr. Duffin's performance, while hardly extraordinary, is quite lively, too. (Abbey, 136 E. 13th St. 677-4210. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 7:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Equity Library Theatre—A revival of THE SECRET LIFE OF WALTER MITTY, a musical by Joe Manchester, Earl Shuman, and Leon Carr, suggested by the James Thurber story. The fourth in this season's series of eight productions. Opens Thursday, Jan. 11, and will run through Sunday, Jan. 28. (Equity Library Theatre, 103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

Grand Music Hall of Israel—A company of thirty-six in a revue, with Shoshana Damari and Myron Cohen. (Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Wednesday, Jan. 10, at 2 and 7:30; Thursday and Friday, Jan. 11-12, at 7:30; Saturday, Jan. 13, at 2 and 8; and final performances Sunday, Jan. 14, at 2 and 6.)

The Great God Brown and **Don Juan**—Final performances of a seven-week engagement of the two plays, presented more or less in alternation by the New Phoenix Repertory Company. Paul Hecht in Molière's DON JUAN, adapted and directed by Stephen Porter: Wednesday, Jan. 10, at 2 and 7:30; Thursday and Friday, Jan. 11-12, at 7:30; Saturday, Jan. 13, at 2; Thursday and Friday, Jan. 18-19, at 7:30; Saturday, Jan. 20, at 2 and 7:30; and Sunday, Jan. 21, at 2. . . . ¶ John McMartin in Eugene O'Neill's THE GREAT GOD BROWN, directed by Harold Prince: Saturday, Jan. 13, at 7:30; Sunday, Jan. 14, at 2; Tuesday, Jan. 16, at 7:30; and Wednesday, Jan. 17, at 2 and 7:30. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3897.)

Green Julia—A rather silly but lively comedy by a gifted young English dramatist named Paul Ableman about a pair of college roommates who never stop playing games. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Last of Mrs. Lincoln—A star vehicle for Julie Harris, who really is a star. The author is James Prideaux. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. 246-6270. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Let Me Hear You Smile—Sandy Dennis, James Broderick, and Jack Zaharia are the entire cast of this comedy by Leonora Thuna and Harry Cauley. Directed by Mr. Cauley. Previews through Monday, Jan. 15. Opens officially on Tuesday, Jan. 16. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. 582-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Much Ado About Nothing—In which to be young and in love is very Heaven, if not necessarily very Shakespeare. With Kathleen

TABLE OF CONTENTS

THE TALK OF THE TOWN 21
"IRON LARKS" . . . . *Penelope Gilliatt* 26
"FIVE POEMS" . . . . *W. S. Merwin* 32
ANNALS OF POLITICS (FAMILY ASSISTANCE PLAN—I) . . . . *Daniel P. Moynihan* 34
THE THEATRE . . . . *Brendan Gill* 59
OFF BROADWAY . . . . *Edith Oliver* 59
MUSICAL EVENTS . . . . *Andrew Porter* 62
ROCK, ETC. . . . . *Ellen Willis* 64
LETTER FROM VIETNAM . . . . *Robert Shaplen* 66
THE CURRENT CINEMA . . . . *Pauline Kael* 85
BOOKS . . . . *Naomi Bliven* 89
BRIEFLY NOTED 92

COVER: *Ronald Searle*

DRAWINGS: *Donald Reilly, George Price, Stan Hunt, Charles Addams, Everett Opie, Dana Fradon, William Steig, Whitney Darrow, Jr., George Booth, Robert Weber, William Hamilton, Lee Lorenz, Al Ross, Frank Modell, Warren Miller, Ton Smits, Henry Martin, Boris Drucker*

THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 43RD STREET, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10036
ADVERTISING & SUBSCRIPTIONS, (212) OXFORD 5-1515
EDITORIAL OFFICES, (212) OXFORD 5-1414

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

In ordering a change of address, subscribers should give four weeks' notice, providing both old and new addresses, with Zip Codes. If possible, please send the address label from a recent issue.

THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 West 43rd St., New York, N.Y. 10036; Peter F. Fleischmann, chairman and president; David D. Michaels, publisher; Milton Greenstein, vice-president; J. Kennard Bosee, treasurer; Myra L. Fries, secretary and comptroller; William P. Buxton, advertising director; Leigh Doorly, advertising manager. Branch advertising offices: 111 East Wacker Drive, Chicago, Ill. 60601; 155 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Calif. 94104; 2975 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90010; 1175 Peachtree St. N. E., Atlanta, Ga. 30309; 437 Boylston St., Boston, Mass. 02116; 21 Grosvenor St., London, W. 1. Vol. XLVIII, No. 47, January 13, 1973. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y., and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, and for payment of postage in cash. © 1973 by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U.S.A. Subscription rates: U.S. and possessions, 1 year, $12.00; Canada, Latin America, and Spain, $14.00; other foreign, $16.00.

Fresh air in your face. Fresh Air Makeup on your face.

Estée Lauder gives you a fresh fresh outdoor kind of radiance with her Fresh Air Makeup Base.

Liquid naturalness. That's the outdoor message of Estée Lauder's Fresh Air Makeup Base. It makes your face look dipped in fresh country air. The eight rich, lightweight shades to smooth out texture and tiny imperfections are: Barbados Tan, Natural Beige, Palm Beach Tan, Ivory Mist, Newport Beige, Sun Rose, Sunrise Beige and Outdoor Glow. And new Sheer Glow is the perfect pearly finisher to skim on over any shade you choose.

Estée Lauder

© 1973 Estée Lauder, Inc.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Widdoes, Sam Waterston, and a merry company. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Mystery Play—A pretentious and amateurish farce. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. YU 9-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Oh Coward!—For almost fifty years, Noël Coward's songs have been delighting theatre audiences, and they sound as witty and tuneful as ever in the hands of Roderick Cook, Barbara Cason, and Jamie Ross. The cabaret-style performance, while competent, lacks the essential glamour, youth, and magnetism, but Coward carries the day. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. 752-0440. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Pippin—A big but skimpy musical that the director and choreographer Bob Fosse has turned into his very own "War and Peace," with everything but a yacht race. Eric Berry and John Rubinstein play Charlemagne and his son. (Imperial, 45th St., W. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Rainbow—A dreadful, fatuous musical (but with a rather pleasant score) by James Rado. The hero is an American soldier dead in Vietnam, and he is supported by, among others, a sissy, mincing Jesus who drifts around the stage in a diaper. (Orpheum, Second Ave. at 8th St. 674-2010. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

The Real Inspector Hound and **After Magritte**—Two one-act samples of the British playwright Tom Stoppard's wild, sleight-of-hand comedies. Both are very funny. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Wednesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

The Rebbitzen from Israel—A Yiddish musical. (Mayfair, 235 W. 46th St. 765-3886. Tuesdays, Wednesdays, and Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 2 and 5:30.)

Repertory Theatre of Lincoln Center—Sean O'Casey's **THE PLOUGH AND THE STARS**, with Jack MacGowran and Roberta Maxwell. The second in this season's series of four plays. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2.)

The River Niger—Joseph A. Walker's bountiful, satisfying play about a family in Harlem and the crises that beset it is very well performed by the Negro Ensemble Company. With Douglas Turner Ward (who also directed), Roxie Roker, Frances Foster, and Graham Brown, among others. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 8:40; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 5 and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Feb. 4.)

6 Rms Riv Vu—Jerry Orbach and Jane Alexander meet, flirt, make love, and part, all in the course of some twenty-four hours in a vacant apartment on Riverside Drive. Bob Randall wrote the play, such as it is. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. 246-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Sunshine Boys—Jack Albertson and Sam Levene as a pair of acerbic old clowns are sufficient reasons to view this characteristic Neil Simon comedy. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. 246-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

That Championship Season—This extremely well-written and important comic tragedy by Jason Miller is about the reunion of an old basketball coach and four of the five players who, years ago, won a trophy for him, and about many other matters besides. The performance, under A. J. Antoon's direction, is all that any playwright could hope for. (Booth, 45th St., W. 246-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Tricks—A musical with a book based by Jon Jory on Molière's "Les Fourberies de Scapin." Jerry Blatt composed the score, Lonnie Burstein did the lyrics, and the cast is headed by René Auberjonois. Directed by Mr. Jory. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			10	11	12	13
14	15	16	17	18	19	20

Wedding Band—The setting for this love story by Alice Childress is the black section of a city in South Carolina in 1918, and the middle-aged lovers are a black seamstress and a white baker. The first act is fine; after that, for one reason or another, things fall slightly apart, but Ruby Dee, in the leading role, and the actors who support her are so good that they save the evening. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**THE FANTASTICKS:** 5,286 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **GODSPELL:** A musical adaptation of the Book of Matthew, and once a numbing prologue is over, it becomes a joyful celebration of theatre itself. Songs by Stephen Schwartz. (Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **GREASE:** A musical (score, book, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey) that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. The young cast performs capably and with spirit. (Royale, 45th St., W. 245-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **JESUS CHRIST SUPERSTAR:** The New Testament taking its now usual drubbing at the hands of the young, who plainly believe they are making it "relevant." The music is pleasing, and so are the performers. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. 757-7064. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **NO, NO, NANETTE:** A revival of that immortal work of the twenties. With Martha Raye, Bobby Van, and Helen Gallagher. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.... **ONE FLEW OVER THE CUCKOO'S NEST:** Dale Wasserman's hack adaptation of Ken Kesey's novel set in an insane asylum. (Mercer Arts Center, 240 Mercer St., at W. 3rd St. 673-3937. Wednesdays and Thursdays at 7:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)... **THE PRISONER OF SECOND AVENUE:** Neil Simon writes very funny lines, and they are being delivered by Hector Elizondo and Phyllis Newman in the leading roles. Directed by Mike Nichols. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **THE PROPOSITION:** An improvised revue with six good-humored young players from Boston. It is all pretty amateurish, but there are a few bright spots of mimicry. (Mercer Arts Center, 240 Mercer St., at W. 3rd St. 673-3937. Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **SLEUTH:** Patrick Macnee and Jordan Christopher in a mystery by Anthony Shaffer. (Music Box, 45th St., W. 246-4636. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **SUGAR:** A musical-comedy adaptation of the celebrated movie "Some Like It Hot," with Robert Morse, Tony Roberts, and Cyril Ritchard. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) ... **TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA:** Joe Papp's delightful musical version of a silly Shakespeare play. Book by Mel Shapiro and John Guare, who also wrote the lyrics that accompany Galt MacDermot's attractive music. (St. James, 44th St., W. 695-5858. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

BALLET

New York City Ballet—Tentative schedule—¶ Wednesday, Jan. 10, at 8: "Bugaku," "Dim Lustre," and "Who Cares?"... ¶ Thursday, Jan. 11, at 8: "Watermill" and "Dances at a Gathering."... ¶ Friday, Jan. 12, at 8: "Concerto No. 2," "Scherzo à La Russe," "Scherzo Fantastique," and "Firebird."... ¶ Saturday, Jan. 13, at 2 and 8: "Jewels."... ¶ Sunday, Jan. 14, at 1: "Concerto Barocco," "Tchaikovsky Suite No. 2," and "Who Cares?"... ¶ Sunday, Jan. 14, at 7: "Harlequinade."... ¶ Tuesday, Jan. 16, at 8: "Swan Lake," "Dim Lustre," and "Dances at a Gathering."... ¶ Wednesday, Jan. 17, at 8: "Concerto Barocco," "Concerto for Piano and Winds," and "Pulcinella."... ¶ Thursday, Jan. 18, at 8: "Duo Concertant," "Afternoon of a Faun," "Scherzo à la Russe," and "Who Cares?"... ¶ Friday, Jan. 19, at 8: "Concerto No. 2," "Concerto for Piano and Winds," and "Pulcinella."... ¶ Saturday, Jan. 20, at 2: "Swan Lake," Divertimento from "Le Baiser de la Fée," and "Firebird." ... ¶ Saturday, Jan. 20, at 8: "Harlequinade." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, Feb. 18.)

American Ballet Theatre—Wednesday, Jan. 10, at 8: "Coppélia."... ¶ Thursday, Jan. 11, at 8: "Les Sylphides," "Variations for Four," "Monument for a Dead Boy," and "Les Patineurs."... ¶ Friday, Jan. 12, at 8: "Sea-Change" and "La Fille Mal Gardée."... ¶ Saturday, Jan. 13, at 2: "Paquita," and "La Fille Mal Gardée."... ¶ Saturday, Jan. 13, at 8: "Paquita," "Monument for a Dead Boy," "Flames of Paris," and "Graduation Ball."... ¶ Sunday, Jan. 14, at 2: "Coppélia."... ¶ Sunday, Jan. 14, at 7:30: "Variations for Four," "Jardin aux Lilas," "Intermezzo," and "The River."... ¶ Tuesday, Jan. 16, at 8: "Les Sylphides," "The Maids" (première), "Don Quixote Pas de Deux," and "The River."... ¶ Wednesday, Jan. 17, at 8: "Variations for Four," "Scherzo for Massah Jack" (première), "Intermezzo," and "Graduation Ball."... ¶ Thursday, Jan. 18, at 8: "Sea-Change," and "La Fille Mal Gardée."... ¶ Friday, Jan. 19, at 8: "Les Sylphides," "The Maids," "Monument for a Dead Boy," and "Rodeo."... ¶ Saturday, Jan. 20, at 2: "Les Patineurs," "Scherzo for Massah Jack," and "Graduation Ball."... ¶ Saturday, Jan. 20, at 8: "Coppélia." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Through Sunday, Jan. 28.)

MISCELLANY

Ice Show—"Ice Capades," with a company headed by Jo Jo Starbuck and Ken Shelley, Freddie Trenkler, Anna Galmarini, and Sashi Kuchiki. (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 11, 3, and 8:30; and Sundays at 1:30 and 5:30. Extra matinée Wednesday, Jan. 17, at 2. Closes Sunday, Jan. 21.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing of places around town where you might pass a pleasant hour or two.)

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

Arthur's Tavern, 57 Grove St. (CH 2-9468)—On Mondays, between nine-fifteen and one, the Grove Street Stompers go to town on "Sweet Georgia Brown" and similar selections. Tuesdays through Saturdays, from nine to three, pianist Mabel Godwin conjures up *autres temps, autres mœurs*. Closed Sundays.

Bitter End, 147 Bleecker St. (475-7804)—An outfit known as Orphan will share the stage with a group called Travis Shook and the Club Wow through Monday, Jan. 15. In addition, some folksters named Patchwork will be here Wednesday and Thursday, Jan. 10-11. Dr. Hook and the Medicine Show come in Wednesday, Jan. 17. Coffee, tea, and water are the drinks. Tuesdays are devoted to visiting performers.

Boomer's, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245)—Everybody looks comfortable enough, whether partaking of soul food or just listening. Pianist Junior Mance will be in charge of a trio Wednesday through Sunday, Jan. 10-14, and Thursday through Sunday, Jan. 18-21. Tuesday and Wednesday, Jan. 16-17, drummer Omar Clay will lead a threesome. Mondays are for soul music. Entertainment nightly from nine to two (Mondays from eight).

Bradley's, 70 University Pl. (228-6440)—Equal parts of dining, talking, and relaxing, along with a certain amount of looking at paintings. Through Saturday, Jan. 13, Jill McManus will play her jazz piano, accompanied by bassist Skip Crumby-Bey. Nine-thirty to two-thirty. Closed Sundays.

Café Carlyle, Madison Ave. a 76th St. (RH 4-1600)—In this seat of the mighty, Marian McPartland, for whose seemingly innate technique the piano might have been invented, is doing jazz a service five nights a week. Her assistants are drummer Joe Corsello and bassist Rusty Gilder. Dinner and supper. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—Teddy Wilson, one of the rocks upon which the contemporary jazz piano was built, plays in his flawless way, in company with bassist Al Bruno. On Sundays, Dick Hyman fills in at the keyboard. Eight until one. Dining in pleasant surroundings.

Folk City, 130 W. 3rd St. (254-8449)—A long bar and a barnlike back room in which a series of singers and instrumentalists entertain. Folksingers B. W. Stevenson and Al Anderson will be around through Saturday, Jan. 13. Sounds from nine. Closed Mondays.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—An up-to-date version of the neighborhood pub, graced by the fully guaranteed jazz piano of Ellis Larkins, who performs with bassist Al Hall Tuesdays through Saturday from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, from five until closing, Mr. Larkins and other musicians jam. On Mondays, another jazz duo plays. Snacks.

Guitar, 753 Tenth Ave., at 51st St. (265-9334)—No city of eight million should be without at least one place dedicated to the six-stringed instrument. Guitarist Skeeter Best and bassist Tommy Bryant are playing opposite jazz-and-classic guitarist David Qualey. On Tuesday, Jan. 16, guitarist John Fourie and a bassist will replace the Best-Bryant duo. Shows Tuesday through Saturday at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. A Deep South kitchen, albeit a limited one.

Half Note, 149 W. 54th St. (586-5383)—A renascence of jazz in midtown? Since this club moved to its new, shiny home a few weeks ago, a lot of people seem to think so. Another favorable omen: the club is presenting two jazz combos each night. The James Moody quartet is featured with singer Dakota Staton and the Duke Pearson trio on the current program. Music from nine to four every night but Sunday, when the Duke Pearson seventeen-piece band plays between seven and one.

Jacques, 168 Bleecker St., at Sullivan St. (254-5920)—Popcorn and darts. Lance Hayward gets some impressive sounds out of the piano every night but Tuesday, when Jimmy Young takes his place. Fridays and Saturdays, bassist Lyn Christie participates. Music from nine-thirty to three.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—Yes, it's true what they say about Dixie. The bandsmen: Eddie Locke, Bobby Pratt, Major Holley, Joe Muranyi, Chuck Folds, and Roy Eldridge. Nine-thirty to three every night but Sunday.

Kenny's Castaways, 217 E. 84th St. (734-9892)—If there's a nautical motif, it pretty well gets lost in the shuffle. Singer Oliver will be here Wednesday, Jan. 10. Thursday through Sunday, Jan. 11-14, John Herald will be doing some bluegrass songs. Shows beginning at nine-thirty Tuesdays through Sundays. Mondays are turned over to an assortment of aspiring entertainers. Snacks.

Max's Kansas City, 213 Park Ave. S., at 17th St. (777-7870)—A Kansas City woodshed in about 1880, to judge by the furnishings. Good God, which is a rock band, will turn up on Monday and Tuesday, Jan. 15-16. Country singer-guitarist Waylon Jennings will commence on Wednesday, Jan. 17. Shows at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dining downstairs. Drinks and snacks upstairs, where the music is.

Mercer Arts Center, 240 Mercer St., at W. 3rd St. (673-3937)—In the **blue room cabaret**, on the second floor of this theatre complex, a variety of eager young performers do some urgent playing and singing at ten and midnight each night. . . . ¶ In the **oscar wilde room** (a misnomer if there ever was one), on the same floor, highly amplified rock groups begin at ten nightly. People may dance when the music is appropriate.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (PL 8-2272)—Wood panelling and a portrait of Henry VIII. Also a complete menu and some satisfying sounds. Tuesdays through Saturdays, jazz pianist Stan Freeman plays from nine to one. Mondays, from nine until midnight, clarinettist Woody Allen takes time out from his other interests to lead a septet in some traditional New Orleans jazz. Dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

Muggs, 1134 First Ave., at 62nd St. (838-7050)—Tuesdays through Saturdays, Patti Wicks plays a full-bodied jazz piano, accompanied by bassist Perry Lind, in this relaxed club. Sundays and Mondays, Mel Dancy plays piano and sings in a jazz-oriented way. Dining.

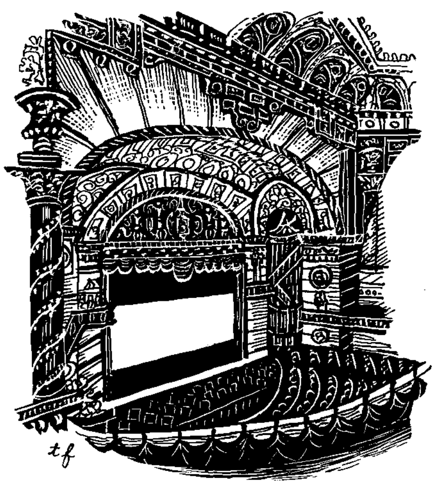
Onliest Place, 289 Hudson St., at Spring St. (AL 5-9752)—Formerly the Half Note (which recently moved to midtown) and now under new management, this little club is located two miles west of Nowhere, but it offers jazz of a fairly high calibre. The Roy Haynes Hip Ensemble will play through Sunday, Jan. 14. The Buddy Tate quintet, with jazz singer Laurel Watson, will come in on Tuesday, Jan. 16. Closed Mondays.

Rafiki, 181 Bleecker St. (473-8220)—Warm surroundings and friendly people (appropriately enough, since "*rafiki*" means "friend" in Swahili). Also, a wide-ranging soul-food menu and some swinging jazz by the Earl May trio. They play Thursdays through Saturdays from eight until two.

Soerabaja, 140 E. 74th St. (744-4150)—This Greek-French restaurant has just opened a new upstairs jazz club, presenting guitarist Bucky Pizzarelli, vocalist Marlene VerPlanck, and pianist-singer Billy Roy. Their hours are nine-thirty to two. Miss VerPlanck and Mr. Pizzarelli will depart after Saturday, Jan. 13. Supper. No music Sundays and Mondays.

Stryker's, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754)—A small and attractive bar (dig the ceiling lights) in which some good musicians have to cope with a less than ideal pianoforte. Flutist and saxophonist Richard Clay will head a quartet Friday and Saturday, Jan. 12-13. The Mickey Tucker trio will play Friday and Saturday, Jan. 19-20. Fridays and Saturdays from ten until three-thirty. Snacks.

Two Saints, 2 St. Marks Pl., just east of Third Ave. (GR 7-9650)—Another jazz club, formerly called the Five Spot, is back in business, with music provided by bassist Midge Pike, guitarist Sam Brown, and pianist Dave Matthews. Ten to two every night but Sunday. Italian food.



Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120)—Pianist Reggie Moore is conducting his trio six nights a week. Another keyboard man named David Lam starts the evening at nine-thirty and fills in between sets—except on Wednesdays, when harpist Daphne Hellman brings in her Bach-to-Bacharach trio. Limited dining. Mondays are problematical, with new talent showing up.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011)—A basement *boîte* where history is sometimes made. Through Sunday, Jan. 14, Elvin Jones, a drumming phenomenon, will direct his quintet. The Keith Jarrett quartet opens Tuesday, Jan. 16. On Mondays, the big Thad Jones-Mel Lewis band has the stage to itself. The entertainment begins at nine-thirty, supposedly.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—The location—somewhere over the rainspout—shouldn't deter you if walking through dark streets is not a problem. Stained glass, Southern cooking, and amiable waitresses. Satisfying jazz on piano and bass by Hugh Lawson and Carl Pruitt Thursday through Sunday and by Joanne Brackeen and Herman Wright Monday through Wednesday. Eight until two.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

Dangerfield's, 1118 First Ave., at 61st St. (593-1650)—Rodney Dangerfield's home base. His non-pattern (and sometimes nonpareil) patter is rough and ready, and it happens to be really funny. Comedian London Lee will fill in for Mr. D. on Wednesday and Thursday, Jan. 10-11. Nourishment at all hours. Closed Sundays.

Downstairs at the Upstairs, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244)—Talker Morty Storm and singer Frankie 13 will be onstage through Saturday, Jan. 13. Monday, Jan. 15, brings on singer Earl Wilson, Jr., and a comedy team called Rogues Gallery. Shows at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty Mondays through Fridays, and at nine, eleven, and one on Saturdays. Closed Sundays.

Improvisation, 358 W. 44th St. (765-8268)—Tryouts for new wits and singers in an establishment that is nothing if not informal. Closed Sundays.

Upstairs at the Downstairs, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244)—"Let Yourself Go," a new portmanteau revue, is on view at nine and eleven every night but Sunday.

BIG DEALS

(Dinner and supper, music, and all that.)

Alpine Cellar, in the Hotel McAlpin, Broadway at 34th St. (PE 6-5700)—A Bavarian Brauerei, thinly disguised as an operetta: merry villagers, dancers, singers, brass-bandsmen, on permanent and powerful duty from seven to one. The provender is garnished with red cabbage and draft beer. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Château Madrid, Lexington Ave. at 48th St. (752-8080)—The staccato ballet team of Augie & Margo and Cuban singers Rolando Laserie and Luisa Maria give their all at dinner and supper. Dancing Tuesdays through Saturdays from seven-thirty and Sundays from four. Closed Mondays. . . . ¶ In the adjoining **flamenco room**, a minute theatre-in-the-round, there occur (well along in the evening) outbursts of Andalusian foot-and-mouth exercises by a fivesome operating barely inches from one's face. Closed Mondays.

Copacabana, 10 E. 60th St. (758-0900)—Wednesday, Jan. 17, will be the final night for the Jerry Butler Revue. On Thursday, Jan. 18, the Golddiggers, a nine-strong girl glee club, will arrive, along with pop singer Rick Daniels. Closed Mondays. . . . ¶ In the ground-floor lounge, one can still evoke the illusion that he is in typical, tropical, topical Las Vegas surroundings. The music begins at ten. Closed Mondays.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—In **la forêt**, where every prospect pleases, the dance music during the dinner hours issues from Mark Monte's orchestra and the Teddy Diamond trio, while the supper hours are devoted to a London-style discothèque. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . ¶ The **café** has a seven-day week, with Herb Winner's dance crew calling the tunes Tuesdays through Sat-

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			10	11	12	13
14	15	16	17	18	19	20

urdays, and Phil Wayne's threesome on Sundays and Mondays.

PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—In the **PERSIAN ROOM,** the Dick Lewis orchestra and the Barry Levitt trio are putting forth dance tunes Mondays through Thursdays from seven-thirty to one, and Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two. Singers Daniel & Dimitri make their appearances at dinner and supper. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Sig and Gary, a brace of strolling musicians, disport themselves in the **GREEN TULIP** from five to ten. Discothèque dancing from ten until one. No music Sundays. . . . ¶ In the **PALM COURT,** violin-and-piano music susurrates from four-thirty to six-thirty every day, and from eight until midnight Mondays through Thursdays, and from nine until one Fridays and Saturdays.

RAINBOW GRILL, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—Singer Don Stewart and humorist Dick Brooks finish their dinner and supper sets on Saturday, Jan. 13, and on Monday, Jan. 15, the Stan Getz quintet and singer Yvonne Elliman move in. Dancing to music provided by a tape measure, from seven o'clock on. Closed Sundays.

ST. REGIS-SHERATON, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The **MAISONETTE** reopens on Wednesday, Jan. 17, to install pop singer Freda Payne during dinner and supper. The Anthony Terini orchestra and a trio will take care of the customers' footwork. Closed Sundays.

SHEPHEARD'S, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0900)—Nilotic and pleasantly sybaritic, but given to live entertainment of a sort that brings forth visions of some over-merchandised American pie. Three times nightly, there is a spangly floor show. Between sets—and earlier, beginning at five—people dance to discs. Substantial dining. Closed Sundays.

SMALL AND BOUNCY

(Dining, but no dancing, except as indicated.)

DUNCAN'S, 303 E. 53rd St. (838-6154): Leisurely evenings, during which Bill Halsey's high-level pianistics can soothe or scintillate, depending on the jazz, blues, or show tunes he is embellishing. With Leonard Gaskin on bass, he plays Mondays through Saturdays from eight-thirty to two. . . . **DIONYSOS,** 304 E. 48th St. (758-8240): Right in the lap of the well-known and ever-popular god, and a great place to watch the sun come up behind Mount Olympus. The long watch is eased by Athenian cuisine, Athenian song, Athenian dance music, Athenian glee, and a dollop of American rock. Closed Sundays. . . . **ADONIS,** 1230 Second Ave., at 64th St. (249-2773): A terraced villa up in the hills around Athens (in Kifisia, say), the climate cool but sunny—just right for dancing in the streets. This is carried on by the villagers themselves (visitors may, and do, join in), to music that pops like champagne corks. The music, sometimes larded with song, goes from eight-thirty until four. . . . **CHEZ VITO,** 36 E. 60th St. (PL 5-2025): The tune is carried by the perpetual fiddlers three who constitute the local standing army, as well as by the foursome of choristers (Leyna Gabriele, prop., included) who operate on the theory that there's no operetta like a good old one. From dinner until two. Closed Sundays. . . . **A QUIET LITTLE TABLE IN THE CORNER,** belowdecks in the Executive Hotel, 237 Madison Ave., at 37th St. (685-7160): A nineteenth hole—not in the pavement, though, but under it. There's piano Tuesdays through Saturdays from cocktails until whenever. (After nine-thirty, it's by Charlie La Torella.). . . **MYKONOS,** 349 W. 46th St. (265-1590): The celebrated Aegean island, kept vibrant during the evening by a foursome that cannot be long out of Athens. Dancing. Closed Sundays. . . . **ASTI,** 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): The visitor who arrives unaware soon discovers that the restaurant is really a *schola cantorum*, operatic division, for every man jack of the staff. Closed Mondays. . . . **LA CHANSONNETTE,** 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): Rita Dimitri, who lives in, perches herself on top of a baby grand in the middle of the dinner and supper hours and chirrups the Bal Tabarin songs she's so fond of. Mild dance music starts rustling at eight. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . **PAUL REVERE'S TAVERN,** in the Lexington Hotel, Lexington Ave. at 48th St. (PL 1-1776): A Colonial-American room in which both the music and the food are Hibernian. Arnold Elder and Brendan Sheridan sing ballads on Mondays as well as Wednesdays through Saturdays. Tuesdays through Thursdays, Paddy Noonan and Martin Flynn join in. Music Mondays through Thursdays from seven to midnight and Fridays and Saturdays from eight to one.

SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining, but no dancing, except as indicated.)

IPERBOLE, 137 E. 55th St. (759-9720): There is no exaggeration in the name of this museum of modern art, the handiwork of Armando Mei, a restaurateur of distinction. The leisure class in dining is supplemented by a seven-until-one recitation of guitar and song by Gino Toscano. Closed Sundays. . . . **ROMA DI NOTTE,** 137 E. 55th St. (832-1128): On a lower deck of Iperbole, and one that is distinctly not steerage, the Three Romans, a dance triad, inhabit a pleasurable Roman grotto from seven-thirty to one-thirty. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): A playhouse big enough for life-size knights in armor (a few are on duty every evening) and their ladies, not to mention a life-size kitchen and bar. The principal knight-errant is George Cardini, who plies a violin. His week runs Tuesday through Saturday, and the fine-arts piano of Herman Arminski follows him wherever he goes. Piano a cappella on Mondays, nothing at all on Sundays. The *voci* in the bar are sometimes too *vive*, but the restaurant is always *piano*. . . . **DRAKE ROOM,** 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): The old reliable. The piano of Dick Hankinson is audible most of the time between six and one. Sundays, someone or other fills in for him. . . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND,** Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): The bar-restaurant is unarguably on the ground floor, but the echelon is unarguably upper. Robert Poitevin, whose piano once sent Piaf's songs on their wistful way, is in evidence from five to one every night but Sunday and Monday. . . . **CAMEL DRIVER,** 72 E. 56th St. (355-8989): Candlelight and memorable melodies. The piano is manned by Marty Berns from seven to two. Closed Saturdays and Sundays. . . . **THE GRIFFIN,** 313 E. 46th St. (371-4542): A most mannerly household, whose evening hours are assigned to a devout contemplation of (1) what's good to eat (French, often) and (2) what's good to listen to (the piano of Gene Bradley from seven-thirty to eleven-thirty). Closed Sundays. . . . **LA BIBLIOTHÈQUE,** 341 E. 43rd St. (689-5444): A hospice at the top of the stairs that leads from far-below First Avenue, and therefore a scenic delight. Tables, a bar, a casual way of life, and (on piano) Norman Rollings, a casual librarian. A lot more fun than F.B.I. in the Library. Eight to one during the week, nine to two on Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Sundays. . . . **JACK DELANEY,** 72 Grove St. (AL 5-7905): Those-were-the-days and all that, relived (and not vicariously, either) by a brace of pianists (Charles De Forest, Mondays and Tuesdays; Murray Grand all the rest of the time) who were on hand when night life ended with the dawn patrol. . . . **CARLTON BAR-RESTAURANT,** in the Carlton House, Madison Ave. at 61st St. (838-3000): The embassy for a small, indeterminate, but quite pleasant nation. The diplomatic corps is headed by Ray Hartley, whose piano has a new-wine-in-new-bottles effervescence. Four-thirty to ten-thirty, except for Saturdays and Sundays. . . . **MONSIGNORE,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): Sort of a Roman den of propinquity, with a fair amount of table-hopping by both guests and a set of prowling instrumentalists. Closed Sundays. . . . **REMBRANDT ROOM,** in the Stanhope Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): As handsome as a townhouse can possibly be, and as formal. George Feyer, last of the Hapsburgs, gives his piano (and occasional lyrics) the flavor that has always been a secret ingredient of Vienna. No sound on Sundays or Mondays. . . . **LAIR,** 1315 Second Ave., at 69th St. (472-0163): A medieval resting place in which Larry Oleno charms the figures out of their niches Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine until midnight. Calm voice, confident piano. . . . **NIRVANA,** penthouse of 30 Central Park S. (288-9097): The view alone approximates Nirvana, but there is more: the sitar of Arooj Lazewal, the drums and tabla of Badal Roy, and Bangladesh cuisine. Music every night but Monday from seven-thirty to eleven-thirty. . . . **BARCLAY HOTEL,** 111 E. 48th St. (PL 5-5900): A brace of Lester Lanin's boys go plink-plink on the Barclay Terrace during the cocktail session, in the King's Inn from seven to nine, and in the Gold Room from nine to eleven. Monday through Friday is the extent of this pleasant idea.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

ALICE BABER—Streams of circles and ovals in high-keyed colors; starting Saturday, Jan. 13. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

WALTER DARBY BANNARD—Colors on a grid; through Jan. 23. (Rubin, 49 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

LARRY BELL—New sculptures by a West Coast artist known for his geometrical structures in transparent plastic; through Feb. 3. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

JOSEPH BEUYS—The first one-man show here of the work of this leading German conceptual artist and art-world performer; it consists of drawings since 1947, multiples, and information (video tape, photographs) about the artist and his ideas. Starts Saturday, Jan. 13. (Feldman, 33 E. 74th St.)

STANLEY BOXER—Abstract paintings that stress color and texture; starting Saturday, Jan. 13. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

SYDNEY BUTCHKES—Shaped canvases; through Jan. 25. (Bertha Schaefer, 41 E. 57th St.)

DOROTHY DEHNER—Abstract bronzes and related drawings; through Feb. 3. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St. Closed Mondays.)

LEONARD DELONGA—Sculptures and paintings of castles, cathedrals, and armored figures; through Jan. 27. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

HANK DE RICCO—Paintings, banners, scrolls, and screens in various mediums—bark, leather, ribbon, braided cord—that reflect a fusion of Oriental and American Indian motifs; through Jan. 25. (Spectrum, 464 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

ARTHUR G. DOVE (1880-1946)—Watercolors by the pioneer American abstractionist; through Friday, Jan. 19. (Lubin House, 11 E. 61st St. Closed Saturdays.)

EDWARD DUGMORE—Paintings by a veteran Abstract Expressionist; through Jan. 24. (Green Mountain, 135 Greene St. Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.)

MARTHA MAYER ERLEBACHER—Portraits and figure paintings, also still-lifes in watercolor, by a New Realist; through Jan. 25. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

MICHAEL GOLDBERG—Abstractions with luminous bronze metallic surfaces; through Jan. 24. (Paley & Lowe, 59 Wooster St. Closed Mondays.)

PETER GRASS—Paintings on three-dimensional geometrical forms; through Jan. 26. (Yu, 81 Spring St. Closed Mondays.)

JOHN GUNDELFINGER—Misty landscapes; through Feb. 1. (Myers, 50 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

HARMONY HAMMOND / HOWARDENA PINDELL—Wall pieces. / Paintings. (A.I.R., 97 Wooster St. Starts Saturday, Jan. 13. Closed Mondays.)

HANS HOFMANN (1880-1966)—Ten large paintings from the late fifties; through Jan. 25. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

GILLIAN JAGGER—Works showing the imprints in plaster and paint of figures in motion; through Jan. 27. (Lerner-Heller, 789 Madison Ave., at 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

RAY JOHNSON—Collages representing the history of the Parsons Gallery; through Feb. 3.

(Parsons, 24 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Donald Judd—Structures in various materials by a leading Minimalist; starting Saturday, Jan. 13. (Castelli, 420 W. Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

Marty Kalb—Areas of flat color occasionally suggestive of landscape; through Jan. 27. (Alonzo, 26 E. 63rd St. Closed Mondays.)

Kawashima—Abstract stone sculptures; through Saturday, Jan. 13. (Waddell, 50 W. 57th St.)

William King—Two large cutout figures in aluminum, also smaller constructions of blue canvas on armatures; through Saturday, Jan. 20. (Dintenfass, 18 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

Harry Kramer—Huge black-and-white paintings dedicated, on the basis of the artist's fondness for fishing, to Izaak Walton; through Jan. 24. (55 Mercer Street. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

Doris Kreindler—Abstract paintings that convey the artist's impressions of the northern lights; through Saturday, Jan. 20. (Seligmann, 5 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Irene Krugman—Evocative wrigglings of animated plastic sheets; through Saturday, Jan. 20. (Benedek, 380 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

Michael Loew—The first show since 1965 of an established New York painter of color abstractions; through Jan. 26. (Landmark, 469 Broome St. Closed Mondays.)

Louis Lozowick—Oils and lithographs by an artist known for his social-realist prints; through Jan. 27. (Dain, 1018 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

August F. Lundberg (1878-1928)—Landscapes, figure paintings, and nudes; through Jan. 27. (Hirschl & Adler, 21 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

Clyde Lynds—Free-standing constructions with moving patterns of light and color, which the artist refers to as "spectral kinetics;" through Jan. 31. (Babcock, 805 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

Rodger Mack—Abstract bronze and nickel-bronze sculptures; through Jan. 27. (Krasner, 1061 Madison Ave., at 81st St. Closed Mondays.)

Robert Mangold—Shaped canvases by a Minimalist; starting Saturday, Jan. 13. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Ennio Morlotti—The first showing in New York of this veteran Italian's Expressionist paintings with figure and landscape elements; through Saturday, Jan. 20. (Marlborough, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Donald Munson—Drawings from nature in colored pencil; through Jan. 27. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

Dennis Oppenheim—Slides, photographs, video tapes, and other informational materials by a contriver of extra-studio projects (earthworks, *e.g.*); through Saturday, Jan. 20. (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

John Opper—Paintings composed of vertical bands of color by a well-known New Yorker; through Feb. 1. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

César Paternosto—All-white paintings with bars of color along the sides, by an Argentinian; through Saturday, Jan. 20. (René, 6 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Matt Phillips—Abstract figures and landscapes; through Jan. 27. (Zierler, 956 Madison Ave., at 75th St. Closed Mondays.)

Earl Reiback—Projections of moving light in intense colors; starting Tuesday, Jan. 16. (Waddell, 50 W. 57th St.)

Philip Reisman—Paintings, often humorous, of New York City scenes and types, by a veteran realist; through Feb. 15. (Martin Luther King, Jr., Labor Center, 310 W. 43rd St. Mondays through Fridays, noon to 4, and Monday and Thursday evenings, 6 to 8.)

Cornelis Ruhtenberg—Paintings of scenes from everyday life; starting Saturday, Jan. 13. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

William Scott—Abstract and figure paintings by a well-known artist of the British Isles; through Feb. 10. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

George Segal—Front and rear views, in relief, of nudes: a new development added to this artist's familiar plaster-cast tableaux; starting Thursday, Jan. 11. (Janis, 6 W. 57th St.)

Frank Stella—Works by a leading "color" painter; through Jan. 27. (Castelli, 4 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Edvins Strautmanis / Abdul Mati Klarwein—Abstract Expressionist paintings. / Figurative paintings. (LoGiudice, 59 Wooster St. Through Saturday, Jan. 20. Closed Mondays and Saturday mornings.)

Marjorie Strider—Paintings and sculptures of commonplace objects which make use of plastic foam; through Jan. 25. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

Helen Thomas—Paintings based on the motif of the ellipse; through Saturday, Jan. 20. (Phoenix, 939 Madison Ave., at 74th St. Closed Mondays.)

Walasse Ting—Paintings that consist of spatterings of high-keyed pigments on a one-color ground; through Feb. 3. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Cy Twombly—Drawings of the last decade by an artist known for his "scribblings;" starting Thursday, Jan. 11. (Visual Arts, 209 E. 23rd St. Mondays, except Jan. 15, through Thursdays, 10 to 5, and 6 to 9; Fridays, 10 to 4.)

Abraham Walkowitz (1878-1965)—Oils, watercolors, drawings, and prints emphasizing New York scenes by an early American modernist; through Feb. 3. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

John Wesley—More paintings of everyday objects, with a comic-book slant; through Feb. 1. (Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St. Closed Mondays.)

Jim Wolfe—Steel sculptures; through Jan. 25. (Emmerich, 420 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

Group Shows—At the **city university graduate center**, ground-floor arcade, 33 W. 42nd St.: One work each by Robert Grosvenor, Forrest Myers, and Richard Nonas, created especially for this exhibit; through Feb. 9. (Weekdays, 8 to 6.) . . . **cordier & ekstrom**, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.: Paintings and sculptures, from the third century B.C. to the present, on the subject of the male; through Feb. 10. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **goldowsky**, 1078 Madison Ave., at 81st St.: American nineteenth-century still-lifes; through Jan. 30. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **hutchinson**, 127 Greene St., at W. Houston St.: Ceiling pieces in acrylic-on-canvas strips by Perry Gunther, others in muslin stuffed with shredded foam by Ida Horowitz, and still others in aluminum, nylon, and rope by Mildred Stanley; through Jan. 23. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **hutton**, 967 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: Masters of German Expressionism, such as Kandinsky, Jawlensky, Marc, Macke, and Kirchner; through Feb. 28. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **kennedy**, 20 E. 56th St.: About fifty pieces of American folk art; through Feb. 28. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **lewison**, 30 E. 60th St.: Paintings by nineteenth-century Americans; through Jan. 27. (Closed Mondays; closes Saturdays at 4:30.) . . . **midtown**, 11 E. 57th St.: Paintings and sculptures by, among others, Cadmus, Thon, Vickrey, and Hale; starting Tuesday, Jan. 16. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **raydon**, 1091 Madison Ave., at 82nd St.: Approximately a hundred watercolors by artists of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries—Hassam, Heade, Homer, Pascin, Prendergast, and Walkowitz, for example; starting Tuesday, Jan. 16. . . . **saidenberg**, 1037 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Works on paper by Klee, Matisse, Moore, Picasso, and others; through Feb. 17. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **washburn**, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St.: Paintings and sculptures of the nineteen-forties exhibited by Baroness Hilla Rebay, then director of the Museum of Non-Objective Painting, now the Guggenheim; through Feb. 3. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **westbeth**, 155 Bank St.: Paintings, sculptures, collages, and photographs by seven artists; through Jan. 28. (Fridays through Sundays, 2 to 6.) . . . **westbroadway**, 431 West Broadway: Realistic figure and landscape paintings by Vincent Arcilesi; stained, poured, and sprayed paintings by Edgar Buonagurio; and shaped canvases and hard-edge paintings on Plexiglas by Helen Soreff. Through Jan. 25. (Closed Mondays.)

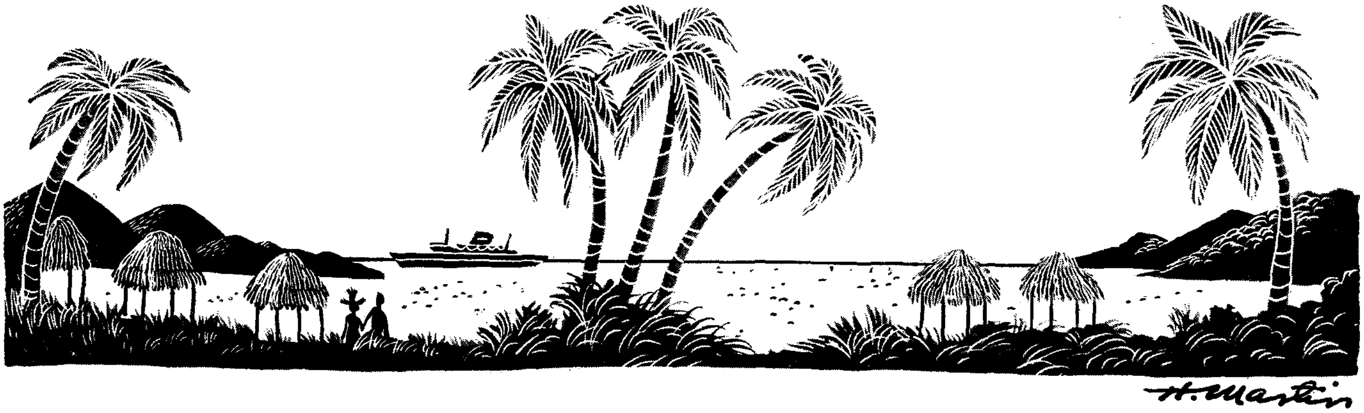
MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave., at 82nd St.—An exhibit of highlights of the career of Marcel Breuer, including photomurals, models and plans of buildings, furniture, tapestries, and full-scale mockups of elements of projects (the columns of the I.B.M. Research Center in France and the tree columns from the library at St. John's Abbey and University, in Minnesota); through Sunday, Jan. 14. . . . ¶ Medieval and Renaissance stained-glass windows from six European nations; through Feb. 28. . . . ¶ Twenty-six nineteenth-century American landscape paintings from the Museum's collection; through Feb. 18. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

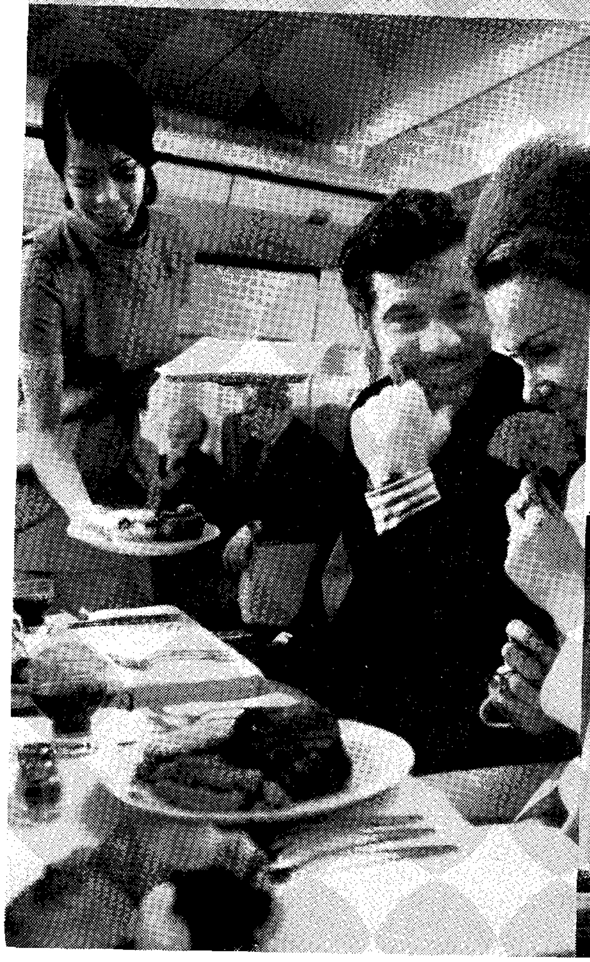
Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—Two hundred and fifty examples of African textiles and body ornaments; through Jan. 31. . . . ¶ Fifty drawings by Jean Dubuffet, which survey his career as a draftsman from 1944 to 1966; through Feb. 25. . . . ¶ A retrospective of the work of Diane Arbus (1923-71), consisting of a hundred and twenty-five photographic portraits; through Jan. 21. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Approximately sixty paintings by Joan Miró, of the nineteen-twenties and nineteen-sixties, with a less figurative emphasis; through Jan. 21. . . . ¶ Eighty sculptures and drawings executed between 1965 and 1970 by Eva Hesse (1936-70), well-known Minimalist; through Feb. 11. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge from 6 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—The first stage of a biennial survey of contemporary American painting and sculpture, which is replacing the Whitney Annual; through March 4. The second stage



NORTHWEST ORIENT



Daily direct flights to Tokyo and the Orient.

New York	8:30 am **747**
Washington, D.C.	*1:15 pm*
Chicago	10:45 am **747**
	4:10 *pm*
Cleveland	3:15 pm
Mpls./St. Paul	11:00 am **747**
Anchorage	7:20 pm NONSTOP to Tokyo
Seattle/Tacoma	2:10 pm **747** NONSTOP to Tokyo
San Francisco	9:45 am **747** via Honolulu
Los Angeles	1:30 pm **747** via Honolulu
Honolulu	2:05 pm **747** NONSTOP to Tokyo
	6:15 pm **747** NONSTOP to Tokyo

The Orient comes easy on Northwest

Northwest flies direct to Tokyo and the Orient from 12 major U.S. cities.

And, we offer one-airline service from 39 cities in all.

You can fly the polar route via Anchorage; or the north-Pacific route via Seattle; or the mid-Pacific route via Honolulu.

On Northwest, you can fly a magnificent 747 from more cities than any other airline: New York, Chicago, Minneapolis/St. Paul, Seattle/Tacoma, San Francisco, Los Angeles and Honolulu.

On 747 flights, you'll enjoy an extra dimension in comfort so important in overseas air travel. Wider seats, 8-foot ceilings, twin aisles, 12 powder rooms, plus movies and/or stereo ($2.50 charge).

On all trans-Pacific flights we offer exclusive Regal Imperial Service. Hot, scented Oshibori towels, followed by cocktails, Kuchitori hors d'oeuvres, tempting entrées and delicious desserts.

Going or coming you can enjoy a Northwest Mini-Vacation in Chicago or Seattle. Even explore Alaska or Hawaii on one of our tours.

We also offer tours of the Orient, Circle Pacific, and Round-the-World — ranging from $997 for 16 days to $5,865 for 80 days.*

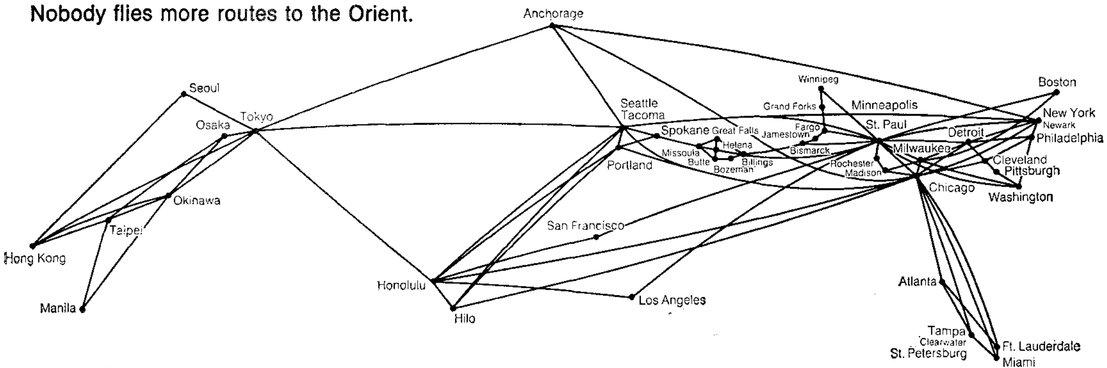
Given two weeks' notice we'll imprint your business cards in Japanese, Chinese or Korean for less than $4 per hundred.

A travel agent will prepare — without cost — an itinerary tailored to your interests and make all your arrangements in advance.

For reservations and information, talk to a travel agent or call us direct.

*Prices (subject to change) are per person, based on double occupancy accommodations, and include round-trip air fare from the west coast. U.S. transportation tax not included.

Nobody flies more routes to the Orient.


Anchorage
Seoul
Osaka
Tokyo
Okinawa
Taipei
Hong Kong
Manila
Honolulu
Hilo
Seattle
Tacoma
Spokane
Great Falls
Helena
Missoula
Butte
Bozeman
Billings
Portland
San Francisco
Los Angeles
Winnipeg
Grand Forks
Fargo
Jamestown
Bismarck
Minneapolis
St. Paul
Rochester
Madison
Milwaukee
Chicago
Detroit
Cleveland
Pittsburgh
Washington
Boston
New York
Newark
Philadelphia
Atlanta
Tampa
Clearwater
St. Petersburg
Ft. Lauderdale
Miami

Fly the Orient Express Way

NORTHWEST ORIENT®

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			10	11	12	13
14	15	16	17	18	19	20

will open Wednesday, Jan. 17, and the third stage Thursday, Jan. 25. . . . ¶ A retrospective exhibit of three hundred and seventy-seven works covering the entire career of the post-Surrealist Lucas Samaras, including sculptures, designs, and mixed-media works; through Jan. 27. . . . ¶ A hundred and fifty paintings done between 1947 and the present, constituting a retrospective of the work of Sam Francis, an early Abstract Expressionist; through Sunday, Jan. 14. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—The eighteenth biennial exhibit of contemporary prints; through Feb. 4. . . . ¶ About a hundred Japanese wood-block prints (1860-63) reflecting the influence on Japanese art of the opening of the port of Yokohama to foreigners; through Jan. 28. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—Photographs and color slides of shells, along with examples, marking the publication of a book on the subject by Andreas Feininger and William K. Emerson; through Jan. 30. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

China House, 125 E. 65th St.—Chinese landscape paintings from the eleventh century to the eighteenth, devoted to the theme of mountains and rivers, wintry forests, and old trees; through Jan. 28. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

Finch College Museum of Art, 62 E. 78th St.—Sculptures by Boris Lovet-Lorski; through March 11. . . . ¶ Photographic and sound documentation of Ulster today by Les Levine; through Jan. 21. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

Japan House, 333 E. 47th St.—Seventy-four works, including screens, panel paintings, lacquer ware, metalwork, and ceramics, done in Japan in the late sixteenth and early seventeenth centuries and reflecting the influence of the arrival of the Portuguese and Spanish; starting Thursday, Jan. 11. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Works showing a Chinese influence by Fima, who was born and educated in China, and figure paintings by Avraham Ofek, an Israeli born in Bulgaria; through March 18. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—A hundred and eighteen Master drawings from the collection of Christ Church, Oxford University; starting Thursday, Jan. 11. . . . ¶ About sixty American bookbindings from the seventeenth, eighteenth, and nineteenth centuries; starting Thursday, Jan. 11. (Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

New York Cultural Center, 2 Columbus Circle—Works by nearly a hundred women painters and sculptors, chosen by an all-woman committee; starting Friday, Jan. 12. (Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—A luminous aviary of four hundred and thirty-three Audubon watercolors, the collection acquired by the Society from his widow in 1863 and now being shown for the first time in its entirety; through Feb. 28. (Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—Sumerian cuneiform tablets, Japanese and Nepalese manuscripts, a Mongolian block-printed book, Shakespeare's First Folio, and illustrations of the complex languages of music and mathematics, all contributing to an exhibit portraying the variety of past and present languages; through Jan. 31. (Weekdays, 10 to 6.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 799-4420, for Philharmonic Hall TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Wednesday evening, Jan. 10: "La Bohème," with Gabriella Tucci, Colette Boky, John Alexander, Dominic Cossa, Paul Plishka, Robert Goodloe, and Fernando Corena; conducted by Henry Lewis. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Jan. 11: "La Fille du Régiment," with Joan Sutherland, Monica Sinclair, Jean Kraft, Luciano Pavarotti, and Fernando Corena; Richard Bonynge. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Jan. 12: "Pique Dame," with Raina Kabaivanska, Regina Resnik, Joann Grillo, Nicolai Gedda, John Reardon, and William Walker; Kazimierz Kord. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Jan. 13: "La Traviata," with Anna Moffo, Enrico DiGiuseppe, and Robert Merrill; Francesco Molinari-Pradelli. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Jan. 13: "Un Ballo in Maschera," with Gilda Cruz-Romo, Roberta Peters, Irene Dalis, Richard Tucker, and Matteo Manuguerra; Peter Herman Adler. . . . ¶ Monday evening, Jan. 15: "La Fille du Régiment," with Joan Sutherland, Regina Resnik, Jean Kraft, Luciano Pavarotti, and Fernando Corena; Richard Bonynge. . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Jan. 16: "La Bohème," with Pilar Lorengar, Colette Boky, Richard Tucker, William Walker, Paul Plishka, Robert Goodloe, Andrij Dobriansky, and Nico Castel; Henry Lewis. . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Jan. 17: "Faust," with Gabriella Tucci, Judith Forst, Enrico DiGiuseppe, Louis Quilico, and Cesare Siepi; Robert Benzi. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Jan. 18: "Pique Dame," with Teresa Kubiak, Regina Resnik, Joann Grillo, Nicolai Gedda, John Reardon, and Dominic Cossa; Kazimierz Kord. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Jan. 19: "La Fille du Régiment," with Joan Sutherland, Monica Sinclair, Jean Kraft, Luciano Pavarotti, and Donald Gramm; Richard Bonynge. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Jan. 20: "La Bohème," with Pilar Lorengar, Colette Boky, Richard Tucker, William Walker, Paul Plishka, Robert Goodloe, Andrij Dobriansky, and Nico Castel; Henry Lewis. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Jan. 20: "Aida," with Gabriella Tucci, Irene Dalis, Richard Cassilly, Cornell MacNeil, Giorgio Tozzi, and James Morris; Francesco Molinari-Pradelli. (Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Philharmonic Hall, Pierre Boulez conducting—Thursday, Jan. 11, at 8:30; Friday, Jan. 12, at 2; Saturday, Jan. 13, at 8:30; and Tuesday, Jan. 16, at 7:30 (all with Reri Grist, soprano; Anna Reynolds, mezzo-soprano; Gwendolyn Killebrew, contralto; Jerry Jennings, tenor; David Clatworthy, baritone; Donald Gramm, bass-baritone; Michael Devlin, bass; and the Camerata Singers); and Thursday, Jan. 18, at 8:30; Friday, Jan. 19, at 2; and Saturday, Jan. 20, at 8:30 (all with Julius Baker, flute; Jan DeGaetani, mezzo-soprano; David Ulin, boy soprano; Michael Best and Robert Johnson, tenors; and Raymond Michalski and Robert Shiesley, basses).

Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra—William Steinberg conducting an all-Mendelssohn program, with David Bar-Illan, piano, and Itzhak Perlman, violin. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Jan. 10, at 8.)

National Symphony Orchestra—Antal Dorati conducting, with Janos Starker, cello, and Richard Parnas, viola. (Philharmonic Hall. Sunday, Jan. 14, at 3.)

Boston Symphony—Michael Tilson Thomas conducting. (Philharmonic Hall. Wednesday, Jan. 17, and Friday, Jan. 19, at 8:30; no soloists. . . . ¶ Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Jan. 18, at 8, with four organists and six pianists, including Mr. Thomas, Raymond Lewenthal, Marilyn Neeley, and Antonio Barbosa. Saturday, Jan. 20, at 8, with the New England Conservatory Chorus; Susan Larson, soprano; Yasuo Watanabe, piano; and other vocal and instrumental soloists.)

Musica Aeterna Orchestra—Frederic Waldman conducting. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Friday, Jan. 12, at 8, an all-Handel program, with Leonard Raver, organ, and Melvin Kaplan, oboe; and Saturday, Jan. 20, at 8, and Sunday, Jan. 21, at 5:30, a varied program, with Gina Bachauer, piano.)

Brooklyn Philharmonia—Lukas Foss directing two Brecht-based operas with scores by Kurt Weill and Paul Hindemith. In English and in concert form. Also, Brechtian song settings with Nina Simone at the piano. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434. Sunday, Jan. 14, at 3.)

Musica Sacra—Richard Westenburg directing a choir and an orchestra in a Britten-Orff program. (Central Presbyterian Church, Park Ave. at 64th St. 838-2022. Monday and Tuesday, Jan. 15-16, at 8.)

RECITALS

Juilliard String Quartet—The third and fourth in a series of six concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Wednesday, Jan. 10, and Wednesday, Jan. 17, at 8.)

Prospective Encounters with Members of the New York Philharmonic—Pierre Boulez conducting the third in a series of four programs of contemporary chamber music, this one with Phyllis Bryn-Julson, soprano. The performances take place between eight and ten, with periods before and after devoted to "encounters"—possibly even confrontations—between the artists and the audience. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. Friday, Jan. 12. For information about tickets, call TR 4-2424.)

Waverly Consort—A program of music of the Tudor courts. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Jan. 13, at 8:30.)

Maria Clodes—Piano. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Sunday, Jan. 14, at 5.)

Daniel Barenboim and Jacqueline du Pré—Piano and cello. (Philharmonic Hall. Monday, Jan. 15, at 8.)

Susan von Reichenbach—Soprano, in a lieder recital. (Alice Tully Hall. Monday, Jan. 15, at 8.)

Laura Greenberg—In a program of her own music, with Garrett List, trombone, and others. (Kitchen, Mercer Arts Center, 240 Mercer St., at W. 3rd St. 475-9865. Monday and Tuesday, Jan. 15-16, at 8. You would do well to verify all this by phone before setting out.)

Norman Foster—Baritone, in Schubert's "Die Winterreise." (Carnegie Recital Hall. Tuesday, Jan. 16, at 8:30.)

Sylvia Marlowe—Harpsichord, in a program of music by Vittorio Rieti, with the New York Woodwind Quintet, the Phoenix String Quartet, and Gilbert Kalish, piano. Mr. Rieti will also conduct one of his works. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Wednesday, Jan. 17, at 8.)

David Nadien—Violin. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Wednesday, Jan. 17, at 8.)

Janos Starker—A Bach-Kodály program of music for unaccompanied cello. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Jan. 17, at 8.)

Beaux Arts Trio—The last in a series of programs of piano trios. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Friday, Jan. 19, at 8.)

New York Philomusica Chamber Ensemble—An all-Beethoven program. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Friday, Jan. 19, at 8.)

Luis Leguía—A program of music for unaccompanied cello. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, Jan. 20, at 2:30.)

Misha Dichter—Piano. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Saturday, Jan. 20, at 8.)

JAZZ / FOLK / ROCK / ETC.

Interlude Concerts—A varied series of hour-long performances at Town Hall (JU 2-4536)—Wednesday, Jan. 10, at 5:45: **JOHNNY MERCER**. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Jan. 17, at 5:45: **TEDDY WILSON.**

Hubert Laws and His Afro-Classic Ensemble (with Ron Carter) and Randy Weston's African Rhythms—Carnegie Hall. Friday, Jan. 12, at 8:30.

Rita Dimitri—Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Jan. 14, at 8.

Flash; Dr. Hook; and Earth, Wind & Fire—Philharmonic Hall. Sunday, Jan. 14, at 8.

Lyrics and Lyricists—The first in a series of five programs in which lyricists (in this case Stephen Schwartz) discuss their work, sometimes with the assistance of their professional performing friends. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Sunday, Jan. 14, and Tuesday, Jan. 16, at 8.)

World's Greatest Jazzband of Yank Lawson and Bob Haggart—A benefit concert, with Maxine Sullivan and Bobby Hackett. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Jan. 17, at 8. For tickets, call 879-2236.)

Charles Mingus with Dizzy Gillespie—Carnegie Hall. Friday, Jan. 19, at 8.

SPORTS

(The box-office number for the Nassau Coliseum, Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I., is 516 794-9100.)

Professional Basketball—At Nassau Coliseum—Wednesday, Jan. 10: Nets vs. Carolina. . . . ¶ Friday, Jan. 12: Nets vs. Virginia. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Jan. 17: Nets vs. Denver. . . . ¶ Friday, Jan. 19: Nets vs. Memphis. (Games begin at 8:05.)

Hockey—At Nassau Coliseum—Sunday, Jan. 14, at 7:05: Islanders vs. St. Louis. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Jan. 16, at 8:05: Islanders vs. Minnesota.

Racing—At **LIBERTY BELL**, Philadelphia: Weekdays at 12:30; through Saturday, Feb. 3. . . . **BOWIE**, Md.: Weekdays at 1; through Friday, March 16. The Bowie Handicap, Saturday, Jan. 13.

Track Meet—Knights of Columbus. (Nassau Coliseum. Saturday, Jan. 13, at 7.)

Trotting—At Yonkers Raceway: Weekdays at 8; through Thursday, March 1.

FOR CHILDREN

Music—By the **LITTLE ORCHESTRA SOCIETY**: Thomas Scherman conducting an all-Mendelssohn program, with Lisl Weil, illustrator. The opening children's concerts of the season. (Philharmonic Hall. Saturday, Jan. 13, at 11 and 3. For tickets, call PL 7-3460.). . . **OPERAS FOR YOUNG PEOPLE**: "The Barber of Seville," with Boris Goldovsky narrating and playing the piano, and with assisting artists. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Saturday, Jan. 13, at 3.). . . **LIGHT OPERA OF MANHATTAN**: "The Mikado," Saturday and Sunday, Jan. 13-14, at 4. . . . ¶ "Iolanthe," Saturday, Jan. 20, at 4. (Jan Hus Playhouse, 351 E. 74th St. 535-6310.)

Stage Shows—By the **BIL BAIRD MARIONETTES**: "Davy Jones' Locker." (Bil Baird Theatre, 59 Barrow St. YU 9-7060. Saturdays and Sundays at 1 and 3:30.). . . **MERI MINI PLAYERS**: "Chicken Little." (Hotel Manhattan Towers, downstairs, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. Saturdays at 2:30. For tickets, call 260-4863.) . . . **NATIONAL THEATRE COMPANY**: "The Prince and the Pauper." (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Sunday, Jan. 14, at 2. Children under five not admitted.). . . **NICOLO MARIONETTES**: "The Wizard of Oz." (St. George's Church Auditorium, 207 E. 16th St. Saturday, Jan. 13, at 1 and 3. For tickets, call 982-7836.). . . **PAPER BAG PLAYERS**: "Group Soup." (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Saturday, Jan. 20, at 1 and 3.). . . **PRINCE STREET PLAYERS**: "Cinderella." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434. Sunday, Jan. 14, at 1 and 3:30.). . . **ROD YOUNG'S PUPPET THEATRE**: "Creative Puppetry '73." (Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St. LE 4-1672. Saturday, Jan. 13, at 1:30. Children under three not admitted, and children under five must be accompanied by an adult.)

Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. (873-1300)—The current show is called "When Earth Became a Planet." (Mondays through Fridays at 2 and 3:30; Saturdays at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5; and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5. Children under five not admitted.)

Note—Ice skaters of fourteen and under have the Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, all to themselves, and free, every Monday from 3 to 5:30.

ET ALIA

(The number to call for information about all free entertainment in the city is 472-1003.)

United Nations—Visitors may attend periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.). . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every fifteen minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

Poetry Readings—Samuel Menashe reading from his own works, plus chamber music by the West End Chamber Ensemble. (Finch College Theatre, 52 E. 78th St. 288-8450. Sunday, Jan. 14, at 8.)

Auctions—At the Sotheby Parke Bernet, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Thursday, Jan. 11, at 2: Nineteenth-century works of art, from various owners. . . . ¶ Friday, Jan. 12, at 2: Chinese jades and other hard-stone carvings, from several collectors. . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 13, at 2: Oriental rugs and carpets, from many owners. . . . ¶ Friday, Jan. 19, at 2: Continental and English silver, from a number of sources. Exhibition starts Saturday, Jan. 13.

Film Libraries—At the **MUSEUM OF MODERN ART**, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—Jan. 10 at 5:30: "Tell Me That You Love Me, Junie Moon" (1970), directed by Otto Preminger, with Liza Minnelli. . . . ¶ Jan. 11 at 5:30: "Nest of Gentry" (1969), in Russian, directed by Andrei Mikhalkov-Konchalovsky; no English titles. . . . ¶ Jan. 11 at 8: "The Seagull" (1970), in Russian, directed by Yuli Karasik. . . . ¶ Jan. 12 at 2: "Début" (1971), in Russian, directed by Gleb Panfilov; no English titles. . . . ¶ Jan. 12 at 5:30 and Jan. 13 at noon: "The Iron Horse" (1924), directed by John Ford. . . . ¶ Jan. 13 at 3: "Début" (1971). . . . ¶ Jan. 13 at 5:30: "White Bird with Black Mark" (1971), in Ukrainian, directed by Yuri Ilyenko. . . . ¶ Jan. 14 at 12:30: "The Humpbacked Horse" (1961), in Russian, performed by the Bolshoi Ballet. . . . ¶ Jan. 14 at 3: "King of the Circus" (1970), in Russian. . . . ¶ Jan. 14 at 5:30: "Byelorussian Station" (1970), in Russian, directed by Andrei Smirnov. . . . ¶ Jan. 15 at 2: "Viy" (1970), in Russian, directed by A. Ptushko. . . . ¶ Jan. 15 at 5:30: "Katerina Izmailova" (1967), in Russian, directed by Mikhail Shapiro. . . . ¶ Jan. 16 at 2: "Si Pintjang" (1953), in Indonesian, directed by Kotot Sukardi; no English titles. . . . ¶ Jan. 16 at 5:30: "Viy" (1970). . . . ¶ Jan. 17 at 5:30: "Si Pintjang" (1953). . . . ¶ Jan. 18 at 2: "The Naked Night" (1953), in Swedish, directed by Ingmar Bergman, with Harriet Andersson. . . . ¶ Jan. 18 at 5:30: "Smiles of a Summer Night" (1955), in Swedish, directed by Ingmar Bergman, with Ulla Jacobsson and Eva Dahlbeck. . . . ¶ Jan. 18 at 8: "Winter Light" (1962), in Swedish, directed by Ingmar Bergman, with Ingrid Thulin and Gunnar Björnstrand. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon. Reservations for the showings at 8 will not be accepted before 5:30. Wednesdays, admission on a first-come, first-served basis.). . . **NEW YORK CULTURAL CENTER**, 2 Columbus Circle. (LT 1-2311)—Four programs in a series of Russ Meyer films: Through Jan. 11: "Eve and the Handyman.". . . ¶ Jan. 12-13: "Faster Pussycat—Kill, Kill.". . . ¶ Jan. 14 and 17: "Finders Keepers, Lovers Weepers.". . . ¶ Starting Jan. 18: "Beyond the Valley of the Dolls." (Showings Wednesdays through Sundays at 4 and 6. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Center after 11 on the day of the showing.) . . . **ANTHOLOGY FILM ARCHIVES**, at the Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (677-3197)—Films by Cocteau, Dreyer, Flaherty, Eisenstein, Frampton, Kubelka, Griffith, Hill, Jacobs, Hanoun, Markopoulos, and others. Showings at 6, 8, and (except Jan. 10, 13, and 16) at 10. No Mondays. . . . **WHITNEY MUSEUM**, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Jan. 10: "American Dreams and Nightmares," a program of six short films. . . . ¶ Jan. 11: "Imagine," with John Lennon and Yoko Ono. Showings at noon (except Thursdays), 1:30, 3, and 4:30 (plus 6, 7:30, and 9 on Tuesday evenings). Call desk (861-5322) for ticket information.

FLOWERED
TO A "T"

Plant our flowers in the dining saloon of a cruise ship, or on the patio of a tropical beach house. Mussless traveler of easy-care Ban-Lon® nylon with a gardenful of nosegays on azure or black for 6 to 14 sizes, $60. Young Dimensions in Dresses. 611 Fifth Avenue, New York, and all stores.

VERY Saks Fifth Avenue

Please add 75c for handling mail and phone orders sent beyond our regular delivery areas.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			10	11	12	13
14	15	16	17	18		

THE FILMS IN THIS LISTING ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
"Greaser's Palace."

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
Through Jan. 13: "I'll Cry Tomorrow" and "Madame Satan."
Jan. 14-16: "Lord Byron of Broadway" and "Sadie McKee."
From Jan. 17: "You're a Sweetheart" and "Every Night at Eight."

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (475-5510)
Through Jan. 16: "Heat," "Trash," "Reefer Madness" (1936), and "Martian Space Party," with the Firesign Theatre.
From Jan. 17: To be announced.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Jan. 16: "Sounder."
From Jan. 17: "Across 110th Street."

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
Through Jan. 16: "The Ruling Class."
From Jan. 17: "Death of a Jew."

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"The Life and Times of Judge Roy Bean."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"The Getaway."

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"The Heartbreak Kid."

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"Avanti!"

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
Through Jan. 11: "Child's Play."
From Jan. 12: "The First Circle."

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Travels with My Aunt."

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Pete 'n' Tillie."

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Up the Sandbox."

R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 1, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
"Last House on the Left."

R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 2, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
"The Emigrants."

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"Cries and Whispers."

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"The Effect of Gamma Rays."

Columbia I, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"Images."

Columbia II, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"Young Winston."

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"The Poseidon Adventure."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"Traffic."

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
"Jeremiah Johnson."

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
"Tokyo Story."

Juliet 1, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
To be announced.

Juliet 2, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
"Across 110th Street."

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"Avanti!"

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"Fiddler on the Roof."

Loews Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
"The Getaway."

Loews Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"The Life and Times of Judge Roy Bean."

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"Sounder."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1, Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
"Last House on the Left."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8932)
"Hit Man."

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
"The Ruling Class."

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
"The Emigrants."

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
"The Sorrow and the Pity."

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
"Deliverance."

Quad Cinemas 1, 2, 3, and 4, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Through Jan. 16: "Death in Venice," "McCabe & Mrs. Miller," "Murmur of the Heart," "Sunday Bloody Sunday," "Lady Sings the Blues," "Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex," and "King of Hearts."
From Jan. 17: To be announced.

Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
Through Jan. 11: "Ugetsu" and "Gate of Hell."
Jan. 12-16: "The Seventh Seal" and "Wild Strawberries."
From Jan. 17: "El Topo" and "Barbarella."

R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (255-7050)
Through Jan. 16: "Blacula" and "Doctor Phibes Rises Again."
From Jan. 17: To be announced.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
"Man of La Mancha."

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
Through Jan. 11: "Snoopy, Come Home."
From Jan. 12: "The Sword in the Stone" and "The Biscuit Eater."

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (757-3100)
"1776."

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Sleuth."

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
"Fellini's Roma."

Playboy, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"Deliverance."

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie."

Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
"Limelight."

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"César and Rosalie."

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"The Effect of Gamma Rays."

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
"Fiddler on the Roof."

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
"Prince Igor."

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
"The Emigrants."

Beacon, B'way at 74th. (874-1717)
Through Jan. 16: "Blacula" and "Doctor Phibes Rises Again."
From Jan. 17: To be announced.

Loews 83rd St., B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
"Deliverance."

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
"The Spider's Stratagem."

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Jan. 16: "The Candidate" and "Rachel, Rachel."
From Jan. 17: To be announced.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Through Jan. 11: "Last of the Red Hot Lovers" and "Plaza Suite."
Jan. 12-15: "The Go-Between" and "Bed and Board."
Jan. 16-18: "Straw Dogs" and "Kotch."

Riverside, B'way at 96th. (MO 3-4530)
"Across 110th Street."

Riviera, B'way at 97th. (RI 9-8046)
"Sounder."

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through Jan. 16: "Sunday Bloody Sunday" and "Le Boucher."
From Jan. 17: To be announced.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS

Across 110th Street—With Anthony Quinn, Yaphet Kotto, and Anthony Franciosa, directed by Barry Shear. (Juliet 2 and Riverside. . . . ¶ Gramercy; starting Jan. 17.)

Avanti!—With Jack Lemmon and Juliet Mills, directed by Billy Wilder. (Trans-Lux East and Trans-Lux 85th St.)

Barbarella (1968)—Jane Fonda is so bouncy and charming in this messed-up erotic comic-*strip view of the future that she seems to be a* new Dorothy in a very strange Oz. Directed by Roger Vadim. (Elgin; starting Jan. 17.)

Bed and Board (1971)—About the married life of Truffaut's hero, Antoine Doinel (Jean-Pierre Léaud). Léaud appears to have developed a dogged resistance to acting, but Antoine's bride, Claude Jade, who looks like a less ethereal, more practical Catherine Deneuve, is lovely. The movie is cheerful, if conventionally "beguiling." In French. (Thalia; Jan. 12-15.)

The Biscuit Eater—From the Disney Studios, with Earl Holliman and Patricia Crowley. Directed by Vincent McEveety. (Guild; starting Jan. 12.)

Blacula—With William Marshall and Denise Nicholas, directed by William Crain. (R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema and Beacon; through Jan. 16.)

Le Boucher (1969)—Another tone poem on a thriller theme by Claude Chabrol; he provides all the elements for a thriller except the zinger. This fluid, beautifully controlled, but very minor film was shot in a serene village in the Périgord and features the elegant Stéphane Audran, with Jean Yanne as the melancholy, frustrated butcher. In French. (Olympia; through Jan. 16.)

The Candidate—We need political films, by gum, but not this thing, which is about a young straight-from-the-shoulder good-looker (Robert Redford) who decides to run for Democratic senator in California. Redford's likeness to the Kennedy brothers is exploited in one of the most vulgar pieces of casting in years. Directed by Michael Ritchie. (Sym*phony; through Jan. 16.)*

César and Rosalie—With Yves Montand and Romy Schneider, directed by Claude Sautet. In French. (Paris.)

Child's Play—Diabolism on the loose in a Catholic boarding school for boys. The boys indulge in decidedly uncharming mutilations, while two rival teachers (the hated pedant James Mason and the popular Robert Preston) quarrel about who is responsible, and a new teacher (Beau Bridges) tries to puzzle matters out. Unpleasantly tense melodrama, with noisy rattles on the sound track to alert the audience to lurking depravity. Mason's fine performance is marred by an excess of abrupt, badly cropped closeups. Sidney Lumet directed; from the Robert Marasco play. (Fine Arts; through Jan. 11.)

Cries and Whispers—Ingmar Bergman's dream play is set in a manor house at the turn of the century where a spinster in her late thirties (Harriet Andersson) is dying. Her two sisters (Ingrid Thulin and Liv Ullmann) have come to attend her, and they watch and wait, along with a peasant servant (Kari Sylwan). The movie is built out of a series of emotionally charged images that express inner stress, and Bergman handles them with the fluidity of a master. The film, which is superbly photographed by Sven Nykvist in a style suggesting Edvard Munch, is smooth and hypnotic; it has oracular power and the pull of a dream. Yet there's a nineteenth-century dull*ness at the heart of it. Each sister represents* a different aspect of woman—woman viewed as the Other—and the film mingles didacticism with erotic mystery. In Swedish. (Cinema I.)

Death in Venice (1971)—Visconti's film of the great Thomas Mann story of 1911, with Dirk Bogarde as Aschenbach, turned by Visconti from an author into a composer based on Mahler. The film is an odd mixture of unearthly beauty and almighty carrying-on, with something suffocatingly literal made of the purity of Aschenbach's love for the fourteen-year-old whom he meets at the Hôtel des Bains on the Lido. Many, many things here are wonderful, though, especially in the rendering of Aschenbach's self-amused spinsterishness, in the look of the picture (photographed by Pasquale de Santis, with costumes by Piero Tosi), and in the larger feel-

Armstrong's

PROUDLY PRESENTS PORCELAIN ORIGINALS BY LASZLO ISPANKY

"Promises"
Limited Edition of 100
Price $2,500.00

Should you invest in art? The answer is yes, especially if you are considering limited edition porcelain figurines. The art of creating porcelain figurines is very specialized and very complex. In fact, it takes many years for an artist to become truly proficient in mastering this challenging media. As a result, there are very few good porcelain works of art from contemporary artists available on today's market.

"Jessamy"
Limited Edition of 400
Price $450.00

Laszlo Ispanky of Pennington, New Jersey, is one of those talented individuals whose life has been dedicated to creating porcelain artworks. His only standard has been perfection. Thus, he has won critical acclaim throughout the United States and his beautiful porcelain figurines are prized collector's items. Another factor that adds a great deal of desirability to Laszlo Ispanky's porcelain figurines is the fact that many of them are produced in limited editions. This means that only a specific quantity of a particular figurine is made and once that quantity is reached, the molds are broken so that no more can ever be made again. The result is that his completed editions have been going up in value at almost unbelievable rates.

"David"
Limited Edition of 400
Price $450.00

For example, five years ago, Laszlo Ispanky created a beautiful porcelain figurine entitled "Promises", a limited edition of 100 pieces which then sold for $225.00. Today "Promises" is bringing about eleven times her original price. In fact we are proud to have one available for $2,500.00. Needless to say, this is quite a nice return from the original investment of $225.00.

We at Armstrong's have the largest selection of Ispanky porcelains in the world. Among them are two other limited editions which we believe have the potential to do well from an investment standpoint. They are an exceptionally good value at the present because they are both available at the original price and both editions are very near completion. They are "David" and "Jessamy." "David" is a limited edition of 400 pieces and is $450.00. "Jessamy" is also a limited edition of 400 pieces at $450.00. Armstrong's deliver anywhere within the United States and your inquiries are invited.

Armstrong's 150 East Third Street • Pomona, California 91766 • (714) 622-4535

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			10	11	12	13
14	15	16	17	18		

ing of history on the turn that Visconti can uniquely impart, as he did in "The Leopard" and "Senso." (Quad Cinema 1; through Jan. 16.)

Death of a Jew—With Assaf Dayan and Akim Tamiroff, directed by Denys de la Patellière. (Kips Bay; starting Jan. 17.)

Deliverance—A man's man of a film—written by James Dickey from his own best-selling novel, and directed by John Boorman—about four early-middle-aged men who go canoeing in Georgia in search of the vanishing countryside and of their own lost athleticism. In a crass way, the film embalms every male myth that ever weighted an analyst's couch. Jon Voight, Burt Reynolds, Ned Beatty, Ronny Cox play in the movie, which is beautifully photographed in almost monochromatic color. (Greenwich, Playboy, and Loews 83rd St.)

The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie—Luis Buñuel's most frivolously witty movie, directed with exhilarating ease. He is no longer savage about the hypocrisy and inanity of the privileged classes; he has grown almost fond of their follies—the way one can grow fond of the snarls and the silliness of vicious pets. The discreetly charming amoral beasts gathered here include Stéphane Audran, Julien Bertheau (as the bishop), Fernando Rey, Delphine Seyrig, and Jean-Pierre Cassel. In French. (Little Carnegie.)

Doctor Phibes Rises Again—With Vincent Price, directed by Robert Fuest. (R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema and Beacon; through Jan. 16.)

The Effect of Gamma Rays—Beatrice (Joanne Woodward), also known as Betty the Loon, is a rampaging jokester-mother who is frustrated and lost; she inflicts her misery on her two daughters. Although Paul Newman's direction is sensitive and well balanced, the Paul Zindell play is essentially a camp version of the mood-memory plays of Tennessee Williams and William Inge. Woodward has the right sashaying toughness for the role, but it's pretty hard to bring conviction to Betty the Loon's vengeful meanness. (Cinema II and Paramount.)

The Emigrants—Jan Troell's broad-backed nature epic on the mid-nineteenth-century Swedish emigration to this country. A bursting, resonant film; Troell's achievement is prodigious. With Liv Ullmann and Max von Sydow. In Swedish. (R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 2, 8th St. Playhouse, and Embassy 72nd St.)

Every Night at Eight (1935)—Moderately pleasant program picture from Paramount, with Alice Faye, Frances Langford, Patsy Kelly, and George Raft. (He was certainly a star, but why?) Unusually good songs, including "I'm in the Mood for Love" and "I Feel a Song Coming On," by Dorothy Fields and Jimmy McHugh, and also the neat "Then You've Never Been Blue." Directed by Raoul Walsh. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting Jan. 17.)

Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex—Woody Allen, who has the anesthetized face of a Jewish Buster Keaton combined with a sensible woman shopper's, wrote and directed this intermittently inspired takeoff on Dr. David Reuben's waggish best-seller. (Quad Cinema 4; through Jan. 16.)

Fellini's Roma—We've all been tourists before in Fellini's big-top city, so once again we look at the Fellini whores and fatties and say, "Aren't they incredible? So gross, so ugly, so lewd," etc. Fellini is the only star in this ornate sketchbook-movie, with familiar episodes from his youth, and modern episodes in which urban chaos is used as spectacle, sometimes for a semi-abstract effect, sometimes for a psychedelic turn-on. This funeral ode to a poisoned city is often beautiful, but it's also fatuous and empty. Fellini appears to see himself as official greeter for the apocalypse. In English and Italian. (Festival.)

Fiddler on the Roof (1971)—A demonstration that square can be beautiful, too. Directed by Norman Jewison and starring Topol, the movie is a joyous, powerful musical epic. (U. A. East and Cinema Studio.)

The First Circle—Based on the novel by Alexander Solzhenitsyn, directed by Alexander Ford. (Fine Arts; starting Jan. 12.)

Gate of Hell (1954)—Exquisitely designed and photographed, and directed by Teinosuke Kinugasa with a delicate feeling for flowing movement. The setting is twelfth-century Kyoto; the story, which resembles "The Rape of Lucrece," is about a warrior's passion for a married noblewoman (Machiko Kyo). In Japanese. (Elgin; through Jan. 11.)

The Getaway—Another bank heist, and the wholesome, clean-cut robber pair (Steve McQueen and Ali MacGraw) take forever to make it across the Mexican border with their loot. Sam Peckinpah directed in imitation of Sam Peckinpah; it's a mechanical job, embellished with a vicious, erotic subplot involving Al Lettieri and Sally Struthers. The audience hoots MacGraw's smirky-schoolgirl line readings and applauds when McQueen slaps her around. (34th St. East and Loews Orpheum.)

The Go-Between (1971)—Harold Pinter wrote the stinging screenplay of this 1900 period piece (from an L. P. Hartley novel) about a twelve-year-old schoolboy at a posh Norfolk house party who is press-ganged into being the postman between Julie Christie, the heiress of the hall, and Alan Bates, a mere tenant farmer. Accurate about the English class system, pretty to look at, rather cold-hearted. With Margaret Leighton. Directed by Joseph Losey. (Thalia; Jan. 12-15.)

Greaser's Palace—Robert Downey wrote and directed this comic extravaganza, which is very, very slow and more humorous than exactly funny. Downey seems for the moment to have abandoned his cock-a-hoop, lazily satiric style. Pity. (Art.)

The Heartbreak Kid—One of the rare new comedies with a director's style and personality. Elaine May finds her comic tone (befuddled skepticism) and scores a first, besides—no other American woman director has ever directed her daughter in a leading role. Jeannie Berlin plays the voluptuously giddy bride, whose groom (Charles Grodin) falls in love with a cool American dreamgirl (Cybill Shepherd) three days after the wedding. Charming, unforced comedy. From Neil Simon's script, based on a Bruce Jay Friedman story. (Sutton.)

Hit Man—With Bernie Casey and Pamela Grier, directed by George Armitage. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2.)

I'll Cry Tomorrow (1956)—Garbagey but vivid and effective. Susan Hayward acts up a storm as the singing actress Lillian Roth, drinking her way to shame. With Richard Conte, Eddie Albert, Jo Van Fleet. Daniel Mann directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; through Jan. 13.)

Images—A classy schizo (Susannah York) duplicates herself, confuses the living with the dead, and can't tell her husband (René Auberjonois) from her lovers (Marcel Bozzuffi, Hugh Millais). A hollow puzzle movie, and trashy, but seductively shot and edited, and with some inventive moments. Written and directed by Robert Altman; made in Ireland. (Columbia I.)

Jeremiah Johnson—Robert Redford doing a self-consciously cool version of a strong, silent Western loner. The movie crawls through the wilderness at a snail's pace and is stretched out with ponderous lore. It celebrates tooth-and-claw revenge while featuring the kind of pithy dialogue that produces bellyache: "Keep your nose to the wind and your eye to the skyline." Sydney Pollack directed. (Loews Tower East.)

King of Hearts (1967)—Philippe de Broca makes a lulling and rather winsome period comedy about a 1918 soldier in an evacuated village now inhabited only by zoo animals and lunatics in fancy dress. With Alan Bates. In French and English. (Quad Cinema 4; through Jan. 16.)

Kotch (1971)—Dreadful. With Walter Matthau as a clean old man who is mistaken for a dirty old man. If this had been reversed, the picture might have had something. Directed by Jack Lemmon. (Thalia; Jan. 16-18.)

Lady Sings the Blues—The chemistry of pop vulgarization is all-powerful here; factually, this life of Billie Holiday is a fraud, but emotionally it delivers. That great dizzy imp Diana Ross gives herself to the role with an all-out physicality that wins the audience over from her first comic scenes. Regrettably, she sings too much like Billie Holiday, and the songs blur one's memories. Sidney J. Furie directed; Richard Pryor plays "Piano Man." (Quad Cinema 3; through Jan. 16.)

Last House on the Left—With David Hess, written and directed by Wes Craven. (R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 1 and R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1.)

Last of the Red Hot Lovers—Neil Simon's conventional sex comedy about a fundamentally faithful Jewish husband who suffers from the traditional show-biz-comedy male dither about sex and tries unsuccessfully to seduce three comic prototypes in his mother's purloined apartment before she gets back from work. Febrile stuff with traditional laughs. With Alan Arkin, directed by Gene Saks. Based on the Simon Broadway play. (Thalia; through Jan. 11.)

The Life and Times of Judge Roy Bean—With Paul Newman in the title role, directed by John Huston. (Murray Hill and Loews Ciné.)

Limelight (1952)—Chaplin's sentimental and high-minded view of theatre and himself. His exhortations about life, courage, consciousness, and "truth" are set in a self-pitying, self-glorifying story. As Calvero the clown, he appears at a gala benefit and shows the unbelievers who think him finished that he is still the greatest, and then dies in the wings as the applause fades; this is surely the richest hunk of self-gratification since Huck and Tom attended their own funeral—and Chaplin serves it up straight. At one point, Calvero awaits a young ballerina (acted with authority by Claire Bloom, in her movie début, and danced with authority by Melissa Hayden) in the darkened theatre after she has performed; he says to her, "My dear, you are a true artist, a true artist," and the emphasis is on *his* eyes, *his* depth of feeling. This false humility is integral to the film's unpleasant egotism. With Sydney Chaplin, Nigel Bruce, Norman Lloyd, André Eglevsky, and, all too briefly, Buster Keaton. (Lincoln Art.)

LORD BYRON OF BROADWAY (1930)—About a performer (Charles Kaley) who breaks women's hearts and turns their love letters into the lyrics for his songs. The story is treated on a very primitive level, but this musical from M-G-M is one of the more lavish of the period. The numerous songs include "Should I?" and "Love Ain't Nothing but the Blues;" the cast includes Cliff Edwards, Gwen Lee, Benny Rubin, and Ethelind Terry. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Jan. 14-16.)

MADAME SATAN (1930)—An incredible, irresistible hodgepodge by Cecil B. De Mille, featuring an extravagant costume party aboard an enormous dirigible. When the dirigible is struck by lightning, the guests parachute down, except the parachuteless hero, Reginald Denny, who jumps to safety in the Central Park Reservoir—a stunt that the movies have never repeated. There are lots of songs and dances, and even a ballet in the dirigible. Lillian Roth, buxom and dimpled before she boozed and repented and told all ("I'll Cry Tomorrow"), is appealing and energetic as the wild showgirl Trixie. Kay Johnson plays the noble heroine. With Roland Young and Martha Sleeper. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; through Jan. 13.)

MAN OF LA MANCHA—The lyrics still sound as if they had been translated from Esperanto, and it's a slow haul to a sentimental haven, but toward the middle, Peter O'Toole, looking like an elongated Alec Guinness, is so wafer-thin and stylized, and his woefulness is so deeply silly that the contrast between his Don Quixote and the full-bodied, realistic Aldonza of Sophia Loren becomes affecting. Loren, with her great, sorrowing green-brown eyes, is magnificently sensual and spiritual; she brings the soul of Italian opera to this Broadway bastardization, which combines Cervantes' life with his novel. Arthur Hiller directed. (Rivoli, Sundays through Thursdays at 8 and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 9:45. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30, Saturdays at 1:30 and 4:15, and Sundays at 2 and 5. Reserved seats only.)

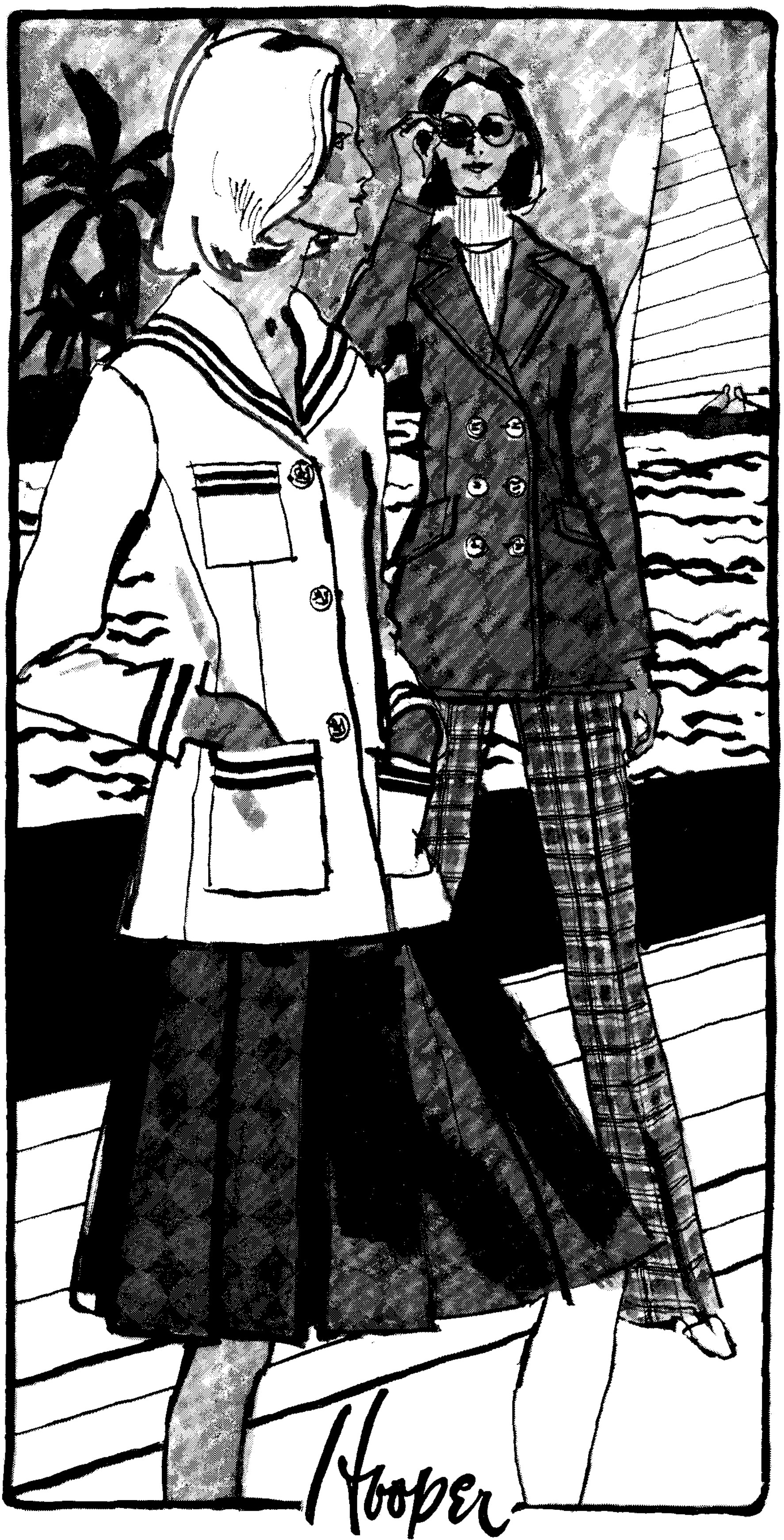
MCCABE & MRS. MILLER (1971)—A beautiful pipe dream of a movie—Robert Altman's fleeting vision of what frontier life might have been, with Warren Beatty as a cocky small-time gambler and Julie Christie as an ambitious madam. Delicate, richly textured, and unusually understated. Very fine. (Quad Cinema 1; through Jan. 16.)

MURMUR OF THE HEART (1971)—Louis Malle's portrait of the artist as a young dog. An exhilarating high comedy. In French. (Quad Cinema 2; through Jan. 16.)

PETE 'N' TILLIE—Carol Burnett and Walter Matthau in a low-key modern equivalent of the old semi-forgettable, semi-memorable pictures like "Penny Serenade," about decent people trying to live their lives somewhat rationally. Pete and Tillie speak in an epigrammatic style, derived from the Peter De Vries short novel "Witch's Milk," on which the movie is based, but their good life together is so aseptically the middle-class ideal that it looks like death. Martin Ritt directed, from Julius J. Epstein's screenplay. (Baronet.)

PLAZA SUITE (1971)—A malevolent and unfunny three-part thing by Neil Simon about loveless marriage in overprivileged circumstances. Walter Matthau is a souring presence; Barbara Harris and Maureen Stapleton contribute their own gentle skills. (Thalia; through Jan. 11.)

THE POSEIDON ADVENTURE—Expensive pop adventure movie, manufactured for the "Airport" market. An ocean liner turns turtle, and the logistics of getting out of an upside-down ship are fairly entertaining; the script is the true cataclysm in this waterlogged Grand Hotel. With Gene Hackman, Ernest Borgnine, Stella Stevens, and Shelley Win-



Hooper
ASSOCIATES LTD.

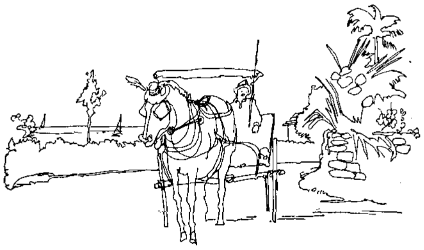
WHEN THE YEN FOR YACHTING STRIKES. HOW ABOUT THESE NAUTICAL POLYESTERS? **BLEYLE'S** SHIP-SHAPE SAILOR JACKET AND COLOR-CUED PLEATED SKIRT; SKIPPER'S JACKET WITH PLAID PANTS BY **BLEYLE**. RIBBED TURTLE OF HELANCA® NYLON BY **SAX**. ALL IMPORTED FROM EUROPE BY HOOPER ASSOCIATES. AT THE BEST STORES. FOR THE ONE NEAREST, WRITE: 1451 BROADWAY, NEW YORK, NEW YORK 10036.
IN CANADA: 1470 PEEL STREET, MONTREAL 110, QUEBEC

Special Vacation Plans for People who Are Accustomed to Going First Class

BERMUDA

An hour and a half from New York or Boston and you're there - on the lovely little island of pink beaches, scenic fairways and unchanging charm. If you fly on Monday through Thursday, $92 buys the round-trip from either city. Fares on weekends and from other cities are comparably low.

When you arrive, your reservations are for Bermuda's royalty – either The Princess, Bermuda's most famous hotel, or its sister resort, the Southampton Princess, Bermuda's newest hotel.

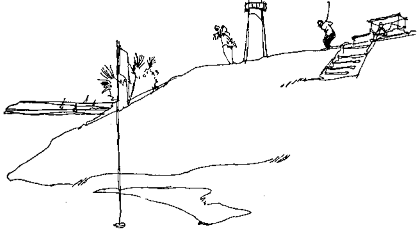


Both hotels have put together five attractive vacation plans. All highlight unlimited free golf and tennis at the private Princess Golf & Beach Club and all feature beautiful air-conditioned rooms with private bathrooms, traditional afternoon tea and gratuities.

Consider the short stay

4 Days/3 Nights
MINI HOLIDAY from $73.50
per person, double occupancy

This includes full course breakfasts and dinners (Princess dining has won Bermuda awards) and a welcome cocktail.



Even a couple of days can be a lift and for a quick break, we've designed the

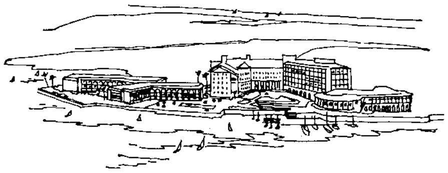
3 Days/2 Nights
ESCAPE HOLIDAY from $38
per person, double occupancy

You'll enjoy a full course breakfast each morning and a cocktail in the Gazebo Bar overlooking the Harbour, or in the Neptune Lounge at the Southampton Princess.

On the other hand, if you have a whole week we have a

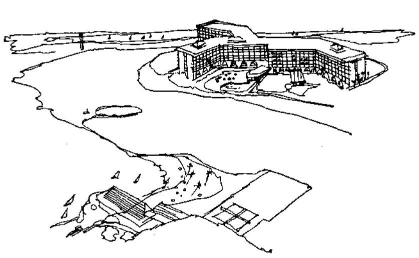
7 Days/6 Nights
DREAM HOLIDAY from $147.50
per person, double occupancy

Here you have a week of famous Princess dining – full course breakfasts and dinners – a cocktail, a day's free rental of a Mobylette Cycle and the Manager's festive Swizzle Party.



No matter which Princess Hotel you choose you will enjoy complete exchange facilities with the sister hotel. And there's complimentary transportation between the two to make things easy for you.

The fashionable Princess Hotel in picturesque Hamilton is right on the water, with 101 things to see and do at the hotel or within walking distance.



Fifteen minutes away on the lovely South Shore, the new Southampton Princess overlooks all Bermuda from a dramatic location near Gibbs Hill Lighthouse that extends across the entire island from sea to sea.

Between the two resorts there are countless sports activities in addition to 18 holes of golf. 5 tennis courts, cycle liveries, 4 pools (one indoors), a private dock where you can board fishing and sightseeing boats, men's and women's Health Club and saunas, 7 restaurants and 5 night clubs with dancing and entertainment every night. Virtually all of Bermuda's pleasures in two perfect locations.

This year both hotels also have a "first time in Bermuda" temptation that features absolutely fantastic dining.

4 Days/3 Nights
MILLIONAIRE'S HOLIDAY at $139
per person, double occupancy

There's a deluxe air-conditioned room with private bathroom, balcony and water view. A bottle of champagne with breakfast each morning. A dinner in the Newport Room of the Southampton Princess, in the Tiara Room of The Princess, and one at historic Waterlot Inn. A drink, show and dancing in The Princess Room (including gratuities and cover). More of the same in the Half & Half discotheque. A fruit basket and room service at no charge.

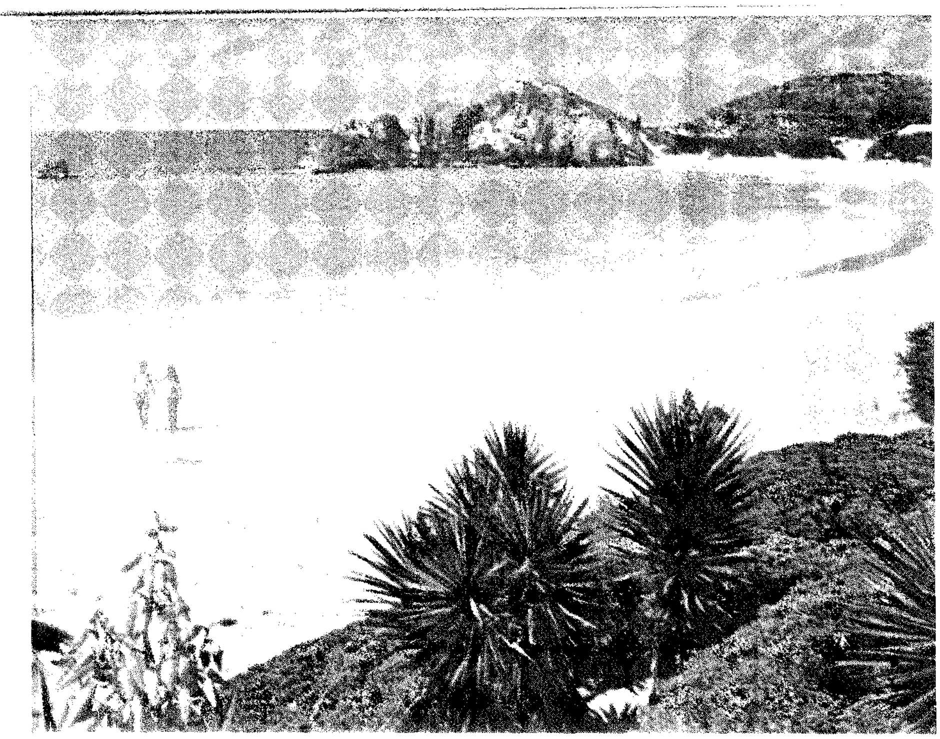
Bermuda being, after all, Bermuda - we offer the perfect Princess honeymoon.

7 Days/6 Nights
HONEYMOON from $316
per couple

Included are full course breakfasts and dinners, traditional afternoon tea, a cocktail each, welcome champagne, a day's free rental of one Mobylette Cycle, a photograph and souvenir album, the Manager's Swizzle Party and a Champagne Party for Honeymooners.

We think you'll find the combination of short flights, low air fares and special Princess vacations irresistible. Give in – and come along.

Rates effective December 1, 1972 through February 28, 1973. For reservations consult your Travel Agent. For information and brochures, write or phone Princess Hotels International, P.O.Box 2258 AMF, Miami, Florida 33159. Dial Toll Free 800-327-1313. In Florida 800-432-1533. Miami 871-3311. Toronto (416) 863-1087.



There is a place that looks exactly like these postcards.

Oddly enough it's where we took the pictures.

These pictures were not retouched. So, if they are some of the reasons that you come to Bermuda, you will not be disappointed.

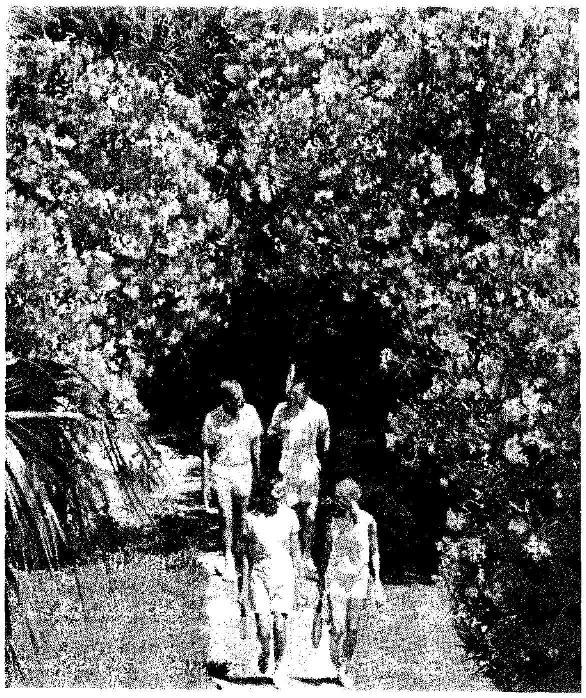
Actually, we can promise you countless scenes like these, because, in reality, Bermuda is a 21-square-mile picture postcard.

It is made up of picturesque winding roads for you to cycle along, through flower-bordered lanes, golf courses with awesome views of our multi-coloured sea. All this and maybe some of the nicest people you've ever met—Bermudians.

They enjoy making visitors happy, but they can't make you happy unless you're here, and it takes so little time to get here. Bermuda is only 90 minutes away from the United States coast. See your travel agent. Or write Bermuda: 610 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10020 —6 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60602.

Bermuda

Wish you were here.



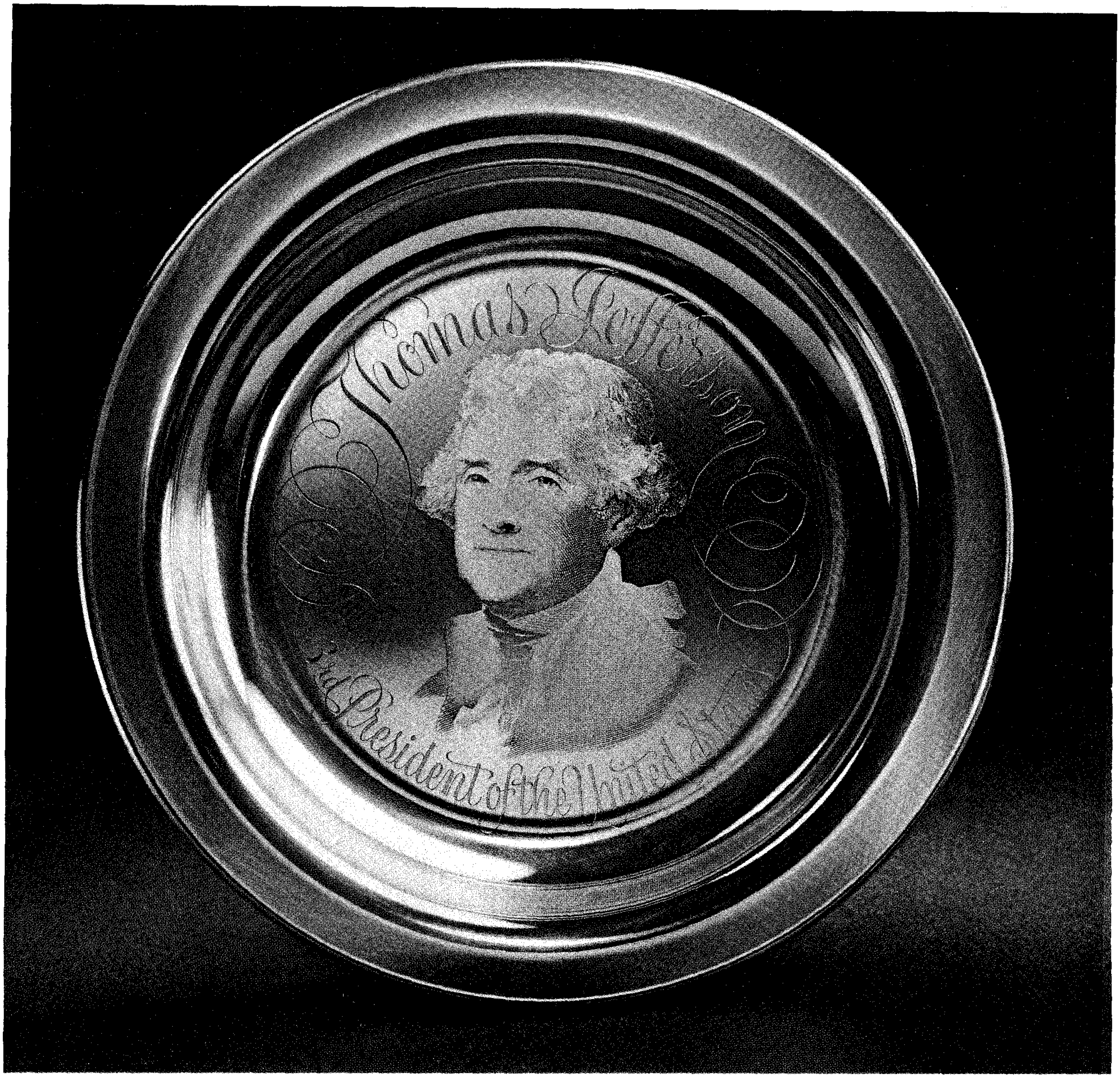


Illustration reduced.
Actual plate 8″ in diameter.

© 1972 F M

THE THOMAS JEFFERSON PRESIDENTIAL PLATE

Issued by the White House Historical Association

LIMITED EDITION / STERLING SILVER INLAID WITH 24KT GOLD / ORIGINAL ISSUE PRICE — $150

The Thomas Jefferson Presidential Plate is the third in the series of solid sterling silver collector's plates, each bearing a Presidential portrait inlaid in 24 karat gold. Each plate is serially numbered. Issued by the White House Historical Association. Produced in limited edition by The Franklin Mint, Franklin Center, Pennsylvania.

AVAILABLE AT SELECTED FINE STORES

ters. Ronald Neame directed, with his usual dull efficiency. (Beekman.)

PRINCE IGOR—Performed by the Kirov opera and ballet of Leningrad. In Russian. (Regency.)

RACHEL, RACHEL (1968)—Paul Newman directs an observant and modest picture remarkable for its acting. Beautiful performances by Joanne Woodward as a schoolmistress "in the middle of her life" and feeling past it (at thirty-five), and by Estelle Parsons as her passionate and blundering friend. (Symphony; through Jan. 16.)

THE RULING CLASS—Peter Medak directs Peter Barnes' play about the English class system, with a very funnily played Mr. Magoo-shaped butler (Arthur Lowe), who is a member of the Communist Party but slavishly accepts the cruel oddities of a noble family living in a hideous eighteen-thirties castle. The film lays it on a bit thick all the way through, and deals in archetypes, but it makes a couple of ideological points. (Waverly. . . . ¶ Kips Bay; through Jan. 16.)

SADIE MCKEE (1934)—Joan Crawford, in her ruffles-on-the-shoulders days, surrounded by Franchot Tone, Gene Raymond, and Edward Arnold. M-G-M, of course, and directed by Clarence Brown. Two songs by Arthur Freed and Nacio Herb Brown: the forgettable "Please Make Me Care," and "All I Do Is Dream of You," which, perhaps unfortunately, stays with one. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Jan. 14-16.)

1776—A Broadway folk operetta featuring those lovable old codgers, the Founding Fathers, and double-entendres and the signing of the Declaration of Independence. The whole damned thing has the emasculated, giggly tone that passes for clean family entertainment. (Music Hall.)

THE SEVENTH SEAL (1956)—The aura of magic, the modern erotic and psychological insights, and the ambiguities all contribute to the stature of Ingmar Bergman's medieval morality play about man in search of the meaning of life. Max von Sydow is the tormented knight who plays chess with death; during the game, the knight observes scenes of cruelty, rot, and suffering that suggest the tortures and iniquity Ivan Karamazov described to Alyosha. In Swedish. (Elgin; Jan. 12-16.)

SLEUTH—At first, the elation of seeing Laurence Olivier in a big role is sufficient to give this Joseph L. Mankiewicz transcription of the Anthony Shaffer play (about an eccentric author of detective novels and his prey—Michael Caine) a high spirit, and Olivier seems to be having a ripsnorting old time. But the cleverness of Shaffer's excessive literacy wears down, and the stupid tricks the two characters play on each other keep grinding on. It's Olivier in the kind of material he outgrew more than thirty years ago. (Ziegfeld.)

SNOOPY, COME HOME—Lila, a little girl who turns out to have been Snoopy's original owner, writes to him from the hospital for help, and Snoopy decides that she needs him more than Charlie Brown does. The farewell set-piece scenes with Charlie Brown are rather upsetting to children. The best thing in the picture is a small yellow bird called Woodstock, who flies upside down and bumps into things. (Guild; through Jan. 11.)

THE SORROW AND THE PITY—Magnificent documentary epic on the German Occupation of France. A study in the psychology of history, directed by Marcel Ophuls. Four and a half hours. (5th Ave. Cinema.)

SOUNDER—Extraordinarily simple, since it starts from an inspirational story much like "The Corn Is Green," yet deeply, emotionally rich. The first movie about black experiences in America that can stir people of all colors. With Cicely Tyson (playing the first great black heroine on the screen), Paul Winfield, Kevin Hooks, and Janet MacLachlan. Martin Ritt directed, from a script by Lonne Elder III. The score is by Taj Mahal, who also plays the comedy role of Ike. (86th St. East and Riviera. . . . ¶ Gramercy; through Jan. 16.)

THE SPIDER'S STRATAGEM (1970)—Before he made "The Conformist," Bernardo Bertolucci made this adaptation of Jorge Luis Borges's enigmatic "Theme of the Traitor and Hero" for Italian television. Shot in Sabbioneta, a miniature city between Mantua and Parma, with colonnades that suggest de Chirico, the film is mysteriously beautiful, but Giulio Brogi, playing both the son and the hero-father, whose death the son is investigating, is given no character as either, and he lacks energy. The film itself is enervated, and the themes are frustratingly elusive. The story is too thin for the heightened colors and the evocative imagery; the movie is all atmosphere and no strength. With Alida Valli, still splendidly handsome, and with that same secret look she had in "The Third Man." In Italian. (New Yorker.)

STRAW DOGS (1972)—Sam Peckinpah, who is an artist, has made the first American film that is a Fascist work of art. Dustin Hoffman plays a weakling mathematician who finds his manhood when he learns to kill, and the gifted young Susan George is his snarling, pouty wife—a little beast who wants to be made submissive. Machismo, sold under the now fashionable guise of the territorial imperative. (Thalia; Jan. 16-18.)

SUNDAY BLOODY SUNDAY (1971)—John Schlesinger directed this complex, remarkably modulated study of the breakup of two love affairs, from a screenplay by Penelope Gilliatt. An unusual film—perhaps a classic. With Glenda Jackson, Peter Finch, and Murray Head. (Quad Cinema 2 and Olympia; through Jan. 16.)

THE SWORD IN THE STONE (1963)—A Walt Disney full-length cartoon. (Guild; starting Jan. 12.)

TOKYO STORY (1953)—One of the most honored of all Japanese films, directed by Yasujiro Ozu, who has made a gentle-natured masterpiece of wonderful complexity out of a simple story about elderly parents who go to visit their grown-up children in Tokyo and find that the children have no interest in them. In Japanese. (72nd St. Playhouse.)

EL TOPO (1971)—A spaghetti Western in the style of Luis Buñuel, and tinsel all the way. The writer-director-star, Alexandro Jodorowsky, plays with symbols and ideas and enigmas so promiscuously that the confusion may be mistaken for depth. He has some feeling for pace and for sadistic comedy, but the principal appeal of the movie is as a violent fantasy—like head comics. (Elgin; starting Jan. 17.)

TRAFFIC—Mr. Hulot is a car designer on his maundering way to an international automobile exposition in Amsterdam. Jacques Tati's new, and rather precious, film is fuzzy and only vaguely comic. (68th St. Playhouse.)

TRAVELS WITH MY AUNT—With Maggie Smith, directed by George Cukor. (Plaza.)

UGETSU (1953)—Kenji Mizoguchi's complex, violent, and at times magical fable of an artist-potter (Masayuki Mori), a phantom lady (Machiko Kyo), and the family he left behind. Heavy going in spots, but with marvellous passages that are worth a bit of patience. In Japanese. (Elgin; through Jan. 11.)

UP THE SANDBOX—Barbra Streisand has never seemed so mysteriously, sensually fresh, so multi-radiant, as in this joyful mess, taken from the Anne Richardson Roiphe novel. The picture is full of sass and knockabout urban humor, though it doesn't seem to have settled on what it's meant to be about. The heroine is the wife of a Columbia instructor, and the movie is a hip, free-association treatment of her daydreams and conflicting desires, and of a variety of women's-lib problems. Irvin Kershner directed. (Coronet.)

WILD STRAWBERRIES (1957)—Ingmar Bergman's rather lumpy Odyssey (which is obviously the source of much of "Five Easy Pieces") has some fine scenes and many great images. Victor Sjöström plays the eminent physician who looks back over his life. With Ingrid Thulin. In Swedish. (Elgin; Jan. 12-16.)

YOUNG WINSTON—Enjoyable junk: a few parts pop psychiatry, a few parts adventure, a few parts politics, and a dash of family scandal. Simon Ward is fine-boned and beautiful, and his intelligent impersonation of Churchill from ages seventeen to twenty-six is fun to watch; Anne Bancroft's eye-popping, haughty Jennie Jerome is the stuff of parody. Richard Attenborough directed, from Carl Foreman's adaptation of Churchill's "My Early Life." (Columbia II. Weekdays at 2:30, 7:30, and 10:30, and Sundays at 2, 5, and 8. Reserved seats only.)

YOU'RE A SWEETHEART (1938)—Not by a long way. A Universal musical, with Alice Faye, George Murphy, Charles Winninger, and that altogether negative personality Ken Murray. A couple of good songs and several clinkers. David Butler directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting Jan. 17.)

Drapers
of SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

PINDOTS PIN POINT SPRING

Our new pindot knit shapes up with spanking white in a dress to enjoy right now! It's a washable polyester by ANDORA. In navy/white or red/white, 12½-22½ or 10-20. Draper's famous quality at a value-packed price . . . 32.00

Nine Draper stores famous in the West for quality fashions in half-sizes!
Send for 15-style free brochure.

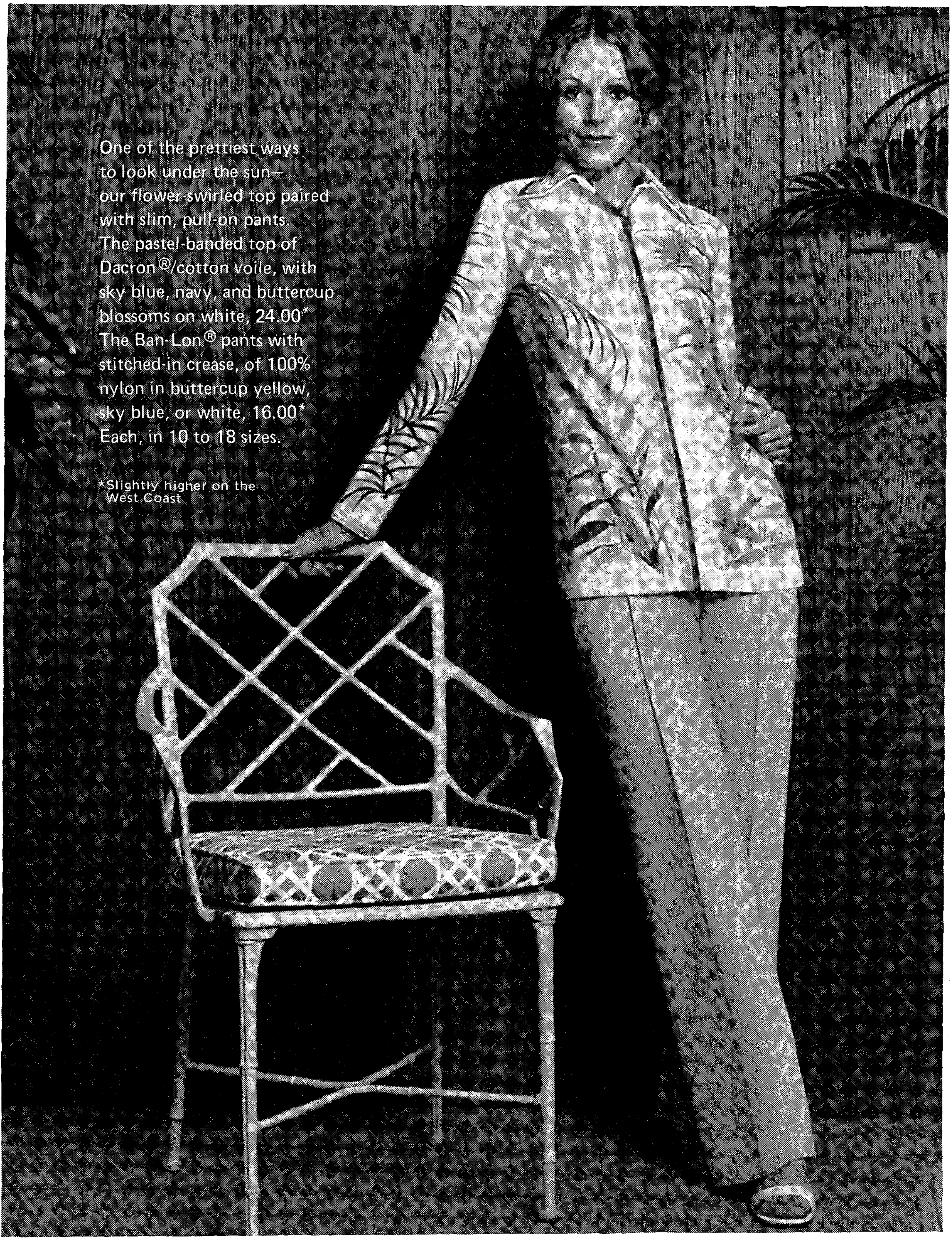
Mail Orders promptly filled . . . $1.00 handling
Californians add 5% state tax

DRAPER'S
1855 East Colorado Boulevard
Pasadena, California 91107

For the woman who's going places,

PECK & PECK

promises



One of the prettiest ways to look under the sun—our flower-swirled top paired with slim, pull-on pants. The pastel-banded top of Dacron®/cotton voile, with sky blue, navy, and buttercup blossoms on white, 24.00* The Ban-Lon® pants with stitched-in crease, of 100% nylon in buttercup yellow, sky blue, or white, 16.00* Each, in 10 to 18 sizes.

*Slightly higher on the West Coast

Photographed at The Excelsior Club

Fifth Avenue and Branches. For mail and phone, add applicable tax plus .75 handling beyond delivery area. No c.o.d.'s.

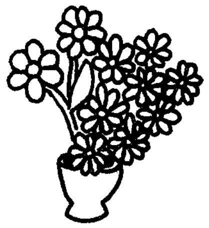
THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

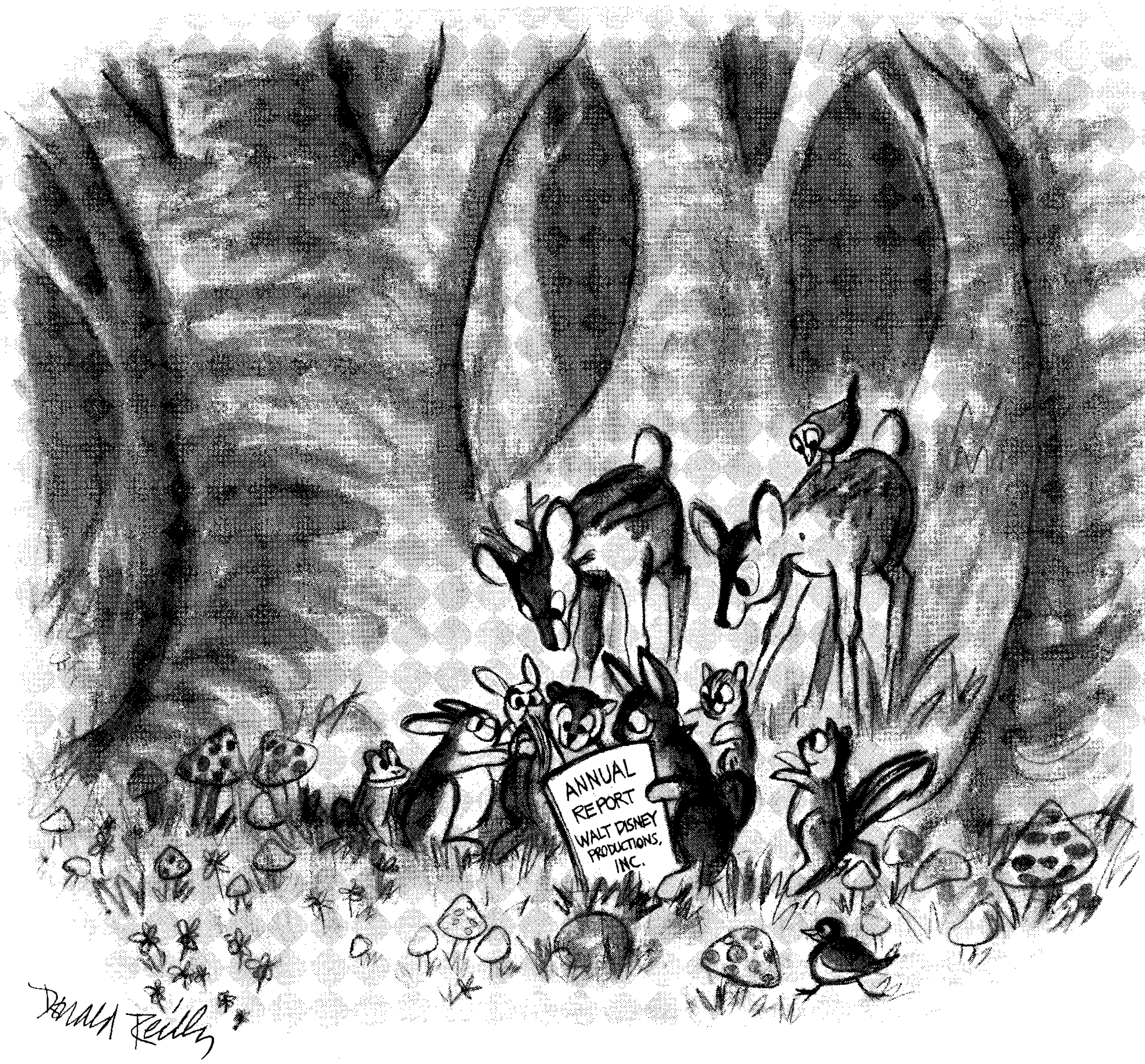
IN recent weeks, the war in Vietnam has led the United States into a new relationship with the rest of the world. When the terror bombing of Hanoi began, world opinion—that amorphous institution made up of whatever voices have the strength and the freedom to make themselves heard—seemed, after several years of silence, to reconstitute itself for the occasion. Heads of friendly countries voiced their objection to our bombing and to our whole war policy. The Canadian House of Commons voted unanimously to condemn the bombing. The governments of France, Denmark, and Finland arranged to send funds for medical supplies. So did many private organizations, including the World Council of Churches. Throughout Western Europe, the most highly respected publications likened our actions to those of the Nazis. Boycotts against American ships were proposed in several countries, and one was carried out in Australia. Harold Wilson cancelled a lecture tour of the United States because of "strong feelings" against the bombing. Some governments said nothing, but almost none offered approval or support. As might have been expected, it was in the democratic, not the totalitarian, countries that the deepest revulsion was expressed. There had been waves of protest before, but this was something of greater weight than protest. The world appeared to have reached that degree of near-unanimity of feeling which makes up a prevailing historical judgment that will stand for decades to come. It was as though the war had lasted so long that historical judgment was delivered on it even before it was over. This shift of opinion was the end, not the beginning, of a debate. Decent men all over the world had declared that our war policy had moved beyond argument.

There were several reasons this particular escalation of the war had such a decisive effect. In the first place, it had once been possible for an onlooker to suppose that our government believed that in fighting Vietnamese it was actually fighting "Communism," a force that included such large and credibly menacing powers as Russia and China, but after the President's cordial and friendly visits to Russia and China it became inescapably plain just who our adversary really was: it was only little Vietnam. The true disproportion of the war stood revealed. And since we had nothing to fear and nothing to gain from such a tiny, remote power, even self-interest no longer served as an explanation of the war. Vietnam began to look like a forsaken land where a lunatic giant appears and, having shot up everyone in sight, shoots himself. Also, whereas we had undertaken other escalations in response to real or imagined moves by our adversary, this one we took unilaterally and without any military pretext. We went from the smiles and jokes of the peace talks to the bombing with perfect nonchalance, like one of those teams of torturers who alternate between ingratiating themselves with their victim and beating him up. Finally, since we no longer had large numbers of troops in the South, the excuse that we were "protecting our withdrawal" could not be advanced. In short, the war had been stripped of all its disguises. And the Administration, seeming almost to acknowledge that the debate had ended, and that any justification it offered could only add to the offense, offered no arguments or justifications. The war was now being fought not only without reason but without rationalization. In these circumstances, the world saw the bombing for exactly what it was. It was murder—murder with "no comment."



But just at the moment when the world was finding its voice and uniting to express its horror at the war, the United States seemed to be slipping into a world of its own. In the past, if some Americans had been the world's preëminent warmakers, other Americans had been the world's preëminent protesters against the war. But at the moment when the world was awakening, the American people as a whole, who are supposedly in the driver's seat of the machine that is crushing Vietnam, were nodding at the wheel. Then, as the Ninety-third Congress got under way, there came some stirrings, and now the country seems to have arrived at a moment of decision—to be poised between a national life of full-time wakefulness and a national life of full-time somnolence.

From the start, our war in Indo-China—even as it took millions of us to a land thousands of miles away—has tended to cut us off from the world. It sent us running all over the world but held us paralyzed in isolation. It held us in a world of our own hallucinatory obsessions, which has now swollen to the point of blotting out the real world altogether. And the real world, for its part, watches in dismay as the United States, which has only to look up for a moment to find, and to rejoin, a world of eased tensions, returns with obsessive fury to hacking away at the bloody mess at its feet which is Vietnam. We went to Vietnam to save the Vietnamese, but the Vietnamese we were saving were imaginary. The real Vietnamese wanted us to leave them alone. Now we are out to save the world, to build a "stable" world, a "generation of peace." This time our beneficiaries are the peoples of the entire world, and once again our beneficiaries don't want our help. Our characteristic vice in the war years has been not so much to defy the world as to deny it, not to see it at all. Now when the Swedish government protests our actions we tell it not to send us its new ambassador. We put him, and his country, out of our



sight. In the long run, a nation that encloses itself in a shroud of secrets and lies cannot stand free intercourse with the world. We started by blotting out the truth about our actions in the world, although some of our own people tried to get the message through. (The trial of Daniel Ellsberg started last week.) Now the entire world is trying to tell us the truth about ourselves, and it's the world's turn to be blotted out. We can't make other people close their eyes to what we're doing, but we *can* make them disappear by firmly shutting our own eyes. A recent event at the Pentagon suggests how things can be blotted out. Mr. Jerry Friedheim, the Pentagon spokesman who had been saddled with the job of explaining the bombing to the nation, was asked about the reports that American bombs had hit the hospital of Bach Mai, in Hanoi. He refused to confirm the report, and went as far as to question even the existence of the hospital. He said, "I don't know what the other side may refer to as the Bach Mai Hospital, if indeed there is one." And he was right, of course. There *was* no Bach Mai Hospital.

Two Gatherings

THERE has been word of a black rock opera, the *first* black rock opera, and some days ago a lot of music-business people gathered in the Corinthian Room of the New York Sheraton Hotel to celebrate the news. The rock opera in question is called "Free the Black Man's Chains;" it is meant to chronicle the struggle of black men to free themselves *from* their chains, and it hasn't really arrived yet. What has arrived is a record album called "Free the Black Man's Chains," by a group called the Afro-American Ensemble, and a promise that the loosely plotted songs in this album may one day be used in a rock opera. But the promise of the possible arrival of the first black rock opera is cause enough for celebration, after all, so the gathering in the Corinthian Room was lively. There was some slightly lofty talk about the implications of the black rock opera; there was some franker talk about promoting the album; and there was gossip. We talked with Len Sachs, who is the vice-president of GSF Records, the nearly new independent record company that has issued the album made by the Afro-American Ensemble. He is a vigorous middle-aged man, who that night was wearing a gray suit with a windowpane check. He was standing close to the door of the Corinthian Room, greeting people. He continued to greet people while he talked to us. "The producers have been totally involved with the Afro-American Ensemble for quite some time," he said. "After an evaluation and some negotiation, I brought the album and the project to GSF. Sid!" Mr. Sachs moved forward to greet Sid Parnes, the editor-in-chief of *Record World*. "I'm so glad you arrived. I'm so glad you came. I dig you. You know that." Mr. Sachs returned to our side. "GSF is still young. We have Lloyd Price, you know. And Eddie Holman and

Garnet Mimms. We're a genuine independent record company. I wouldn't want to say that we're a rhythm-and-blues label. We just happen to have a lot of black product. Oh, there's Irv Lichtman, of *Cash Box*. My first thought for 'Free the Black Man's Chains' was to tour black colleges in a concert version. The concert will help the record to sell."

We talked with Richard Gersh, who is an important public-relations man in the music business. Richard Gersh was handling the celebration in the Corinthian Room, and he was relaxed and friendly and smiling. "We're going to do it this way," he said. "First, G. Fitz Bartley, who is with *Soul* magazine, will present a plaque to Lenny Sachs. I know all about that—I wrote the plaque. Then the group will sing a few of the songs from the album. I just saw a man from the William Morris office. They booked 'Jesus Christ Superstar.' "

We talked briefly with Bernard Purdie, the drummer, who told us that GSF Records was now distributing his jazz label, Encounter Records, and then, as Mr. Gersh had predicted, G. Fitz Bartley, of *Soul*, presented a plaque to Mr. Sachs. The plaque was given, Mr. Bartley said, "in recognition and appreciation of the great cultural service you have performed in offering the public 'Free the Black Man's Chains,' the first black rock opera."

We talked with the Reverend Carlton Coleman, of the Upper Park Avenue Baptist Church, who once was a disc jockey for WWRL. Mr. Coleman said he thought that a black rock opera was a good idea, because it was easier to get a message across in music than in a sermon. Then we talked with Sid Parnes, who said he was leaving. Then the Afro-American Ensemble performed. The music was energetic. Afterward, we talked with L. C. Grier, who is the lead singer of the Ensemble. "The group's been together for about six months," he said, "but I've been stumblin' down the road for years."

LATER, we went to the première of the movie "Across 110th Street," at Loews Victoria Theatre. Loews Victoria is on 125th Street, and everyone at the première was saying that it was the first time there had been a world movie première in Harlem. There were black limousines double-parked along the street when we arrived, and there was a crowd behind police barriers watching people go in. An elderly man in a black fur hat and a green coat held a small space between the limousines and handed out printed bills bearing a quote from Charles Kenyatta. It read, "Black 'Exploitation' Premier: I call upon the people of the Harlem Community to drive these undesireable criminal element vultures out. Do not support these Cadillac Pimps who'll do anything to keep from working. Is this another rip-off?"

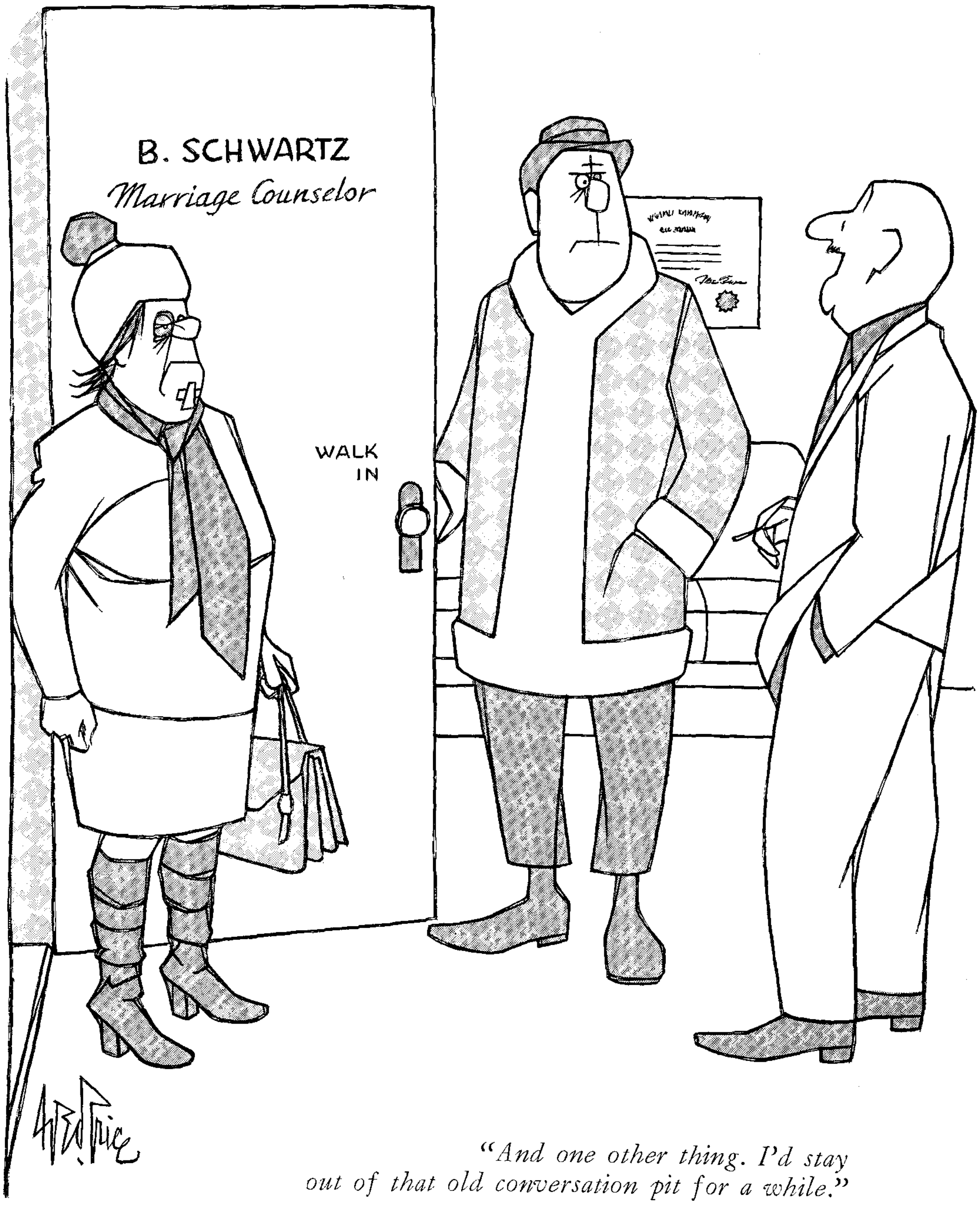
The people behind the barriers did not acknowledge any distance between themselves and the people going into the theatre. They shouted to the people going in, and flattered them and insulted them and graded them. A woman wearing a black velvet hooded cloak went into the theatre quickly, ignoring the crowd. "Hey, Cinderella, take off the hood and let me see who you are!" a young man shouted after her.

There was some excitement over a very good-looking young man in a white suit, white coat, and white hat. A young kid in a black leather jacket and a "Super Fly" hat was the first to spot the man all in white. "Here he comes," the kid in the "Super Fly" hat said.

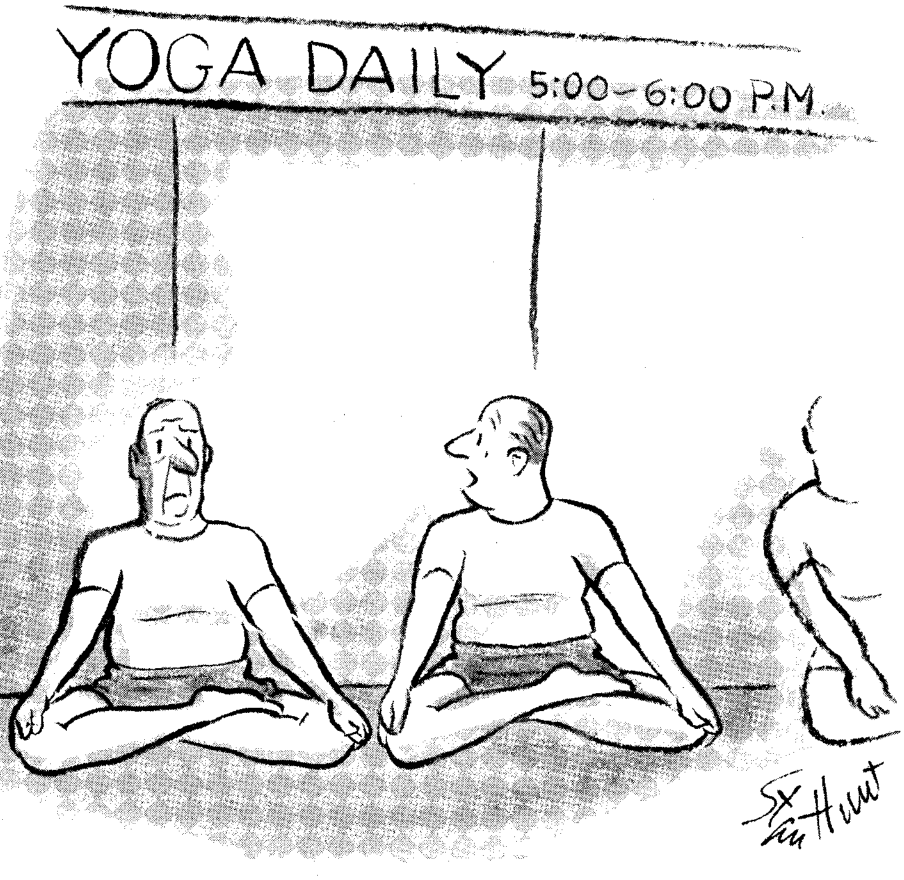
"Who is he?" a companion asked.

"Good-looking, that's all," said the kid in the hat.

The man in white frustrated the crowd by staying across the street, where it couldn't get a good look at



"And one other thing. I'd stay out of that old conversation pit for a while."


YOGA DAILY 5:00–6:00 P.M.

"You serene yet?"

• •

him. "Here! Come over here!" several people shouted.

When he still didn't come, some of the crowd turned against him. "He's not anybody—just an outfit," said the kid in the "Super Fly" hat.

"Who does he think he is—'Super Fly' on credit?" another kid said.

Raven Chanticleer, the fashion designer, arrived with a footman in a horse-drawn carriage and let everybody admire his costume. The footman carried a bag that was full of press releases, and handed them out left and right. One of Mr. Chanticleer's releases said, "Celebrated Fashion Designer, Raven Chanticleer, Arrived at the benefit Wearing a Brown and printed Velvet red jumpsuit swathed in a maxi brown mink cape and tote bag."

Inside the theatre, ushers tried to get people to sit down, but they didn't have any success. Instead, people stayed in the mirrored lobby of the Victoria, talking to each other. It was an hour before the people in the mirrored lobby went into the theatre. When they did, they heard some speeches—about the movie, about Anthony Quinn and Yaphet Kotto, two of the stars of the movie, and about the beneficiary of the première, an organization called the Manhood Foundation, which tries to find jobs for ex-convicts. Then Anthony Quinn spoke. He was very serious. He said that "Across 110th Street" was a violent film by design, because desperation is violence. Until desperation is eradicated, Anthony Quinn said, there will be violence. After Mr. Quinn finished, other people were introduced. We talked with the woman in front of us, who was Ann Love, and who said she had a bit part in "Across 110th Street." "I'm the girl screaming on the balcony," she said. "I'm what you call a dress extra in this picture, which means I wear my own clothes. I had extra business, which means I had one shot where they held the camera on me." After talking with Miss Love, we watched the movie, which was, as Mr. Quinn had said, quite violent, placing a new emphasis on machine-gun battles.

Later in the evening, there was a party given for the Manhood Foundation at Big Wilt Small's Paradise. At Small's, we talked with a man named Sonni Malik, who told us what he thought of the film. "I liked it for three reasons," he said. "Reason Number One, the black woman was righteous. She brought her man his medicine and died with him. Number Two, he took care of his business and took care of some of the police. Number Three, he left his money in Harlem. When they shot him, he threw his money to the little black children."

New New New

WE have been an admirer of the Wankel engine ever since we first saw an article about it in a news magazine, illustrated with a diagram of its peanut-shaped rotor chamber and a breakdown of the stages of intake, compression, ignition, and exhaust. It was mind-expanding to try to imagine the three-sided rotor as it whirled eccentrically inside the chamber. The Wankel, or rotary, engine has three essential moving parts, compared to many times that number in a piston engine. It is simple and relatively lightweight, and it is said to be more easily adapted than a piston engine to the emission-control devices that cars will have to have if people are to keep on breathing. It may eventually replace the piston engine in most new automobiles.

One rotary-engine car—the Mazda, made by Toyo Kogyo—is now on the market, and we went over the other day to the one dealer in town that sells this car: Mazda Wolf Manhattan, on Sixtieth Street between First and York Avenues. You have probably seen a Mazda on the streets, but if you haven't, it doesn't matter, because the Mazda looks like just about every other compact car that has ever been made. A man in our apartment building owns one, and when we asked him once how he liked it, he said, with a big grin, "It's great! It's got more acceleration than you can use!" But he is a fairly immature person, if you ask us, and we didn't believe him. We wanted to take a test drive for ourself.

So there we were in a shiny automobile showroom on East Sixtieth Street. We kicked a tire or two, opened and shut a few doors, tried out the front and back seats, and chatted with a polite young salesman by the name of Hans Gillner. The Mazda operates just like an ordinary car. The only unusual instruments on the dashboard are a manual choke, a tachometer, and a switch for extending and retracting the automatic radio antenna. This automatic antenna is an option, and it costs eleven dollars extra, but Mr. Gillner said every car comes with one—you can't opt out of the option. We didn't complain about this, because it was fun to zip the antenna up and down, like a jet of water. Mr. Gillner had a test car brought out onto the street for us—a green two-door coupé—and he sat back in the passenger's seat with remarkable composure as we accelerated away from the curb. We began to think it might even be nice to own a rotary-engine car.

Scarcely a hundred feet of asphalt had passed beneath our wheels before we had to stop behind a truck waiting for the light at the corner of York Avenue. We turned right on York and managed to get our Mazda into second gear before we had to fall in line behind a string of cabs heading downtown. We turned right again on Fifty-fifth Street and eventually reached the corner of First Avenue, where we delicately steered around a Telephone Company manhole project in the intersection, and then we headed back uptown amidst a heterogeneous pack of traffic. Another right turn, at Sixtieth, and there we were again, in front of Mazda Wolf Manhattan. The ride was over.

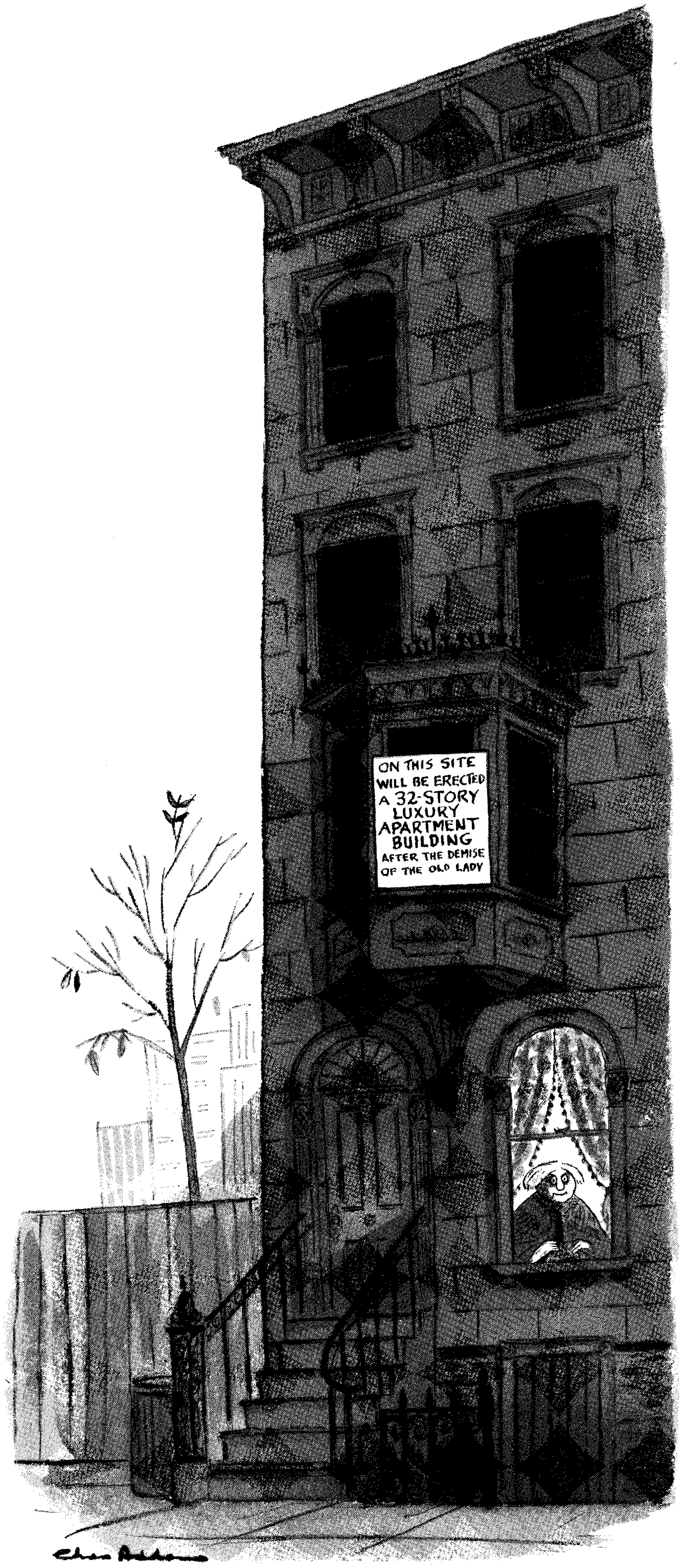
"Would you like to go around again, with me driving?" Mr. Gillner asked. "You were shifting the gears as if this were an ordinary car—as soon as it reached two or three thousand r.p.m."

We had to admit that it had hardly seemed different from any other peppy car we had ever driven, so we were quite willing to go around again, this time in the passenger's seat. Mr. Gillner, driving, took exactly the same route, and ran into—or nearly ran into—many of the same obstacles, except that he managed to hit four thousand r.p.m. as he zoomed back up First Avenue.

It must have been as our car crawled around the Telephone Company manhole project the second time that we began to feel a certain depression, which comes over us every now and then, and which a friend of ours calls the Buddhist Syndrome—or, the "I've Got Too Many *Things!*" Bit. We felt like withdrawing a little. We returned to the showroom with Mr. Gillner, and we stood with him in front of a poster showing some stripped-down engines, and as he was explaining how many fewer moving parts the rotary engine has, we thanked him, bade him goodbye, and slipped away.

Pride

A ROVING friend who enjoys both music and schnapps reports that he was in the foyer of Symphony Hall in Boston the other evening, admiring the two bars that now adorn the place. He extended his congratulations to one of the barmen. "Thank you, sir," replied the barman. "The community has accepted the additional bar most graciously."



IRON LARKS

Professor Philip Scrope and Professor Nora Scrope sat together in their study in front of a photostat of the human brain. In the old days, before Philip and Nora married, a medieval Scots crucifix belonging to Philip's parents had hung there, for the family had been Presbyterian and God still lingered somewhere in the back of the younger Scropes's heads. The deity is not so easily dislodged. The photostat was lit by a surgical arc lamp that a stringent acquaintance had given them as a Christmas present. On the mantelpiece were seashells from their honeymoon in Majorca, a muddle of photographs, a child's Georgian silver rattle, and a half-eaten peach from the warm greenhouse where Philip liked to potter. The mantelpiece contradicted the photostat.

Philip and Nora, encyclopedically informed, devoted to each other, with gaps of abstractedness about what they hadn't yet had time for and wished to know, were eating cress sandwiches with Professor Pemberton Johnson. He was talking about a Greek writer imprisoned in Athens.

"The Amnesty people say he'll die if we don't get him out, because of his kidneys. We should do something. After all, he is a great poet."

"Would it make any difference if he were a bad poet?" said Nora. "Or not a poet at all?"

"Sometimes you speak as if you didn't really care about literature," Pemberton said, staring at her beadily and disregarding the evidence of the room, which had piles of books everywhere.

"Has anyone seen my socks?" Philip asked. "And then shall we go into the greenhouse?" He lumbered up and looked for his socks.

Pemberton said rather irritably to Nora, "Go and get him another pair."

"No," said Philip, "the particular socks I'm looking for have my garters on them. You'd recognize them in a second by the garters if you'd care to give a hand."

Pemberton stayed in his chair and went on talking about military dictatorships while Nora and Philip combed the desks and the piles of magazines and books. "We can send another letter to the *Times*. It's all we seem able to do," said Nora.

Philip stood in the middle of the room and thought more generally. He was a big man, with a heavy head that often wavered as if it were hung on gimbals. He looked sorrowful. "One expected better of Greece," he said.

"We're all on the wrong track," said Nora.

Pemberton said with contempt, "You're bogged down by domesticity," because he took her to be talking about the socks, but she went on, "Even welfare democracies still try to solve the problem of poverty by keeping the poor alive, often until a very advanced and lonely age."

"You have a curious dislike of the research intellect. For an intellectual," Pemberton said.

"Oh no," Nora said. "Not of the research intellect. Not of the medical."

"What she means is that we're not going about things in the right way, politically speaking," said Philip. "Not a complicated enough way of thinking. You don't win the game by sweeping the chessmen off the table."

Nora found his socks.

"So where were they?" Pemberton moved about in his chair.

"Behind the *Economists*. I think he must have taken them off to do some filing."

"To do some *filing*?"

"Well, we've got a rug in front of the filing cabinets for warmth, and anyway I expect one feels freer without socks."

Philip is a man with mild and expressive eyes who long ago, after Oxford, had so disliked competitive academic minds that he had even given up political scholarship. He had become a route planner for the Automobile Association. He got the sack there after planning a scenic route for a woman motorist who wanted to drive from London to Godalming, a matter of thirty-odd miles. Cherishing a minor dislike of the genteel ways of Godalming and a considerable love of the English country, he sent her via Lewes, which lies out of the way, and then via Stonehenge and Dorchester, which are even more out of the way. The journey took her four days because she was a poor driver and, as she said, interested in scenery. Then the planning of the route came to light, and that Friday Philip lost his job. Not greatly pained, because he was about to marry Nora, he got a job washing up at a Lyons Corner House to keep himself, and began to practice political economy and gardening. He also painted: exquisite little watercolors of flowers, done with a magnifying glass and tiny sable brushes. His nature was unwaveringly to the left, like Nora's. He fought in the Spanish Civil War. By 1939, though he had been one of the prophetic campaigners against Fascism, he decided not to fight again. He went to prison as a conscientious objector, allowed out finally on condition that he become a farm laborer. This only reversed his interests: it allowed him to be in the country in the day and to read politics in the evening. Nora often had to leave him then because she was in the Wrens. She looked wonderful in her uniform, he thought. The nipped jacket, the peaked hat, the salute.

Their godchild, Johnny, aged five and a half, was upstairs now. Pottering about and thinking, much like Philip and Nora.

"What are you doing, Johnny?" Nora shouted to him.

There was a pause, and then the boy shouted back, "I'm doing something in the corridor, but I don't know what it's called."

"This is what linguistics are about," Pemberton muttered, with affection for linguistics. "What are you doing it with?" he shouted.

"A magnet and iron filings."

"That's called physics," shouted Pemberton. "But it doesn't matter as long as you're doing it. Come down when you've finished."

Pemberton got on with people like Johnny. It was sophisticates who bothered him. This was one of the several things the Scropes regarded him for. Clever people made him anxious. Confused, he had fled to America at the beginning of the Second World War and stayed on to work secretly for the C.I.A. There had been some scandal when the C.I.A. connection came to light, because he had always been revered publicly as the staunch and clear-eyed radical that he so appealingly looked to be, having a tall, schoolboyish, stooping frame and sculptor's eyes. The Scropes were two of the few who still accepted him on his visits back to England.

Nora was thinking of Philip's passion for his old car. It had occurred to her that he might want to go for a drive, and she went outside to warm up the engine.

"What did you do in lessons today?" Pemberton said when Johnny came down.

"History and geography and nature."

"What's history?"

"People fighting."

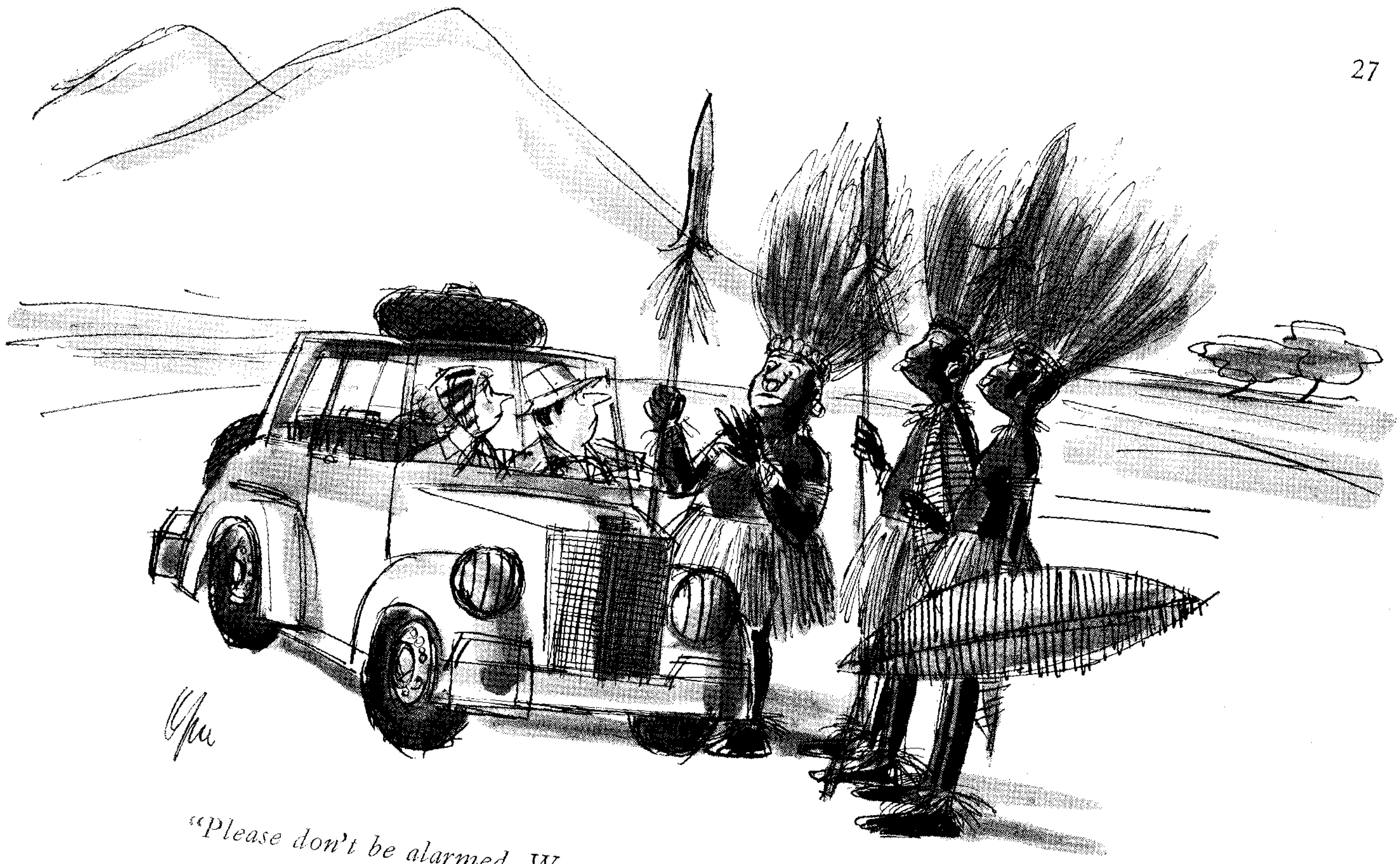
"Tell me what geography is."

"Where all of you have been."

"What's nature?"

"Fighting."

"You said history was fighting."



"Please don't be alarmed. We were wondering if you'd care to buy a pair of tickets for an ethnic dance festival."

"History is people fighting. Nature's animals fighting."

Philip stopped reading the *Economist*. He had one sock on and one off. "Oh, the futility of human effort," he said about some leader he had been absorbed by, though using his accustomed robust voice.

"What about a muffin all round?" said Pemberton. "I'm afraid they've got a bit cold."

"I like cold muffins," said Johnny.

"So do I. Though on the other hand, what about my making you some French toast?"

"What's French toast?" said Johnny.

"French toast is American," said Pemberton.

"Are you in a muddle?"

Pierced, because the exactness of the question was obvious to Pemberton in a large-ranging way he didn't like to contemplate, the man took the child into the kitchen and began to make French toast for the two of them.

Philip followed. "You like America, don't you?"

"Well, it's very interesting from the radical point of view," Pemberton said. "Very important. A lot of good souls going to prison or thinking things out. But I find I can't get on with any hobbies in New York. I keep hoping for an event to happen. One event a day. Two is too much. But you can hardly manage to get through the time without one."

"I found the same," said Philip. "In Europe, now, days pass without an occasion. Shall we have the French toast in the greenhouse?"

HAPPY among the tomatoes, Philip took out his paints.

Pemberton looked at the canvas on the easel. "It's very big," he said.

"I still do miniatures, but I got interested by the size of this particular canvas when I saw it in the shop," Philip said. "I go at it in the mornings."

Nora came back from the garage. The car had eventually started. She looked with engrossment at the mess of green and blue on the canvas. "He's moving into a splashy period," she said.

Pemberton was their great friend but intimidated by their simplicity. Beside their agreeable intransigence he felt a truckler. His own contorted political history lurked in his memory. He sat there in the greenhouse and found himself resenting Philip with all his heart.

"Where was it we first met?" said Philip, stirring brushes with big movements in a saucepan of turpentine. Nora left the greenhouse to take Johnny out to his parents, whom she could hear at the door coming to pick him up.

"On the liner to America, wasn't it?" said Pemberton, his ducking out of the Second World War uppermost in his mind.

"No, I think it was at Yale."

"Oh yes, of course. When was it? I remember it."

"McCarthy reign. I'd come over to lecture."

"That's right."

"You dined with us, and everything was splendid except that you got into a tiff with a woman professor about the House Un-American Activities Committee. You said you were against it, and she said you weren't."

"I remember. It was an interesting evening."

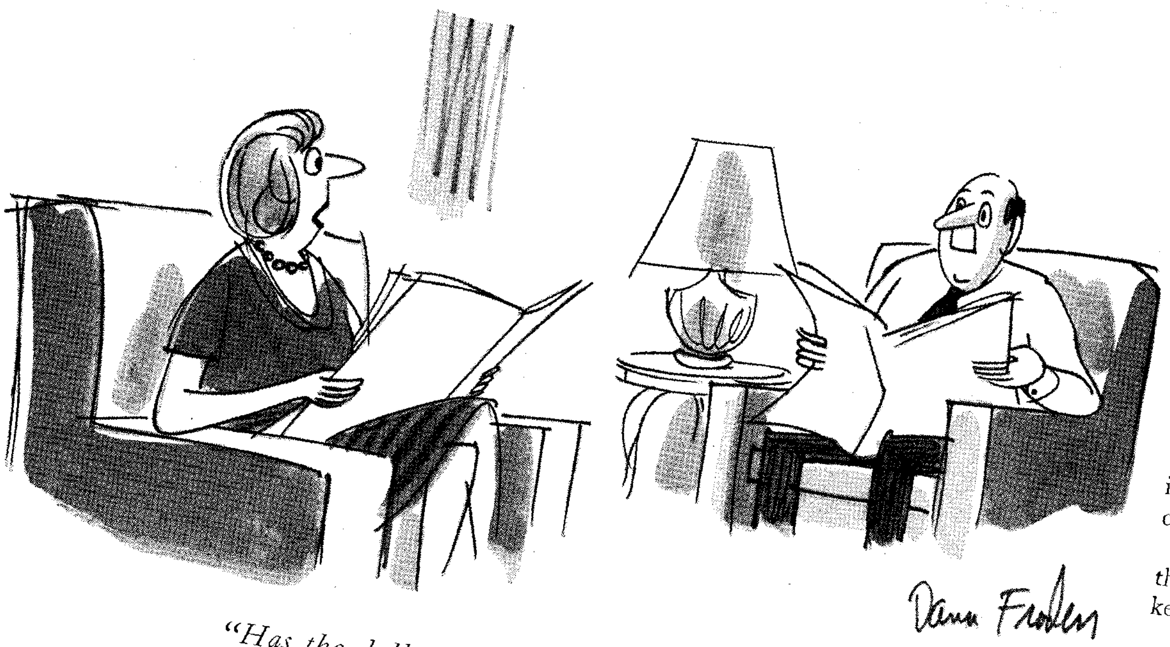
"I thought it was foul," Philip said, painting.

"I know what you mean. For me it was actually rather foul, too, but what's the point of making a meal of the past?"

The past happens over and over again if you don't, Philip thought. "Foul in what way?" he said.

"Why did you think it was foul?" said Pemberton.

Philip came to a decision. "Two of your students at the table seemed to have been primed that I was a Socialist. There to be baited. I had an uncom-



"*Has the dollar ever been worth more than a dollar?*"

fortable feeling it was *you* who primed them. Did you?"

"Good heavens, no."

"They showed me letters of yours afterward that suggested it."

"I don't believe it."

"Never mind."

"What were their names?" asked Pemberton in a fright, thinking to pursue the sort of fact he knew his friend wouldn't remember.

"Look," Philip said, "you were on another side then, that's all. You've forgotten what happened. You sometimes blot things out. When you asked me there to lecture, you were in a bad position because you'd changed your nationality and McCarthy was apt to call you a Communist. Wasn't that it? You asked me there because you needed a piece of old fish to throw him, something to fob him off with. Wasn't that it? And I wasn't American, so I didn't suffer. How did you come to do it, though?" There was a pause. "Were you scared?"

"All I did was ask my students which professor they'd most like to meet," said Pemberton, stubborn in evasion.

Philip painted large and put aside a bit of French toast.

"Perhaps you're right," Pemberton said.

"Oh, my dear friend, everyone understands being scared," Philip said. "But you can't say perhaps I'm right like that. You could stand up for yourself against me, you know. You do about other things."

Pemberton stalked about the greenhouse in a rage. "Your tomatoes are coming along," he said.

"They're Nora's, really. She takes the trouble over them."

"I didn't know she liked greenhouses." Anything to get away from the fifties.

Philip looked at his old friend and said, "Nora's just come out of a crash course in Russian. I think she's rather whacked."

"I thought her subjects were Middle English and the sixteenth century."

"Well, she suddenly got interested in a late-nineteenth-century Russian playwright where there was some miscarriage of justice. She'd been offered the English sixteenth century and she could have made a packet, I suppose, but she decided she wanted to learn something new and stuck out for her nineteenth-century idea. She lost with the board this year, that was the trouble. Her way of doing things doesn't always come out right. But it does often enough. And quantitative judgments aren't the nub of it, of course. If you look at things from that point of view, one thing done right is quite enough for a lifetime, and she's done a great many more than one. Then she seemed tired and I took her to Trinidad because we decided to blow some loot, and she grew interested in anteaters. There's a botanical garden there that has a most beautiful pair of anteaters. She has an unusual capacity to get interested."

Nora came out into the greenhouse again and stood against a rare but hardy peach tree, reading.

"What's the book?" said Pemberton.

She didn't hear and went on reading.

Pemberton had an unsteadying flash of insight that everything about himself was gimcrack today. It was a familiar feeling, tacitly known by the Scropes, that he tried not to harbor for long. He began to make a plan.

"She doesn't hear when she's concentrating," said Philip. "Nor do you, sometimes."

Pemberton resented the last word. "I have to keep alert," he said.

"Ear to the ground," said Philip agreeably. "You've always been good at that. You don't mind my messing about like this while we're talking?"

"I wouldn't call it messing about. I'd call it painting," said Pemberton with too much effusion. He hated himself when he overdid things.

Philip felt shy for his friend, who then said importantly, "We were talking about Greece, but what about England? What about *England?*"

"I don't know."

"What do you mean, you don't know?"

"I don't seem to have an opinion about anything more than once or twice a year at the most, I should say."

"But what about the Common Market? There's no doubt, the island's got to change."

Philip sat down and stuck different fingers through the holes in his palette. "The thing is, the civilization of England *exists*. It's therefore terribly exposed to go-getters. Shall we have an expedition in the car?"

PHILIP possesses an ancient Peugeot with an open top. It is one of his interests to read acts of Parliament verbatim; there is a Road Traffic Act that has been on the books for decades and that he thinks to have been poorly framed. It relates to traffic lights. To Philip's mind, the wording of the act in no way covers mechanically operated stop signals. A man of principle about the details of things as well as about chief matters, he has made it his long practice to obey only hand signals. In the case of the ordinary electrically operated traffic light, if it signs "Stop" he looks to right and left and then proceeds with due politeness across the junction. His license has never been taken away and no accident has ever happened; many policemen have hauled him up, but his decorousness and his careful recital of the wording of the faulty act have made them let him off with a caution every time.

Philip drove the three of them this evening to Hampstead from Battersea, pointing out spots where they had all had a good time and testing the car's new transmission, which he had put in himself last weekend. "She's going nicely," he said.

There were piles of radical pamphlets and Government White Papers in the back of the car, neatly stacked. Pemberton was in the front with plenty of room, but when he looked behind him and saw Nora, crowded, intent on some journal, he rather wanted to be in her seat.

"Nora hasn't got much room. Let me sit there," he said.

"She likes it in the back," Philip said, glancing to make sure. "These beastly sodium lights are quite enough to read by."

But she's not *listening* to me, thought Pemberton, shut out by their composure.

They stopped at a pub, having negotiated the traffic lights with care and illegality, and Philip said he'd like to tinker with something for a moment. He lay under the back of the car with a spanner. In the pub, Pemberton said to Nora that a friend of theirs called Deborah Metcalfe was in trouble and he thought Nora should spend an evening with her.

"What sort of trouble?"

"She just needs company."

Pemberton put his arm around her as he saw Philip coming into the pub. "I was saying that Deborah's low, and Nora said she'd spend the night with her tomorrow," said Pemberton, watching Nora possessively and meaning Philip to see it. "We'll drop in on her for a moment or two now. I'll take Nora there in a taxi." He kept his arm round Nora, but it didn't occur to Philip to be jealous.

"I'll drive you there," Philip said.

"No, I'd rather take a taxi," said Pemberton, looking at Nora.

"*You'd* rather?" said Philip to Nora, nodding his own easy agreement. "I expect you might want to spend the night there tonight, too, but come back if you can."

The trust between them was grating to Pemberton. But later on, when Pemberton and Nora had indeed dropped in on Deborah and when Philip rang up to suggest "some splendiferous lunch" instead of the evening tomorrow, Pemberton thought he had managed to disturb.

That night, back in Battersea, while Nora was asleep, Philip woke up as usual at four o'clock and went downstairs to read. When he came up again he spent a long time crouched by the window watching his wife asleep in the light of the street lamps outside. Her hair looked pretty on the sheets. He covered up her shoulders. He found himself speaking aloud to her softly in gibberish, as if he were a groom and she a horse, well loved. The pipes of the old central-heating system banged away as usual.

Every day now, in pursuit of the cause of the banging, the plumbers came. Two days ago they had put in a dose of some chemical to stop the noise. That morning they arrived at half past seven, having grown attached to the technical problem as well as to the Scropes. They were in the kitchen making themselves a pot of tea when Nora came downstairs.

"I'm pretty sure the bedroom radiator's more stable this morning," she said in a solemn and comradely way, having a cup of their tea.

"We're narrowing it down," one of them said as they left for the basement.

"You'd get a more peaceful night at Deborah's than here while it's like this," Philip said when he came down, after listening to the racket below.

"Not in Notting Hill Gate. Not if there's the usual race riot. But I'd better go, all the same. Do you know, Pemberton said something rather interesting on the way back? He suddenly said about nothing in particular, 'I can't always say what I want to say and I can't always contradict what I want to contradict.' As if it were an infirmity of his."

"Perhaps that was what made him muck up everything for himself in the fifties."

"That's what I thought." Nora finished making some toast. "What a tale."

"*Signifying nothing.*"

"We've missed out *told by an idiot*, which might be what worries Pemberton. I can sometimes see the suspicion that he's a moral idiot weighing on his chest like a millstone. Do you think he *might* be a moral idiot?"

"I think he's in love with you, which shows sense."

"Oh?" She looked at him. "Only in his own way, if so. Does it bother you?"

"No, darling. It wouldn't, between us three."

DEBORAH had Pemberton and Nora to dinner that night. Pemberton had rung up Deborah to ask her to keep the number to "the three of us," saying that Philip couldn't come because he had to work.

Deborah lived upstairs in a dilapidated Georgian house in Notting Hill, in a square where some of the most rabid riots were going on. The drawing room of her flat, which was also where

she worked and ate, was furnished with African-print curtains, Victorian leather chairs, and a pretty little prie-dieu with a petit-point back and seat embroidered by her great-grandmother. Her lover, a young black doctor, was home from hospital for a few hours and had their four-year-old child on his knee. There was another friend there, black, called Toussaint, whom Pemberton and Nora knew. Toussaint helped Deborah with the casserole and he and the doctor left soon afterward, the doctor going back to hospital and Toussaint to a black radical meeting called that day with emergency in the air. Deborah and Nora went out for milk from the slot machine. Pemberton stayed with the child, Freddy.

"He could come with us if you both wanted a jaunt," Deborah had said to them.

"No," said Pemberton, putting his arm round Nora, who was holding Freddy, and making a wishful family of them.

When the women had gone the beautiful broken-down old house lay in hush. Freddy, who kept late sleeping and waking hours, went into his bedroom to play a game of solitaire because he could tell that Pemberton was bored with him. Pemberton, less good at occupying himself, started to flip through Deborah's books like someone in a bookshop, and then stood and stared out at the square, which looked noble and also squalid in a way that struck him and then vanished. I can pick things up, he thought, but I don't seem to be able to keep them in my head for long. He tried reciting phrases from Dostoevski to give himself backbone.

There was an abrupt sound of shooting outside, a pause, a scuffle, a baby yelling, and then the noise of stumbling up the stairs from two storys below. Without thinking, he hid.

"Deborah! Nora!" shouted a clogged voice. The feet stumbled nearer. Knees, perhaps. "Pemberton!"

There were knocks on the door, low down. Pemberton recognized Toussaint's voice and lost his head. He turned the key in the child's bedroom door. Then he went into the bathroom and ran the hot and cold taps hard. The sounds in the passage stopped. He went to the child's bedroom, unlocking the door quietly.

Freddy said, "Someone was calling. It sounded like Toussaint. He sounded as if he'd fallen. You had the water running in the bath and I couldn't make you hear. I couldn't open my door."

"I locked it because I didn't want anything to happen to you. There was something bad going on in the square."

"But is Toussaint all right? Is he in the other room?"

"I don't know. I couldn't hear."

"But you went into the bathroom *after* he'd shouted. I heard him say 'Deborah, Nora, Pemberton'! It was Toussaint."

Pemberton stayed silent.

"Toussaint sounded as if he'd *fallen*."

WHEN the two women came back with the milk, they found Toussaint lying injured at the top of the house. There was a trail of blood up the stairs. Getting Pemberton to take Freddy out of earshot, they rang the police and called an ambulance. Pemberton mustered himself and went with Toussaint in the ambulance.

HOURS later, Pemberton back, the child said again, "Toussaint sounded as if he'd *fallen*."

"What?" said his mother.

"What did you hear, Freddy?" Nora said, bending over to him.

"He said both your names on the stairs, and then Pemberton's outside the door."

Pemberton fixed the child with a stare that promised friendship and collusion forever, given one thing, this accedence. "I didn't hear that," he said. "It must have been when I had the water running."

The child went to bed without saying anything more. Pemberton inspected the stairs on his own, in silence, as if he had been out there before and were retracing steps.

"I don't believe you, you know," Nora said gently enough when he came back, having got Deborah to reconcile Freddy to the idea of sleeping.

"I didn't want to talk about it in front of Freddy. There was a fight in the square outside. There was shooting. I was getting ready to have a bath, as I say. It took me a while to lock Freddy into his room and get some clothes on to go out."

"It would have taken me about twelve seconds," Deborah said. "What the hell were you doing?"

"To tell you the truth, I thought it was someone crying wolf," said Pemberton.

"No. *Crying*," said Nora. "Toussaint was *hurt*, Pemberton."

Pemberton put his head in his hands. He thought of Toussaint, and of himself, and then of Philip's scorn if he were to know as much as Freddy did. He tried to insinuate to Deborah that he and Nora needed to be alone together. Deborah took Nora into the kitchen. "You could both spend the night here quite reasonably if you wanted to. I mean, you could do it without hurting Philip," she said.

"I'd rather just lie about on the sofa for an hour or two, I think. I don't feel like leaving you alone when Pemberton goes. I won't ring Philip. He'll be working or asleep. It's not a story to hear late at night," said Nora, her mind attending to the distant sounds of rabblement still going on, and to Pemberton's aberrations in crises, not for a moment seeing the idea he was trying to convey to Deborah.

She did some washing up, thinking. "What do you make of it? There's something missing."

"In him?" said Deborah.

"Yes." She thought of old fun she and Philip had had with Pemberton, felt sad and affectionate about him, and wondered where to put Philip's splashy canvas when it was finished, seeing it looking splendid over the sideboard. After that buoyant thought, she wanted Philip there straightaway.

"I'm sorry," Deborah said, misled, and so responding as if Nora were thinking about a delinquent lover.

"I mean there's something missing about what Pemberton ever says he knows," said Nora, puzzling over the past as well as this evening. "I should think Freddy may have been put in the position of keeping some secret. Maybe you should bear that in mind."

"He isn't aware of sex yet, I don't think," Deborah said.

Nora realized Deborah's misconception but decided to leave it be. "The damage of disingenuousness" was all she said, turning away and closing her eyes to rest them.

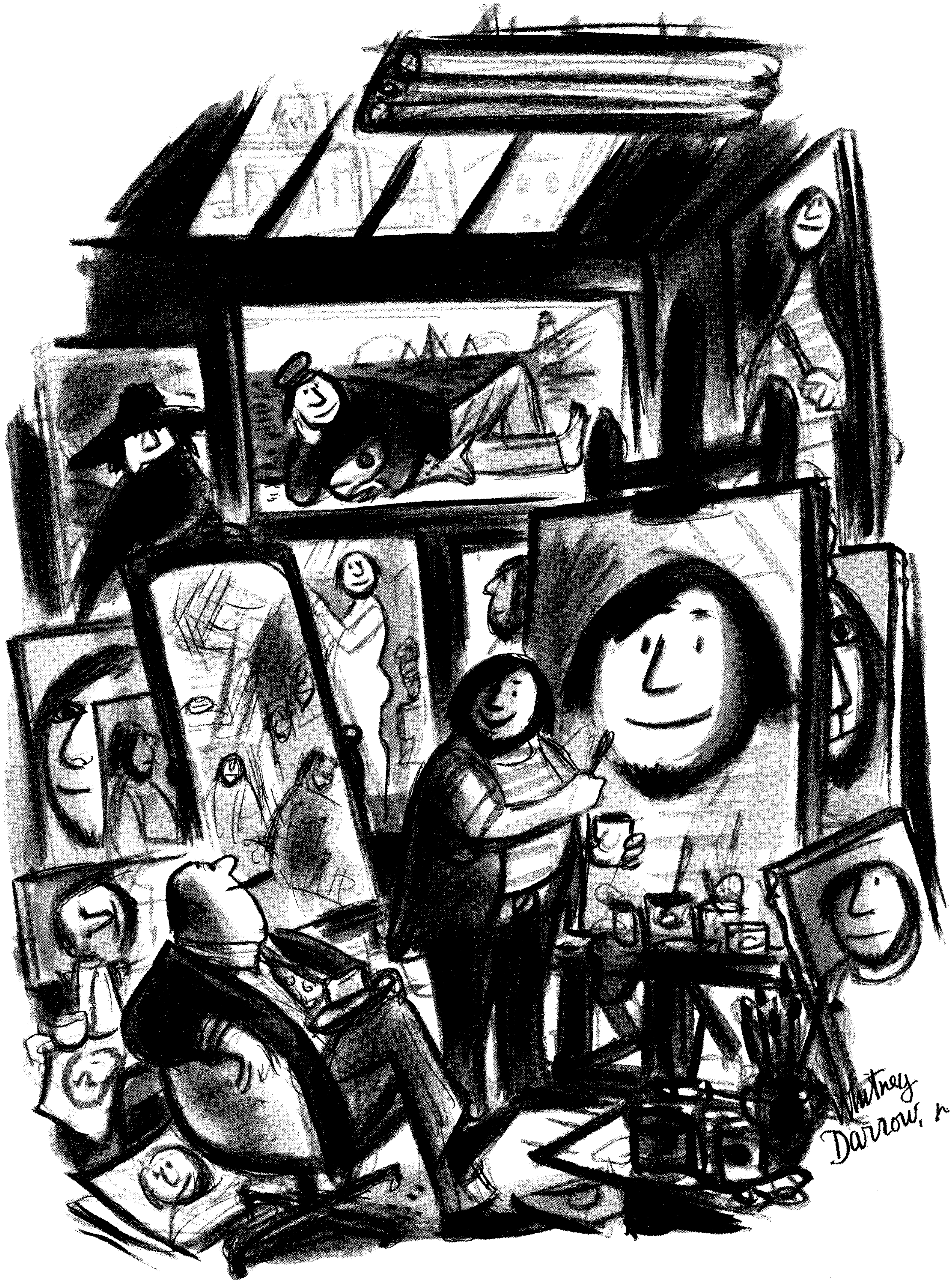
Philip, being also fond of Pemberton, found no reason to mistrust him that night and simply roamed the sheets in his sleep looking for Nora. He turned over at three in the morning and crashed into a pillow that wasn't her. "Sorry," he said courteously out of the blue, as if he had bumped into someone in a doorway.

—PENELOPE GILLIATT

•

Mr. Tsara, the permanent delegate of the Soviet Republics, was a diplomat out of a full-page color advertisement in *The New Yorker*, drinking Harvey sherry and Calvert's Reserve out of the same cut-glass decanter . . .—"*The Dresden Green*," *by Nicolas Freeling.*

Try it, if you think it's easy.


Whitney Darrow, Jr.

"For years I fooled around with Abstract Expressionism, collage, montage, Pop, Op, Hard-Edge. Then one day I discovered me."

FIVE POEMS

THE LANTERN

A little way ahead
each is alone

when you see it you are there already
in one respect

for in that world nothing can break
so no one believes in the plural there
which is the first abstraction and the last
which is the and which is the between which is the among
so no one believes in us there
so at last there is only
the single
one
alone
held together by nothing
so the question of belief never arises

that is the place of a god
for a god is alone
he sits on each different leaf
he holds in each eye
differently
in each hand differently
one emblem of one aspect of his difference
each time it is single
each time it is an image of him
each time it is an image of you
each time it is an image of no one
carrying a lantern
each time it is different
from a different side
each time it is the same

well once you are there can you speak

if you were going to speak at last
which would you speak to

you open your one mouth
each image opens his mouth

you say nothing
once

you open a cave in the ground
one cave
each god closes each eye
you go down inside each eye
into each vein
into each vein of each leaf
into each root

no root has an eye
it has always been so dark there

but your eye is closed
so it's lighter for you

far away an empty lantern is swinging

Image of no one carrying it
you start to follow it

to see his face

FOREWORD

We will tell no more than a little
about the first wing
the orphan

we will say nothing of his parents the giants
nor of the tree in which he was born
one autumn
nor of his sisters the grass
nor his brothers the fires

he was alone he was the first wing
it is all we need to know
everything here has two wings
except us

all we will tell
is how he found the other wing
his reflection groping downward through the air
and of the stream between them
where it rises
how flight began
why the moths
come and bathe in the dust
and it is a light to them

TO THE HAND

What the eye sees is a dream of sight
what it wakes to
is a dream of sight

and in the dream
for every real lock
there is only one real key
and it's in some other dream
now invisible

it's the key to the one real door
it opens the water and the sky both at once
it's already in the downward river
with my hand on it
my real hand

and I am saying to the hand
turn

open the river

THE CRY

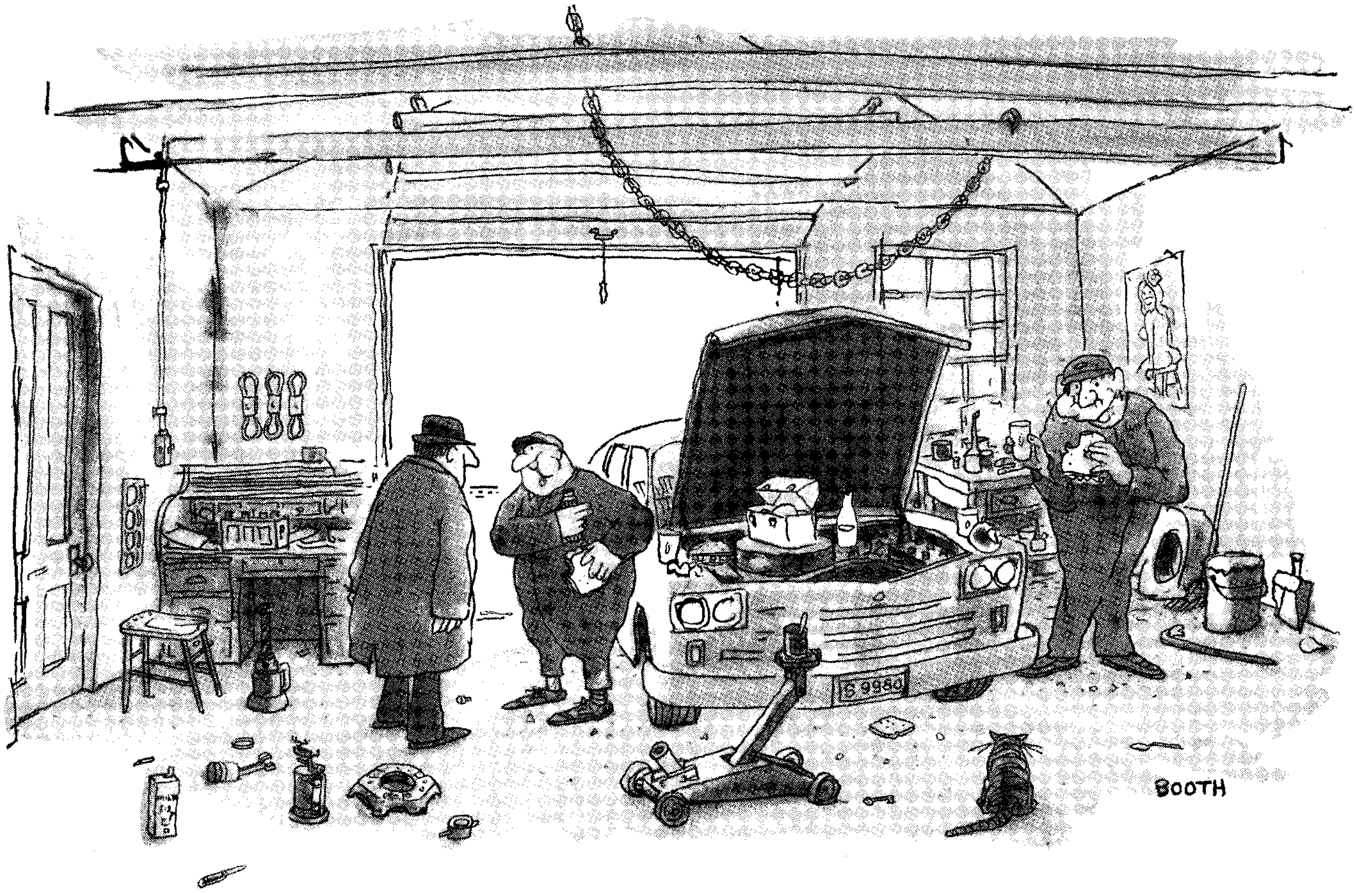
In many houses the cry has a window
and in one house the window is open

and the cry has flowed out like one drop of water
that once filled the whole room

there it is the first drop of water
from which everything came
when it is all over

a single drop of water is flowing
there on the white path into the hills

you would see it was a tear
because it is flowing upward
becoming a note in the still night



"We'll have to keep your car another day. There's a devilled egg in the carburetor."

• •

leaving its salt to the white path
that flows into the place far below
that once was sea

as you would know
if you were to stand in that doorway
if you were to open the door
if you were to find it

of the cry
that no longer sleeps there

so that if you were to see that window
from the outside
you would see nothing

INSTRUCTIONS TO FOUR WALLS

Now one of you turn this way
just as you are
woman and girl all these years
speaking another language
as the earth does
and open your eyes
with the wall inside them
doubled
but going away
getting smaller and smaller
but don't you move
see how long it takes for me to appear there
and how old I am then
and how old I've been
if you can tell
but don't put on anything special for me
I want to see you as you are every day
as you see me
without my name

the one of you whose turn it is
to follow me like a dog
don't be the dog who's stolen something
don't be the dead dog
don't be the lost dog the sick dog
the watch dog
be the good brown dog that ran through both families
till you found me
be happy to see the back of my head
just where it is

and one of you be the sea
starting right there
older than words or water
opening into itself forward and backward
each wave lying still
with a piece of horizon in its arms
one sail going
one sail coming
two wings approaching each other

and one of you
stay still just as you are
with your door
be yesterday
be tomorrow
be today

—W. S. Merwin

ANNALS OF POLITICS

INCOME BY RIGHT—I

IN the course of the first Nixon Administration, the United States almost established a guaranteed income. The proposal, known as the Family Assistance Plan, was set forth by President Nixon in a television address on August 8, 1969, not quite seven months after taking office. Eight months later, the House of Representatives approved the legislation by an almost two-to-one vote. The bill then faltered, and finally failed in the Senate, although the debate went on until the last days of the Ninety-first Congress. The struggle to enact FAP, as it had come to be known, immediately resumed in the Ninety-second Congress. Once again it passed the House. Once again it failed in the Senate in the closing hours of the second session.

An account of this history must be one of failure. The law was not enacted. And yet, from another perspective, the fact that such a proposal was made at all represents a kind of triumph. The Ninety-first Congress had seemed destined for prolonged and bitter conflict between the parties and between the Congress and the President. For those whose primary concern was for the restoration of a measure of social peace, the most to be hoped for seemed to be a passive acceptance by all concerned that nothing much by way of legislation, good or bad, was going to be dealt with seriously during these years. The new President had conducted a campaign directed primarily to the failings of the previous Administration, under which the nation had moved into a condition of portentous unrest. The world's most powerful democracy had entered a period of assassination, riot, and protest: war abroad, and increasingly the conditions—certainly the rhetoric—of war at home. It was a time to keep things from coming apart, a time to head off disaster—hardly a time to contemplate a quantum leap in social policy.

The Democrats, even more than the Republicans, submitted to the bleak prospects of the period. Their convention in 1968 had been the scene of horror, tumult, dissimulation, and political failure. Scarcely anyone was not somehow to be blamed, and, blaming one another, the shattered components of the majority party went off in varied directions, expecting defeat, and in many instances half hoping for it. The great program initiatives of the mid-sixties had spent themselves, even—or perhaps especially—in the area of civil rights. (In his State of the Union Message at the opening of the Ninetieth Congress, President Johnson had devoted four sentences to this subject—and they failed to arouse a ripple of applause.) The Democrats' campaign, no less than that of the Republicans, was devoid of new ideas or proposals. The outcome of the election was closer than expected, but not different. On the face of it, the electorate had voted overwhelmingly against social change, and, in the case of the largest third-party movement in half a century, had voted for something near to social regression. As if to formalize the prospect of a truly historic stalemate, an incoming President, for the first time since the Administration of Zachary Taylor, faced a Congress in which the opposition party controlled both houses. And yet this same President proposed, and one body of the Congress twice passed, one of the most ambitious pieces of social legislation in American history. It elicited much favorable comment in the United States, although the more complex analyses tended to come from abroad. A Yugoslav Marxist commented that were it finally to pass it could well be the most important social legislation in history, in that it would free the individual and his family from the myriad forms of coercion society exerts through the employment nexus. Be that as it may—a quality of the proposal was that it was not accompanied by any especially large promises as to what it would bring about—it did mark a coming of age in American social policy. Both radical and reformist policies in America have, with rare exceptions, been European imports. The Family Assistance Plan was singularly an American idea, and soon was being exported. In Canada, the Liberal government proposed a Family Income Security Plan. In Britain, the Tories established a Family Income Supplement. FAP, FISP, and FIS became central topics of debate on social issues in much of the democratic world.

"I'm very funny."

There is at most times an element in the electorate demanding "fundamental social change," and doing so in an ideological rhetoric that is often adopted even by moderates, but a primary doctrine of political science is that things don't change very much or very fast. Almost all change in democracy tends to be "incremental." FAP was not. It was genuinely discontinuous, unique in its boldness: income by right. At the very moment it was proposed, the Berkeley political scientists Aaron Wildavsky and Bill Cavala concluded from a survey of the Congress that no such proposal was politically feasible—that it would not be made, or, if it was made, would not be enacted. Their last proposition may prove true. But the proposal *was* made, "thereby violating the incrementalist model," in the words of a Stanford political scientist, John F. Manley. When things that "cannot" happen do in fact happen, doctrine perforce must change. National policymaking institutions, Manley concluded, "have a high but limited tolerance for the intolerable." There are few grounds for supposing that there will ever be anything like confident knowledge about matters such as this. Here the political sciences find themselves in a realm of perception more dramatic than scientific. The development of FAP was dispassionate: a response in the form of a hypothesis to a set of observed conditions not fully understood. There was, even so, an aspect of the saga in it, for men and movements were tested in awful moments of truth and subtly enervating passages of overconfidence or undercommitment, such that in the end something like tragic destiny came to all manner of people and causes.

"Damn it, Evans! We're going to settle right now just who is the mountain and who is Mohammed!"

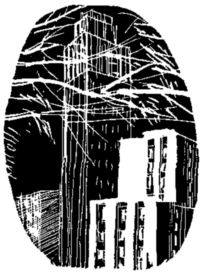
There was irony as well as tragedy in the history that followed. Not least is that while it led a fair number of political activists to conclude that "fundamental social change" is not possible, it led to a different judgment among at least some political scientists who had observed the role of the activists in preventing such change. This opposition was routine; Wildavsky and Cavala precisely forecast it. But it was not at all routine for essentially nonideological politicians of the center to come forward with such a proposal and to press for it through two difficult Congresses. Addressing the Liberal Party of New York in the fall of 1971, Senator Edmund S. Muskie said, "The blunt truth is that liberals have achieved virtually no fundamental change in our society since the end of the New Deal." If that is true, the blunter truth would be that they had proposed virtually no fundamental change, certainly none with the import of a guaranteed income. It was left for a nominally conservative (although centrist) Administration to do this. And when it did, liberal support was faltering at best.

I write, of course, about events in which I participated, and make no pretense of disinterested objectivity. At the same time, I hope it will be found that my account is accurate. I was there; I describe what I saw. In the decades of the fifties and sixties, I spent thirteen years in government, for the most part at the political level, first as an aide to Averell Harriman, governor of New York, later in the Administrations of Presidents Kennedy, Johnson, and Nixon. I believe I am the only person to have served in the sub-Cabinet or Cabinet of all three. Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., has recently defended the role of the "participant-historian," arguing that "to take part in public controversy, to smell the dust and sweat of conflict, to experience the precariousness of decision under pressure may help toward a better understanding of the historical process." Subsequent analysts, not themselves involved, are more likely to make sense of what actually happened, but for this the participant's account and his interpretation can be helpful, even indispensable. The participant-historian presents his facts—and himself—for subsequent scrutiny. I do not at this point expect to take any great pleasure in such accounts when they appear. "Use every man after his desert," said the Prince to Polonius, "and who shall 'scape whipping?" Not I. Not most of those with whom I shared office in Washington in the nineteen-sixties. Too much life was lived in that decade: we came out of it as from too much drink, able to live at all only on condition of living less. Already, hideous charges are being made about men I know to be . . . what? Innocent? No. Not guilty. No one is innocent after the experience of governing. But not everyone is guilty. My private list is confined to those who, looking back in self-exculpating horror, claim only to have been *giving* orders, or whatever formulation serves to suggest that although they were in charge others were to blame. John Kennedy would say over and again: to govern is to choose. Men who will not abide by this condition are less than what is required.

IN the beginning was the crisis. The crisis was welfare. Not a fiscal crisis—the moneys involved were never seriously large—nor yet a political crisis of opposed and unyielding interests. Welfare arose not as a deadlock within the system but as a threat to it. Welfare evoked racial fears, perhaps, and became a vehicle for a good deal of racial animosity, but what was far more important, in an irretrievably interdependent society, was that it evoked the fear that one day a critical number of persons would cease to coöperate, having sensed that the society at large had by tiny gradations passed beyond that point where it would any longer impose serious sanctions for noncoöperation, and was defenseless against even mass defections from the norms of behavior on which the success of the society depended. The crisis in welfare—such was the term always—did not arouse any alarums about a politicized and vengeful proletariat or any comparable class-defined defection from the social order. It was, to the contrary, a singularly atomized response by millions of individuals all somehow acting in the same way but not for a common purpose. If it evoked fear, it was fear of a general strike by the unorganized and the unattached and the unaware. The crisis came about in the mid-nineteen-sixties as the welfare rolls began to grow at geometric rates. This happened with such suddenness as to have the immediacy of an event rather than the diffuse impact of a trend. The event, Robert L. Bartley writes, had "powerful overtones of social disintegration."

The issue of welfare is the issue of dependency. Dependency is different from poverty. To be poor is an objective condition; to be dependent, a subjective one also. The two circumstances are frequently combined, but a distinction is to be made. Being poor is often associated in the minds of others with admirable qualities, but this is rarely the case with being dependent. This is not to say that dependent people are not brave, resourceful, admirable; it is simply that their situation is never enviable and is rarely admired. It is an incomplete state in life—normal in the child, abnormal in the adult. In a world where completed men and women stand on their own feet, persons who are dependent—as the buried imagery of the word denotes—hang.

The emergence of poverty as a social and political issue in the early nineteen-sixties was not accompanied by any comparable concern about dependency, or any close attention to the relation between the two conditions. The antipoverty program was conceived in the last months of the Kennedy Administration as a campaign theme for the 1964 election. After the assassination, it was seized upon by the new President as a subject very much evoking his own concerns. Concern for the poor, however, does not necessarily, or even commonly, extend to those who are dependent—who own nothing and earn nothing, and depend on society for their livelihood. Few social initiatives are as unselfish and uncalculating in their origins as was the legislation that established the Office of Economic Opportunity, in 1964, but its success was contingent on public support, and to involve itself with welfare dependency could have jeopardized that support. This is the heart of it. The issue of welfare involves a stigmatized class of persons. That this ought not to be so changes nothing. The judgment is near universal, if protean. It is a close question which is the more arrogant attitude—the blue-collar worker insisting that recipients be put to work or the suburban matron insisting that they not be. In either case, the welfare dependents are seen as incomplete in fundamental ways, and evidence suggests that recipients share this view. It cannot too often be stated that the issue of welfare is not what it costs those who provide it but what it costs those who receive it.



Beyond such general statements, almost the first fact about welfare is that little is known about it. There is a common view, for example, that welfare dependency has become multigenerational, passing from mother to daughter, and so on. This is not the kind of question that defies investigation, yet there is scarcely a thimbleful of evidence one way or another. The planners of Family Assistance asked of this situation, as of a dozen similar, "What is known?" Time and again the answer would come back, "Almost nothing." In part, this is because it had been assumed that by the nineteen-sixties dependency would have disappeared as a permanent social problem. The Social Security Act of 1935 foresaw a day when all workers would be insured against dependency in their old age, or on the part of their wives and children should they die. In the interim, there would be persons not so covered who would have to be cared for. Interim provisions for the aged, for the blind, for dependent children, and, later, for the disabled were established, but it was assumed that these "categorical" programs would "wither away" as insurance coverage took hold. Indeed, this is turning out to be the case with the programs for the aged and the blind, and well into the nineteen-sixties it was assumed that it was also happening with Aid to Families with Dependent Children (A.F.D.C.). This had been envisaged as primarily a widows' program, modelled on a form of income maintenance begun at the state level early in the century. The Social Security Act made such assistance universal and improved benefits at a time of great fiscal stringency in many states. Even though by the nineteen-sixties well over half of all "welfare recipients" under the Social Security Act were in the A.F.D.C. category, and the program was rapidly growing and changing character, the "withering away" assumption went almost unchallenged.

Nowhere was this belief more secure than in New York City, the center of social-welfare thought in the nation, and by the late nineteen-sixties the symbol of social-welfare failure. In November, 1965, Mayor-elect John V. Lindsay appointed a task force on problems of poverty. At a final session, which Lindsay attended, I raised the question of welfare. There were then 531,000 recipients in the city, and the number had been rising. There was no apparent reason for this, I asserted. Something had gone askew; the family structure of the poor was apparently weakening. This was going to be a problem for the new mayor. Were there other views, Lindsay asked. There were. In strong terms it was asserted that the rising welfare rolls merely reflected the incompetence, possibly the corruption, of the previous administration. Tammany had been the problem, and that problem would soon be over. This was an agreeable thought. The task force went on to other matters.

With Lindsay's inauguration, the welfare rolls commenced a precipitous rise, passing the 1.2 million mark seven years later. Where one person in thirty in the city had been on welfare at the start of the sixties, the ratio now became one in ten, one in nine, one in eight, one in seven. At the end of 1970, the city's Human Resources Administration submitted a budget providing for one person in six to be on welfare. Officials talked of one in five, with last January's budget anticipating 1,340,000 recipients by mid-1973. In 1960, there had been 9.7 persons in private wage employment in the city for every welfare recipient. By 1972, the ratio was 2.3 to 1. Combining government employment with public assistance, Nicholas Kisburg, of the Teamsters Union, estimated that by 1972 there was one person living off tax moneys for every 1.5 persons in private employ. In the context of much general uncertainty—which precise condition led to which specific response?—the overriding reality was clear enough. Income from welfare had become "competitive" with income from work. Members of a family headed by a female would not be much worse off on welfare than members of a family headed by a male earning low-skill wages. There was never any great number of able-bodied males on welfare, but the rolls filled up with hundreds of thousands of *families* of able-bodied males. The distinction tended to be lost on persons far removed from the world either of low-skill wages or of welfare, but among working people a significant political reaction set in. Increasingly, "welfare" became an ugly term.

The proposal of FAP was at least in

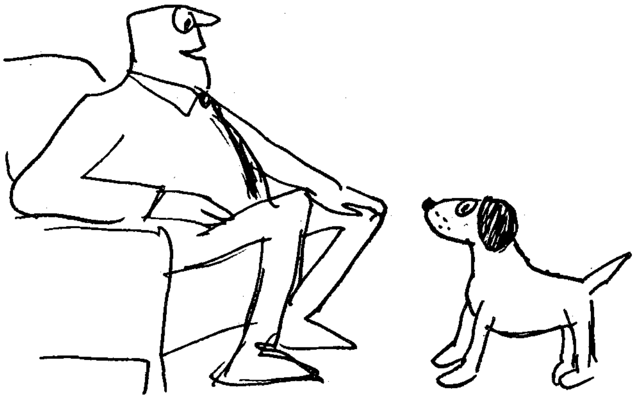
"Amen, brother! You're O.K. and we're O.K.!"

"And so I say unto you, I'm O.K., you're O.K.!"

some small part an effort to get an alternative to the existing welfare system in place before the politics of the issue became truly punishing—a development that was all too probable but, among administrators in liberal jurisdictions, apparently inconceivable. Early in the Lindsay administration, there had been much talk of welfare rights. Individuals were encouraged to apply for benefits, and the city accepted without demur the applicant's statement of eligibility. In May, 1972, however, the Mayor declared a "zero growth" policy for welfare, which could mean only a policy of denying rights, if such proved necessary, in order to prevent further growth. The Mayor perhaps had no choice. New York had become, as the *Times* had it, "Welfare City." Political survival dictated harsh measures, and Lindsay acted no differently from the way others would have done, or did, for it is to be stated that welfare does terrible things also to those who dispense it.

The pattern of avoidance displayed by Lindsay's task force arose in part from ignorance of what was happening but in part also from the nearly instinctive knowledge of persons in American public life that the subject was to be avoided because it involved the question of family. Despite a generalized cultural piety about family life, American government has been notable for a lack of social policies in support of the family as an institution. This pattern began in the eighteenth century with laws against primogeniture and entail—measures aimed against family as the basic political unit of an aristocratic culture. The great migrations of the nineteenth century brought with them an equally great variety of family patterns, making it ever more difficult for the political order to prescribe in such matters. (The inordinate difficulties of adoption in the United States derive mostly from this historical circumstance: the Catholic orphan, the Protestant couple, the Jewish judge, the black social worker.) Overlaying these patterns peculiar to American experience was a general development in social thought, liberal on the one hand, Marxist on the other, which increasingly concentrated attention either on the lone individual or on abstract collectivities—the market, the electorate, the state—to the exclusion of the family in between. Alva Myrdal noted thirty years ago, in her book "Nation and Family," that in discussions of social policy "the state and the individual were always the two poles of interest," adding, "That there might be still another competing center of attention—namely, the family—was mostly lost sight of." (For this very reason, it might be said, "Nation and Family" attracted far less attention than her husband's "An American Dilemma.") The rise of Catholic political power, primarily in the Democratic Party, brought to American public life a tentative assertion of a system of social thought in which the family *is* seen as the basic social unit, one whose interests take priority not only over those of the marketplace but also over those of the state and the individual. But Catholics, while providing the political base of much liberal social legislation, were never able to produce an intellectual class that could expound their views on a competitive basis with Protestant and Jewish publicists, among whom Catholic doctrine was suspect in its own right, and ineradicably associated with anti-democratic tendencies in Europe. Without ever quite knowing why, American liberalism came to associate the idea of family policy with political conservatism.

Moreover, there has been a general reaction against the early tendency of reformers to locate the sources of dependency in the habits of the dependent. A case can be made either way. There is a sense in which nine-



"Play dead."

• •

teenth-century drunkenness was the result of social conditions and a sense in which it was the cause. Little has been added to the subject since "Major Barbara." But in America the sensibilities of twentieth-century reformers were increasingly offended by definitions of social problems that seemed to locate the source of difficulty in the behavior of the individual rather than in that of the society. "Protecting the good name of the poor" became an obsessive theme of social-welfare professionals, to the point where it could be argued that the interests of the poor suffered. Patterns of family life few people would think made much sense, especially for children, came to be upheld by middle-class professionals as healthy rejections of bourgeois repression. A tradition of being "color blind" enabled those who wished to do so to conceal from themselves, and others, the degree to which dependency had become associated with race, while a tradition of liberal-minded tolerance, together with an apparent change in middle-class sexual mores, led to a denial that problems such as illegitimacy existed.

All in all, American government was peculiarly unprepared to respond to the welfare crisis of the mid-nineteen-sixties. The public equally was taken unawares, for those nominally in charge of such matters had given no warning; nor would they give any explanation, albeit a fair number of defensive half truths began to circulate. It was contended, for one thing, that the number of persons eligible for welfare had always been great but that when the poverty program came along it organized large numbers who were eligible but had not applied. There is probably an element of truth in this assertion, but in the main it is a political lie, for the basic dynamic of welfare in the nineteen-sixties was demographic, not organizational. A.F.D.C. programs are by definition made up primarily of families of children that are headed by females. During this period, the number of such families and such children grew sharply and suddenly. The time came when even the most liberal journals commented on this. In January, 1971, the *Times* ran an article by John Hamilton, who pointed out that "just as welfare rates rise steadily, regardless of the economic situation, so have illegitimacy and desertion rates," and was explicit about the racial element in this rise. This was the population eligible for welfare, and by every reliable social indicator the size (and proportion) of this population was increasing. Unless it is to be asserted that the poverty program encouraged fathers to desert their families or young women to bear children out of wedlock, there is no serious way to argue that welfare militancy swelled the welfare rolls. It is probable that during this time a higher proportion of those eligible did receive welfare, but this would appear to be primarily the effect of Medicaid, which began operation in 1966 and drew vast numbers of low-income persons into contact with welfare agencies, while the very increase in welfare dependency made the condition so normal in many areas of a city such as New York that fewer of those eligible were unaware of the programs or fearful of becoming involved.

But the essential mystery is that in the midst of great economic prosperity the number of penniless persons began to soar. What happened in New York was soon happening in cities across the nation. At the end of 1965, there had been 4.4 million A.F.D.C. recipients. This grew to 6.1 million at the end of 1968, and to 10.6 million at the end of 1971, and the growth continued. Government was slow to respond, in part because most of the administrations involved were politically liberal and hesitated to bring forward information that might be "misused." (For much the same reason, the problem of street crime was rather avoided during this period.) Moreover, by the nineteen-sixties the social-welfare profession had developed to the point where it could more or less successfully assert its professional right to handle such delicate matters free from lay interference. In 1962, the Ways and Means Committee of the House of Representatives for the first time became seriously concerned because the A.F.D.C. program seemed to be getting out of hand. (Welfare costs were an automatic charge on the Treasury, and, as such, were not subject to normal congressional review.) The welfare profession was asked for advice, and it assured the committee (having already persuaded the Kennedy Administration) that what was needed was more and better social work. Congress thereupon enacted the Social Security amendments of 1962, providing greatly increased federal support for training and for programs in social services. In what was to become something of a routine of the nineteen-sixties, the professional advice was no sooner accepted than it failed. Social work became the first of the new professions to find its reputation breaking on the rocks of that stormy time. As professions go, it was not the least demanding, but it altogether lacked a working model of social behavior that might enable it to bring about desired change. Moreover, it did not make this clear. The result was a sequence of often brief enthusiasms for this or that school, ranging from the complexities of Freudian casework to the simplicities of the social gospel, each period seeming to be followed by a flurry of evaluations suggesting that nothing much of consequence had occurred. The profession was, in any event, too polite and too sensitive and too white to cope with the calculated vulgarities and the violence of the period. By 1969, Cavala and Wildavsky described it as "traumatized" by welfare militants. A kind of faux-gentility was preserved, but at the cost of influence. The signs in the halls of social welfare read "Silence." Government began to look elsewhere for advice.

IT looked first to its own resources. In 1963, the United States Department of Labor created a policy-planning staff, which I headed as an Assistant Secretary. Any such organization (if that is the term for four people) searches for problems that do not seem well in hand and are not the "property" of some parallel organization. Welfare dependency was an obvious choice. It was clear that the bureaucracy at Health, Education, and Welfare was avoiding the subject (to the point, as one Secretary came to think, of withholding or distorting data requested by him, even for internal purposes). Moreover, Labor had a certain claim to concern for dependent children. The proposal to include assistance for dependent children in the

original Social Security program had come from the Children's Bureau, then located in the Labor Department. But, most important, the slow recovery from the 1959 recession was raising fundamental questions about the interface of social and economic policy. In the middle third of the century, government had learned to measure unemployment and the gross national product, and had become rather preoccupied with these indexes of economic well-being. In the process, interest in wages, especially family wages, receded. This had once been near the center of the department's concern. Nineteenth-century trade unions had encouraged the development of minimum family budgets as bases against which they could bargain for wages. This had been done, and the work continued, but the data played no great role in economic analysis, and by the nineteen-sixties preparation of the City Worker's Family Budget was one of those activities bureaucracies carry on long after anyone can quite remember how or why they began. This is not a characteristic always to be derided, for in the nineteen-sixties the subject became salient as it had not been for the better part of a century. It began to emerge that many persons were slipping through the macro-economic net of the society. Employment was up, G.N.P. was up, but so was welfare dependency. Somehow, the employment structure was not providing family security in the way it once had.

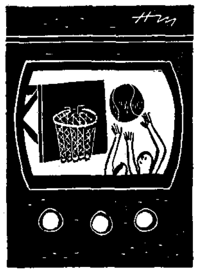
Something had changed. This became fairly clear to us. Glancing down a table of new A.F.D.C. cases opened each year since 1946, I had observed that the numbers moved up and down in precisely the pattern of postwar unemployment, only with a one-year time lag. At a mathematical level, the correlation between the two statistical series was astounding, and it was almost as powerful when other measures of dependency, such as households headed by females, were paired with the jobless rate. I was about to demonstrate to the world that unemployment led to dependency—an assertion that would have seemed obvious enough—when Paul Barton, of the policy-planning staff, took a closer look and found something not at all obvious. The connection between the two phenomena had indeed been tight through the nineteen-forties and most of the nineteen-fifties, but then, in a few brief years, it shook apart and finally disappeared altogether. Now unemployment was going down but dependency was going *up*.

The chart on which this pattern was revealed was not, surely, as dramatic as the reconnaissance photographs that launched the Cuban missile crisis, but it was not less emphatic. It was clear that trouble was ahead but not at all clear what could be done about it. I had set out to make the case for full employment—the department's primary mission—but the data argued that full employment would not decrease dependency. Something was going wrong, something having to do with families and income levels and urbanization: all uncertain. At this time, "the liberal expectancy"—Milton M. Gordon's term—about the manner of social change in the area of racial and ethnic relations was still largely undisturbed. Indeed, events seemed to have confirmed the steady movement toward implementation of the American Creed. Few imagined that organized nonviolence could turn to disorganized violence, that integrationists could become separatists, or that racial encounters could become inextricably intertwined with and confounded by class tensions. At the Department of Labor, we did not know this precisely, but we knew that the future was going to be far more turbulent than was generally foreseen in Washington, and we became persuaded that some form of direct income redistribution was the best hope of halting, and possibly reversing, a clear trend toward increasing social disadvantage which flawed the otherwise impressive victories for racial and social justice of that moment, and which could eventually undermine them. We were, in truth, a bit panicky.

We did not at all believe—what seemingly none others doubted—that government services designed to make up this or that deficit in the individual (or his community) would have any more than a marginal effect. I had seen our emergency public-works program raise the incomes of already well-paid workers but leave the unemployed still idle. I had toured our manpower-training centers, begun with great hopes in 1962, and had come away depressed and skeptical. The training was successful with people who were going to get trained almost no matter what the government did—thirty-five-year-old ex-Marines who realized they were in dead-end jobs—and was not at all taking on those who really needed it. I read the grandiose pronouncements of our juvenile-delinquency program with near annoyance—I had been through all that in New York. The plain fact is that the social legislation of the early nineteen-sixties was dealing with problems it had poorly defined, and with which it could not cope. Increasingly, those of us involved knew this. Perhaps more accurately, we operated at two levels of belief. I was, as an instance, a member of the White House task force that drafted the anti-poverty program in the winter of 1963-64. I had not the least confidence in the services programs that were being devised, and yet I did not protest them, save to argue for the addition of an adult-employment program. (This was turned down rather casually at the Cabinet meeting at which we presented the program. The President seemed hardly to have heard.) For if services could be doubted, they could not be disproved. In any event, a case could be made that they had not really been tried on a sufficient scale. A learning process had to take place. (In 1971, Wilbur J. Cohen, the last

Secretary of H.E.W. in the Johnson Administration, was to declare, "The O.E.O. program . . . has probably taken three people out of poverty since 1964.") Even so, the Department of Labor, or at least the policy-planning staff, became committed to an alternative approach—an income strategy.

In that winter of 1963-64, a position paper was developed on "Family Allowances in the United States," and a campaign of sorts began within the government pressing the theme that the United States was the only industrial democracy in the world that did not provide this form of direct payment to supplement wages. In a pattern that was to be repeated, the A.F.L.-C.I.O. was supportive. By rights, it should have resisted social programs that diminished the importance of the wage contract, but Nathaniel Goldfinger, the research director of the labor movement, was beginning to sense that employment was not enough, while at the head of the organization was George Meany, who could agree that family mattered and dependency was awful. The case made its way to the White House in the spring of 1965, and a Presidential address followed in June. But already Vietnam had preëmpted the energies of the Administration. Social policy lapsed into a period of latency, from which it did not fully emerge until 1969, when, to the dismay of many and the disbelief of most, a period of intense innovation occurred, initiated not by Democrats but by Republicans.



The nineteen-sixties saw a good deal of role reversal, but none, perhaps, so dramatic as this. Even so, the event takes no great explaining. It was almost mechanical. A two-party system is "supposed" to work this way. Democrats had been ascendant too long. Increasingly, their views tended to be inherited rather than earned. Any questioning that might have developed under Kennedy, out of the sheer inelegance of thinking up yet another variation of demi-New Deal designs for progress, was checked by the assassination. The Johnson liberals, to whom this standard brand of progressivism was still—back home—a fighting creed, were utterly resistant to doctrinal doubts. In any event, not so subtle interests had come into being—a bureaucratic class, a services-dispensing class—which depended on the particular style of government that derived from these views. The Department of Labor forecast of a welfare crisis was by way of a storm warning, and the storm broke soon enough, in the form of urban violence. But where this might have brought about a reconsideration of established doctrine, it brought instead further hardening of established views. In an all but distracted manner, as the war in Vietnam expanded, the Administration responded to the evident failure of domestic programs by devising ever more futile versions of those already in place. From being ignored, the subject of welfare came almost to be suppressed, for it was now not only a challenge to various tenets of social policy but also a threat to confidence at far deeper levels of significance.

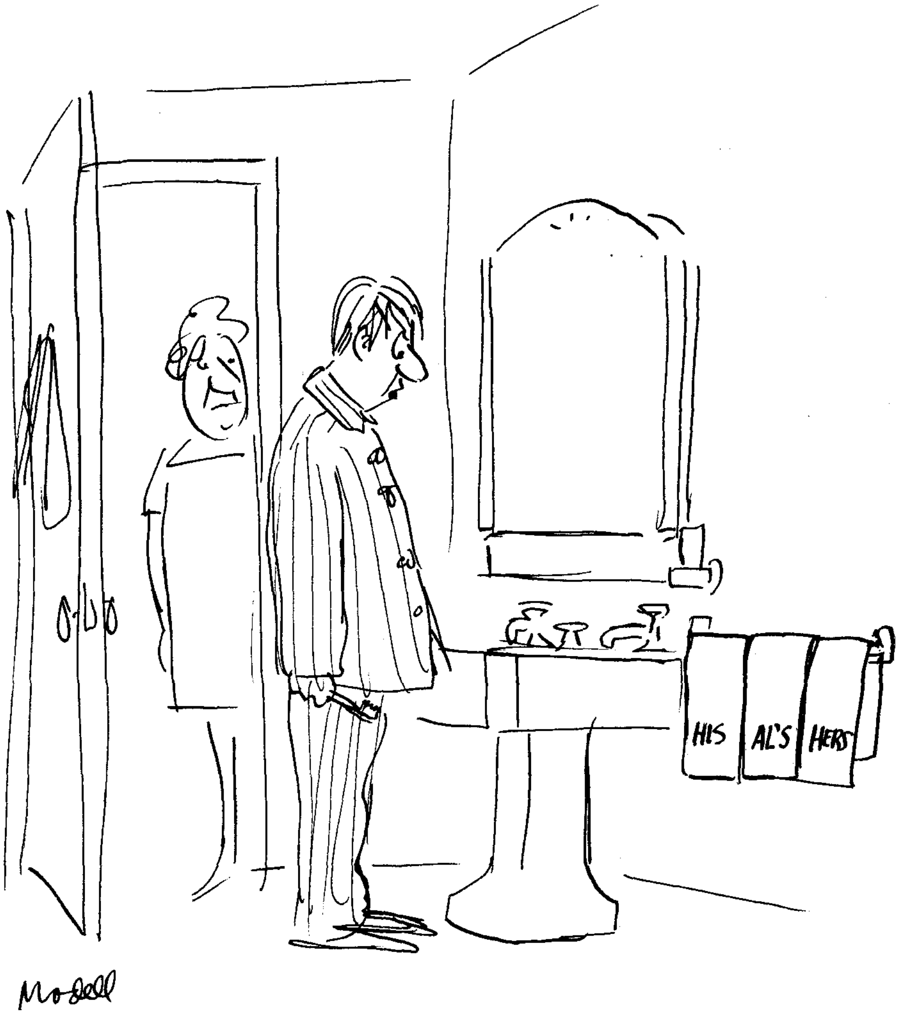
Congress moved into this vacuum. In 1967, observing the evident collapse of the services strategy it had endorsed in 1962, the Ways and Means Committee decided to try direct work incentives to diminish dependency. The A.F.D.C. system was characterized by lunatic penalties against employment. Typically, any money the female head of a dependent family might earn was wholly deducted from her welfare payment; in a phrase then unfamiliar to Washington, this was a hundred-per-cent marginal rate of taxation. Without in the least intending anything of the sort, the welfare system had devised the most powerful incentive for families to become dependent and to stay that way. That women went to work even so, and that the welfare rolls turned over at a considerable rate, was powerful evidence that families headed by females, as much as any other families, strove to escape dependency, but the system hardly helped them to do so. Congress intervened. Henceforth, welfare mothers were to be allowed to keep the first $30 of any monthly earnings, and thereafter a third of their income up to the point where the money acquired this way exceeded the basic welfare allowance. A job-training program was authorized, and, in general, Congress provided encouragements to escape dependency. In the event these might prove insufficient, however, an extraordinary measure was also adopted: the number of A.F.D.C. recipients per state was frozen at the then existing proportion of the population. After some thirty years in which dependent families could claim support as a matter of right under law, and in which Congress provided open-ended funds so that all claims presented by the states (which administered the programs) were automatically honored by the Treasury, the proportion of children to receive federal support on A.F.D.C. rolls was to be fixed as a proportion of the population. If the Administration would not act, Congress would. The freeze was punitive, and intended as such. The racial undertones were scarcely concealed. Both houses approved by overwhelming votes.

The 1967 amendments came to President Johnson early in 1968, and he signed them. But the event forced a realization that welfare dependency was a problem that could no longer be avoided. A year earlier, in his Economic Message, the President had said he would appoint a commission on income maintenance. A year had passed and nothing had been done about it, but now something had to be. He announced the names of the commissioners, to be headed by Ben W. Heineman, a Chicago businessman. (The commission reported twenty-two months later, favoring a guaranteed-income proposal nearly identical to that already set forth by the Nixon Administration.)

It was appropriate enough for the commission to have been proposed in the Economic Message, for by this time economists had become involved with the range of problems associated with the rise of welfare dependency, and they brought to the mounting controversy a spanking-good idea—the negative income tax. The idea had occurred decades earlier to the economist Milton Friedman. In 1943, working in the Treasury on income-tax matters, he became concerned about the problem of fluctuating earnings. Given graduated tax rates, persons whose incomes rose and fell from one year to the next paid more tax over a long period than persons with equivalent earnings whose annual income was steady. This inequity was especially pronounced among low-income workers who moved back and forth from a zero tax bracket to a positive one. Friedman conceived the idea of a negative income tax to even things up. In a good year, such a worker would pay taxes to the Treasury; in a bad one, the Treasury would pay taxes to him. By the late nineteen-forties, it had further occurred to Friedman that a negative tax could do more than smooth out some of the bumps in the citizen's experience with Form 1040. It could become a permanent device for eliminating poverty; that is to say, it could be paid routinely to persons whose incomes *never* entered the positive brackets. The striking feature of the idea was that it introduced incentives for the poor to increase their incomes. Just as the positive income tax steadily took more from the taxpayer as his income mounted but never *all* the additional increment of income, so the negative income tax would give less as earnings increased but never to the point of cancelling *all* advantage of increased earnings.

It was not only a good idea but a politically viable one. Also, after a third of a century in which the New Deal view of government had been dominant, the traditional Republican view of big government and social intervention began to be the subject of renewed interest, even cautious approbation. Modern government, Peter F. Drucker wrote in 1969, was everywhere a failure. All it had proved able to do effectively was to wage war and inflate the currency. Government was "big rather than strong . . . fat and flabby rather than powerful," and "it costs a great deal, but does not achieve much." The previous year, a Gallup Poll reported that "big government," more than "big business" or "big labor," was seen by the public as posing the greatest threat to the future. Yet this same public had, if anything, a more lively sense of social ills than ever before. It wanted something done, but something that would work. Republicans had provided constant criticism of the then established strategies of social intervention, but thus far they had offered no alternative. (On the day the anti-poverty program was presented to a jammed and dramatic hearing of the House Committee on Education and Labor, I sat at the witness table alongside Sargent Shriver, waiting with some apprehension for the Republican response. At length, the time came for questioning by the minority members. Instead, a senior legislator quoted to us from John 12:8: " 'For the poor always ye have with you.' " In effect, that was all he had to say. Government was something Democrats did, albeit badly.) The negative income tax provided an alternative that was both activist *and* Republican. It was relatively easy for conservatives to accept, because Friedman was very much a conservative Republican, and it was something of a pleasure to argue, because the analysis cast doubt on all manner of liberal assumptions without quite questioning motives. The most devastating attack on any services program for the poor begins by asking to whom do benefits flow first. Almost invariably, the answer is to the middle-class persons hired to provide the services. The tax money goes first into their pockets. What happens thereafter is never quite so clear. By contrast, the proposal to give the money directly to the poor was altogether unambiguous on the not unimportant point that what the poor most lacked was cash. Here and there, Democrats, such as the economists James Tobin and John Kenneth Galbraith, took up the idea, but with them it was one among many ideas and not a little in conflict with other, more dominant notions. Among Republicans, it was the one idea around, and it was theirs.

A formative event occurred in March, 1967, when, on the occasion of the hundredth anniversary of the New York State Board of Social Welfare, Governor Nelson A. Rockefeller convened a two-day conference at Arden House, in Harrison, New York, "to help plan new approaches to public welfare in the United States." It was clear enough by then, as Tobin wrote, that the A.F.D.C. program was "an insane piece of social engineering," to which some kind of universal income supplement was the only useful alternative. Friedman came to the conference to argue for a negative income tax, I to uphold a family allowance. (Our debate turned on the question of cost and, to a lesser degree, the matter of political support. Family allowances are paid to everyone, rich and poor, which makes them costly as a device designed primarily to help the latter. On the other hand, as had been the experience in Canada, they create a near-universal base of political support.) The conference decided either would do, although leaning toward the negative income tax. It was much more a businessman's idea, and the conference was run by businessmen. Here entered a new element. For the first time since the rise of the trade-union movement had deprived business of its previously presumed responsibility and right to speak on matters of social policy, corporate leaders were reëntering the field. The steering committee of the Arden House conference, headed by Joseph C. Wilson, chairman of the board of the Xerox Corporation, constituted itself a continuing body to press for welfare reform. It ought to be remembered as a famous victory, for as a result, in a crucial period, the balance of power in social policy shifted in favor of change. It was inevitable, and perfectly understandable, that a guaranteed income would be opposed by those who stood to lose from it. If poverty were to be eliminated, so might the jobs of some anti-poverty workers. If the Southern poor were to have their income doubled, the politicians of the status quo



"Who's Al?"

would surely suffer. If the society accomplished some enormous act of social justice, it would not be quite so easy for moralists to depict it as immoral. Hence, whatever they say, elements in such groups will resist such change. This is routine politics. But there was no reason to expect that, on balance, the major corporate leaders of the nation would actively support and encourage such a move. They did, however, and, as much as anything, this led to its being proposed—just as the support of organized labor almost led to its being enacted.

A guaranteed income was a Republican alternative that was more radical than anything the Democrats had and at the same time not only acceptable to business but actually being promoted by business leaders. Such a phenomenon naturally attracted the attention of Melvin R. Laird, chairman of the House Republican Conference. As the 1968 political year began, Laird published a collection of essays entitled "Republican Papers," drawing on congressmen and academics to define the problems and offer solutions for "the domestic crises facing today's America." Included was "The Case for the Negative Income Tax," by Milton Friedman. The case had already been made to Richard Nixon, soon to be the Republican nominee. *Look* reported that his "closest advisers have been urging him to campaign hard for a guaranteed income." He did not do this, although in question-and-answer sessions with the press he talked of family allowances and a negative income tax as possible alternatives to welfare. What was more important, Democrats did not pick up the issue. It was no secret that the Republicans were moving in that direction, but it still seemed too great a risk —"buying votes by the million!"— for the majority party. The overwhelming proportion of those who would benefit from such a program would be Democrats, and it was assumed that the political reaction to such a proposal would be disastrous. This view was held most strongly in the Johnson White House, but not only there. In the course of the spring primaries, Eugene J. McCarthy proposed a guaranteed income. Robert F. Kennedy issued a statement that a report in the *Times* described as "scorning" the idea. He favored providing jobs for everyone, according to the *Times*. I was then campaigning for Kennedy, and can attest that this was hardly the import of his position papers, but it was simply a fact that even the most compassionate Democrat, as he surely was, had to look upon a guaranteed income as an unacceptable political risk. Only a man like McCarthy would take that risk.

PRESCRIPTIONS

"I forget the name of the product, but the jingle on TV goes something like 'Ya-dee-dum-dee-rah-te-dum-dee-rah-dee-dum.'"

A SITUATION not unknown to politics had developed. Circumstances seemed to demand extreme measures, but they could be proposed only by someone who was known to resist extreme measures. And so it happened—aided in this instance by a change in government organization and the personality of the President who brought about the change.

Nixon's first act on taking office was to establish an Urban Affairs Council, comprising the principal domestic Cabinet officers, the Vice-President, and the President himself. He had asked me to serve as executive secretary to the council and as Assistant to the President for Urban Affairs. It was not the best of times. The war continued; the previous year, urban rioting had broken out in an unprecedented number of cities; the Congress was hostile; the government was broke. Moreover, the economy, after almost seven years of war with no wartime measures, was unbalanced and threatening. The President-elect had appointed a task force on welfare, headed by Richard P. Nathan, of the Brookings Institution, and including Mitchell I. Ginsberg, then in charge of welfare in New York City; Robert E. Patricelli, minority counsel to the Senate Subcommittee on Employment, Manpower, and Poverty; and James L. Sundquist, of Brookings, who had also been a member of the task force that drew up the anti-poverty program. Ginsberg and Sundquist were active Democrats, Nathan and Patricelli not less active Republicans. Individually, and as a group, they were quite capable of devising large proposals, but they did not do so. Compelling as the case against the existing welfare system might be, the cost of radical transformation was too great for this group, no one of whom was close to the President-elect, to propose it. The task

THE JACK DANIEL'S MAINTENANCE CREW puts in a lot of overtime to help give our Tennessee Whiskey its rare, sippin' smoothness.

Mainly, they see that our whiskey equipment is kept in good condition. And, since some of this machinery dates back to Lem Motlow's day, you can be sure it needs some looking after. But we're not about to change our machinery until we simply have to. You see, we might unwittingly change the way we make whiskey. And neither the maintenance crew nor anyone else would want to take a chance on that.

4/5 QUART
JACK DANIEL'S
OLD TIME
Old No.7
BRAND
QUALITY
Tennessee
SOUR MASH
WHISKEY

CHARCOAL
MELLOWED
💧
DROP
💧
BY DROP

TENNESSEE WHISKEY • 90 PROOF • DISTILLED AND BOTTLED BY JACK DANIEL DISTILLERY • LYNCHBURG (POP. 361), TENNESSEE

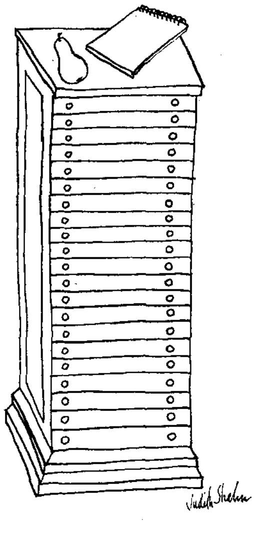
© 1972, Jack Daniel Distillery, Lem Motlow, Prop., Inc.

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

force addressed itself instead to the most salient shortcoming of the welfare system as it then existed—the gap between the states with the lowest payments and those with the highest. The New Deal legislation, in the manner of the time, had left it to state governments to determine levels of benefits, with the federal government a passive contributor to a proportion of the total. Three decades later, the variance in payments between high and low states was almost ten to one. (In Mississippi, an A.F.D.C. mother with three children subsisted on payments of about $9 a week.) Nixon had spoken of this during the campaign, and his task force proposed that the federal government establish minimum-benefit standards for A.F.D.C. and the "categorical" programs for the aged, blind, and disabled, with federal assumption of the full cost of the "categorical" programs. The gathering presumption on behalf of basic change can be detected in the fact that the task-force proposals, set forth almost with forbearance, nonetheless contemplated an unprecedented increase in expenditure. Minimum A.F.D.C. standards alone would have cost the federal budget $1.4 billion per year. Moreover, the task force made clear that it looked forward to complete federal financing of the existing programs, and to "longer-run alternatives, such as . . . the negative income tax, children's allowances, etc."

The Urban Affairs Council was charged with helping the President develop "a national urban policy." The idea of policy was central. The "talking points" prepared for the council's first meeting, on January 23rd, began by noting that although the census of 1920 had revealed that the majority of Americans had come to live in cities, half a century later the federal government was still responding to this changed reality in inadequate and self-defeating terms, piling one program on top of another, hoping for the best but holding no sustained view of what would be best—without, that is, an urban policy. The "talking points" went on:

> The American national government has responded to urban concerns in a haphazard, fragmented, and often woefully shortsighted manner (as when the great agricultural migrations from the rural South were allowed to take place with no adjustment or relocation arrangements whatever). What we have never had is a policy: coherent, consistent positions as to what the national government would hope to see happen; what it will encourage, what it will discourage. Having a policy in urban affairs is no more a guarantor of success than having one in foreign affairs. But it is a precondition of success.



Nixon in office was beginning to change. The cautious campaign was behind him. Ahead lay his reputation in American history. He had watched the nearsighted domestic decisions of the Eisenhower Administration gradually close off his chances for the Presidency in 1960. They hadn't worked—for him, at all events. He wanted something different for his own Administration, and said as much to his new council, stressing the importance of getting into position quickly. The "magic time" to change policies—to assume bold new positions and to take the "heat" for doing so—would be the first few months of the Administration, he said on January 23rd. The nation, he felt, recognized the need for change, and he added, "We don't want the record written that we were too cautious."

Nine subcommittees of the council were appointed, each headed by a Cabinet officer. The subcommittee assignments—Future of the Poverty Program, Future of the Model Cities Program, Minority Business Enterprise, Welfare, Crime, Voluntary Action, Internal Migration, Surplus Food and Nutrition, Mass Transit—constituted, in effect, the first basic domestic decision of the new Administration. The political agenda of the nineteen-sixties was not to be scrapped, even if the issues were to be approached differently.

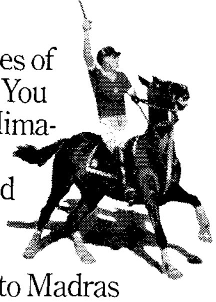
Strategic abstractions, such as containment, massive retaliation, and graduated deterrence, are common enough in foreign affairs but relatively rare in social policy, where political leaders have preferred to assert goals—a New Deal, a New Frontier—rather than means for reaching them. This, at least, is the style of centrist politicians, and reflects in part a relative absence, within the centrist tradition, of thinking *about* strategies for social change. However, Nixon's decision not to dismantle the Great Society but to try to do it better in effect forced the Administration to think in strategic terms, and in this situation the case for an income strategy was overwhelming.

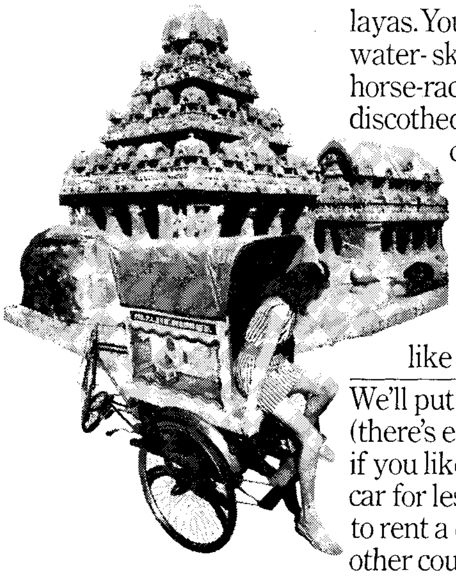
Such a change, especially when it is a deliberate and articulated one—in short order Administration spokesmen were using the term "income strategy" in congressional testimony—is an event of some significance. One could wish for more to say by way of accounting for it, but there is little to add. Much as the case for a negative income tax or a family allowance was instantly persuasive to the businessmen at the Arden House conference, so the men of this new Administration (not so different in background) immediately perceived the advantages, on a number of levels, of an income strategy. In time, the Cabinet officers would get caught up in the routine activities and routine thinking of their departments and would begin to press for expanded services programs along existing lines, but in those very first days minds were open—the President was surely right on this point—and some minds changed.

Such ideas have consequences—in this case, more pervasive than most of those involved recognized, and far more so than was recognized by the Washington press corps, which waited with impatience for some traditional signal as to what the new Administration would be like. The most concise response came from the Treasury. One of the anomalies of the War on Poverty was that, after proclaiming it, the federal government continued to collect income taxes from a considerable number of persons it defined as poor. The Treasury estimated that in the five years 1965 through 1969 roughly $1.5 billion was paid in taxes by such persons. If, for the moment, this money can be thought of as providing part of the funds for the Office of Economic Opportunity, it could be asked, given the tendency of O.E.O. to employ middle- and upper-class persons in its executive positions and, indeed, far down the line, whether the War on Poverty was not an arrangement for transferring income from the poor to the non-poor. In any event, the arrangement violated the first principles of an income strategy, and in April the Treasury proposed to change it by introducing "a low-income allowance" geared to the poverty level for households of different sizes. The estimated revenue cost was $625 million; it would remove two million low-income families from the federal tax rolls. The proposal was adopted almost without discussion in the White House, and proposed to Congress on April 21, 1969.

In a series of messages to Congress in the spring and summer, the Administration's income strategy was elaborated. The President proposed that an

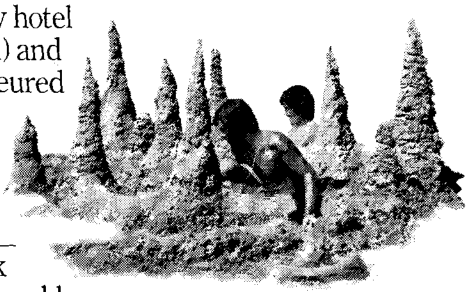
Indian Winter.





You can bask on the golden beaches of Goa and swim in the Arabian sea. You can ski from 8000 feet up in the Himalayas. You can golf, play tennis, water-ski, fish, sail, watch polo and horse-races. You can swing in discotheques. And of course you can shop. From Srinagar to Madras we're one big bargain bazaar.

Fantasia zoos. Fairytale gardens. Amazing wildgame preserves. Theatre-in-the-street festivals. Palaces. Treasures. We have them like no place else on earth.



We'll put you up in a lap-of-luxury hotel (there's even an astrologer on call) and if you like we'll give you a chauffeured car for less than what you'd pay to rent a drive-yourself car in other countries.

You'll feel very grand.

If you're a woman alone we'll look after you. Spoil you. We're still incurably romantic. You'll make friends faster than anywhere, we promise. Because our friendliness is catching.

Probably you'll find yourself again (people come to India just for that).

What we're saying unabashedly is that there's no vacation as rich as an Indian winter.

Your travel agent will tell you we have the most complete collection of India tours from our 17-day economy tour to Delhi, to our 29-day grand tour. Or design your own trip based on Air-India's $450 economy fare (the world's biggest travel buy) and stay 3 weeks to 4 months.

AIR-INDIA

666 Fifth Avenue, New York 10019
(212) 751-6200

Please mail me free brochures.

☐ Economy tours ☐ $450 fare
☐ Luxury tours

Name

Address

City

State, Zip

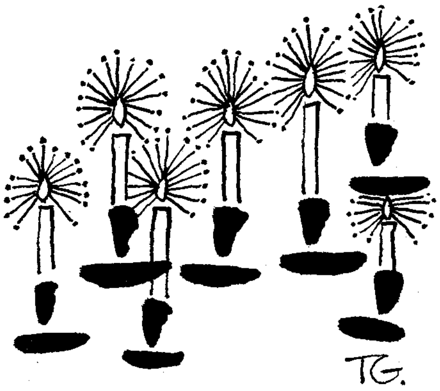
Telephone NY-113

additional 4.8 million workers, including farm workers employed by large enterprises, be covered by unemployment insurance and that the duration of benefits automatically be extended during periods of high joblessness. He proposed also a "counter-cyclical automatic 'trigger,' " which would increase manpower funds in a similar situation, and asked that Social Security benefits be "automatically adjusted to account for increases in the cost of living." No one of these proposals was altogether a new idea. Yet until then each had stood alone, on its own merits. Now it was seen that each was related to the others, part of a general scheme. The idea of an income strategy gave coherence to a whole assortment of proposals to provide money, rather than services, to persons in some form of distress. Even so, the proposals were straightforward enough, *could* stand on their own, and were assured a good reception in Congress.

But the first major test of the Administration's commitment to an income strategy arose over the far more emotional and politicized issue of hunger. When Nixon came to office, this was among the most heavily charged domestic issues facing him. Much as the consumer movement was then being redirected from questions of value for money to questions of personal health and safety, an effort had begun to redefine the issue of poverty in terms of physical injury to the poor. A mixture of motives was at work. There was growing concern about hunger and malnutrition in the nation, and there was also rising opposition to the Johnson Administration. Senate liberals, increasingly opposed to the war in Vietnam, began to use the issue of hunger to discredit the War on Poverty also. That, at least, was the view from within the Johnson Administration, which found itself under increasing attack from a congressional coalition and a citizens' lobby that pressed its cause with a vigor that was something new to the field of social policy. In 1968, a Citizens' Board of Inquiry in Washington issued a report, "Hunger, U.S.A.," which described "unimagined" malnutrition and called on President Johnson to declare a national emergency. Next, C.B.S. television presented a documentary, "Hunger in America," depicting the problem in the strongest terms. In the opening scenes, a very small baby was shown receiving treatment in a hospital while the narrator said, "Hunger is easy to recognize when it looks like this. This baby is dying of starvation. He was an American. Now he is dead." (Later, the Federal Communications Commission reported that the baby in question had been born prematurely as a result of a fall taken by its mother. It weighed two pounds twelve ounces at birth, and died, in a sense, of natural causes.) The movement got no satisfaction from the Johnson Administration, but this only intensified feelings, and it was waiting for Nixon when he arrived.

Food stamps, a New Deal program revived in the nineteen-sixties, had been joined to the surplus-commodity programs, which provided direct food distribution. In effect, this arrangement pursued an income strategy through a services technique and combined some of the disadvantages of both. The tendency of services programs is to reach only a limited number of those eligible, and this was preëminently the case with the food programs. The subsidy involved was real enough, $6.90 per month for each person covered at this time, but only half the counties in the nation had a stamp program. Only about a quarter of those living below the poverty line received any food assistance.

At the first meeting of the Urban Affairs Council, the President established the Subcommittee on Surplus Food and Nutrition, chaired by the Secretary of Agriculture, Clifford M. Hardin, with Maurice H. Stans, the Secretary of Commerce, and Robert H. Finch, the Secretary of H.E.W., as colleagues. The subcommittee reported March 17th, proposing that stamps be provided at no cost to those with incomes of less than $50 a month for a family of four (there were some two million persons with incomes at this level); that the payment formulas be adjusted so that no family need pay more than thirty per cent of its income to obtain nutritionally complete diets (costing about $100 per month for a family of four); and that the program be expanded to bring in 11.5 million people, about five million more than were then receiving food assistance of one kind or another. Food stamps had been budgeted at $340 million in the 1970 fiscal year, which is to say in the budget left behind by the previous Administration. The subcommittee in effect proposed to increase the 1970 program to $1 billion and to go to $2.5 billion by fiscal 1973.



This was the first major initiative to come before the council, and while the discussion went on at some length, the outcome was never in doubt. To most of the members, the attractive aspect of food stamps was that they were a form of currency, conferring on those using them the same status as purchasers in an open market. Although no one could say how serious the hunger problem actually was, most saw that, if only in symbolic terms, the issue was pressing. Hardin declared, "There is great urgency about this. This is the hottest item on the domestic front, and we must take the leadership ourselves."

The President agreed. "You can say that this Administration will have the first comprehensive, far-reaching attack on the problem of hunger in history," he told his Secretary of Agriculture. The decision was announced, and on May 6th a message was sent to Congress setting forth the proposal and calling on Congress to respond:

> The moment is at hand to put an end to hunger in America itself for all time. I ask this of a Congress that has already splendidly demonstrated its own disposition to act. It is a moment to act with vigor; it is a moment to be recalled with pride.

For the first time, the public was given some indication that the new Administration was capable of outdoing its predecessor in a field where the general expectation had been otherwise. And to a degree rare in government the program's goals were met or exceeded. By November, 1972, 12.1 million people were receiving food stamps, while total expenditure on food programs grew to $4.32 billion for the fiscal year 1973. Even so, with the exception of Senator George S. McGovern, who had been much involved with the issue of hunger, and who at the end of 1969 warmly acknowledged what the Administration had done, response from the "hunger lobby" continued to be vindictive. Nothing Nixon could do was right. (Nothing *Johnson* could do had been right.) The press was filled with false leaks and outright lies. It seemed that anyone in government trying to increase the amount of food going to the poor had either to become an agent of the lobby, and in effect seek to discredit the government efforts, or submit to the sort of personal attacks that, in a different context, have been called character assassination. It

HOW TO FIND THE REAL BERMUDA, SIP WINE IN A CAVERN THAT INSPIRED SHAKESPEARE, AND STRIKE A SMALL BLOW FOR NATURE LOVERS AND KING SIZE BEDS.

We of Grotto Bay think someone daft who comes to our beautiful island and then closets themself in the endless corridors of assembly line hotels.

So we have embarked on a gentle revolution.

For as little as $9 and no more than $40 a day, you can soon enjoy Bermuda the way it should really be enjoyed. At Grotto Bay. Something special. In a world where something special is increasingly hard to find.

Our sophisticated subversion begins fittingly underground. Bermuda has some of the most stunningly stalactited and stalagmited caverns in the world. Grotto Bay sits atop two. Prospero's Cave and Cathedral Cave.

Nearby, historians say, the "Sea Venture" foundered on her way to Jamestown in 1609. The tales of the wreck and mutiny and bountiful survival found their way back to Shakespeare, and inspired him to write "The Tempest."

Around our two fantastic caverns we gently cleared five enchanting grottoes and hidden coves, pathways of oleander and match-me-if-you-can and poinciana.

And carved our fresh water pool from natural rock. And left private little adventures for you at every turn, instead of drowning it all in concrete.

Grotto Bay looks down on Bermuda's most protected crystalline waters. A mecca for moonlight bathing and sun-sparkled waterskiing.

With all this, it would have been nonsense to create another conventional hotel. So we didn't.

Our eight lodges have no more than 18 rooms each. And each and every room has a balcony gazing out on sapphire waters. No balconies gazing at other balconies.

And half our rooms have honest-to-golly, all-together giant King Size beds, a rare thoughtfulness on an island where honeymooners often have to push twin beds together.

Another mildly revolutionary feature. You don't have to dine here. You'll want to, but every night? Bermuda has three or four other great restaurants, so Grotto Bay offers European plans as well as Modified American.

We may well admit a well attired gentleman to our dining room though his attire does not include a club tie. (The sound you just heard was two hundred years of tradition crashing to the floor. But styles change, why not in Bermuda?)

So come to Grotto Bay and cocktail in our caves and explore our magic pathways and sun and sail and swim and putt and pedal and wine and dine and dance and breathe deep the real Bermuda.

Grotto Bay opens February 15. And offers *outrageously low First Month rates* 'til mid-March. See your travel agent for brochures. Or send in the little coupon below.

GROTTO Bay
Hamilton Parish, Bermuda

Send me information on your upper class underground movement.
Grotto Bay, c/o Hetland & Stevens
200 E. 42nd Street, New York, New York 10017
Name ____
Address ____
City ____
State ____
Zip ____

"I wanted a creative outlet that was fulfilling and profitable. Doncaster helped me find it.

"After I got married I didn't really need to work.

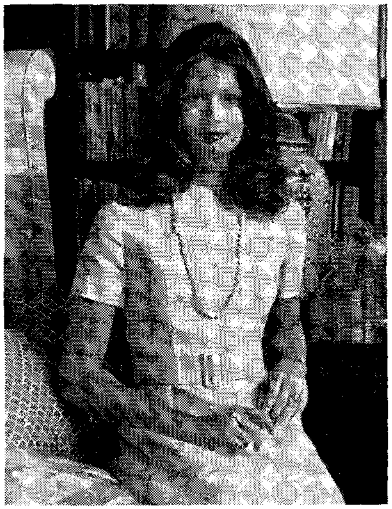
"But I did feel a need to express my creative abilities.

"Then, I discovered Doncaster. And they showed me a way to use my creative talents without neglecting my home and family.

"As a Doncaster representative, I hold private showings of the latest Doncaster fashions three or four times a year in the comfort of my home.

"I invite friends and neighbors over and help them select their wardrobes from Doncaster's collection of suits, coats and dresses, priced from $80 to $250.

"Then I help them supplement their wardrobes with Doncaster's Young Traditions—a new line of sportswear priced from $12 to $90.



"With Doncaster I can help them customize their wardrobes with little touches like personal fitting. I help them select the best styles, fabrics and colors. And I do it without having to leave my house.

"Best of all, I enjoy substantial savings on my personal Doncaster purchases. So I'm always dressed well for any occasion. And I earn a generous commission on the orders I take.

"I like Doncaster. And I think you will, too. As a representative. Or as a customer.

"To find out more about Doncaster, call Mike Tanner collect at Doncaster. 704-287-4205. Tell him that you'd like to be invited to the next Doncaster showing in your area. Or ask him for further information on becoming a Doncaster representative."

doncaster
Rutherfordton, N.C. 28139

was a warning. For better or worse, it was not heeded.

IN truth, the President was by now deep into the question of dependency—more so, surely, than any of his predecessors. His first message to the Congress on a domestic issue of substance had dealt with the anti-poverty program, and in it he had spoken of the need for new approaches to "social ills that have so stubbornly defied solution." It was a placatory message, designed in part to soften the impact of some research reports then coming in, which found that programs like Head Start just weren't doing the things expected of them. As a candidate, Nixon had frequently implied or asserted that such programs wouldn't work, and had criticized those who had supposed they would. But now, as Chief Executive, he could take no pleasure in this. Indeed, such is the institution of the Presidency, he had to be protective of anyone he would previously have blamed. His message explicitly sought to do this:

> The men and women who will be valued most in this Administration will be those who understand that not every experiment succeeds, who do not cover up failures but rather lay open problems, frankly and constructively, so that next time we will know how to do better.
>
> In this spirit, I am confident that we can place our anti-poverty efforts on a secure footing—and that as we continue to gain in understanding of how to master the difficulties, we can move forward at an accelerating pace.

From the first, Nixon was absorbed by the riddle of welfare. Five days before the inauguration, he had sent a memorandum to me, Secretary Finch, Attorney General John N. Mitchell, and his own legislative assistant, Bryce N. Harlow, asking for a "thorough investigation" of "the New York welfare mess," which he suspected was typical of the situation around the country. We were not to be bemused by protestations from the bureaucracy or blandishments from the Mayor. Responses were to be on his desk by January 31st. Where previous Administrations had contrived to ignore the subject of welfare, this one began by concentrating on it.

There was no good answer to the President's query. The welfare explosion—implosion is probably a better term—was not really the result of migration or of administrative laxity or of welfare militancy. This much the data could establish. Then what *was* it the result of? All I could find to say was "It is increasingly clear that the amount of money a low-skilled male family head can earn in a city such as New York is not enough to maintain a family at what are now expected standards of living." The most recent City Worker's Family Budget for the New York-Northeastern area estimated the needs of a family of four at $10,195. In New York, median income of families headed by males was $7,136. Factory take-home pay was estimated at $90.01 per week. With small earnings on the side now legally sanctioned and encouraged, a welfare family of four did better. On balance, it was hard to make much of a case for "getting tough"—except in anticipation of public reaction to the cheating and maladministration that were then becoming obvious. I concluded, "The fact is the more one knows about welfare, the more horrible it becomes: but not because of cheating, rather because the system destroys those who receive it, and corrupts those who dispense it."

The new President was more interested in ideas and ideologies than may have been perceived. He had found a liberal lacuna, and chose to explore it out of a complex of motives, of which at least some part, clearly, was the intellectual satisfaction of doing what others would not. Now, it is nothing so unusual for an issue in social policy to be avoided. Morris Janowitz, noting the lack of sociological analysis of military organizations, wrote, "In the United States, the development of the social sciences is linked to the liberal tradition, which, in general, has sought to handle the problem of military institutions by denial." This was true not just of the military but of a whole range of institutions and assumptions on which the maintenance of the civic order depended. Or so it began to seem to me. Nixon had been elected to preside over a republic that showed signs of coming apart. He had campaigned for "law and order," as well he might. Yet traditional liberal opinion insisted on depicting the theme of "law and order" as nothing but a code phrase for official lawlessness, or, as it came to be known, repression. James Q. Wilson wrote, "Empathy (though not outright approval) governed the liberal response to urban riots and campus disorders." When the police, in turn, misbehaved, the liberal response, Wilson added, was "rage." Only a few years earlier, progressive political forces had achieved historic unity and strength of purpose in asserting the rule of law with respect to the civil rights of blacks in the South. Now the very notion of law seemed increasingly abandoned as sympathizers explained, excused, or avoided the reality that the law could be broken even by persons for whom one felt great compassion. Such liberals had every reason to think of themselves as the governing class of the nation, but they seemed unwilling any longer to govern. Here was not merely a crisis of objective events but an ideological crisis also: a collapse of morale, a failure of nerve that revealed at bottom a failure of understanding.

Once again, the nation's largest city provided the most distressing evidence. Some weeks before the inauguration, a group met to discuss a special issue of the *Public Interest* devoted to New York City. Paul Weaver, a young political scientist, summarized the day's discussion in a minute that was read shortly thereafter by the President-elect. The social fabric of New York City was coming apart, the group concluded. Not just the black but now the Puerto Rican community showed ever greater rates of disorganization ("a stirring, if generally unrecognized, demonstration of the power of our welfare machine"), and the trouble was by no means confined to those two groups. In any event, the trouble was ideological. New York was in trouble because of ideas:

> Are we then witnessing the ultimate, destructive working out of the *telos* of liberal thought? The viability of liberal thought rested on the ability of the country which adopted it to be largely self-regulating, self-maintaining, and self-improving. As long as the typical individual was formed and directed in socially useful ways by the more or less autonomous operations of private subsystems of authority, a government which permitted great freedom and engaged largely in the negative and peripheral activity of the umpire was possible. It was also possible for citizen and statesman to live with a rhetoric which denied the existence, functions, and basis of those private subsystems. Being traditional, those subsystems were (on the rhetoric's terms) "irrational;" being particularistic they were not "universal;" constituting and maintaining differences among men, they fostered "inequality;" and forming character and directing energy as they did, they were "authoritarian." *The thoroughly liberal society, in short, cannot know what makes it work.* Now, in part of New York City, those subsystems are absolutely breaking down. At the same time, the rhetoric is getting an ever stronger and more binding grip on "informed" opinion as well as on partisan opinion. The rhetoric leads to policies which actually hasten the dissolution of the subsystems.

This dissolution was nowhere more in evidence, more dominant and intimidating, than in the realm of race relations. The rhetoric of black power had come at once too late and too soon. The

96548.923
BOWMAR
ON
K
D
CE
C
7
8
9
−
4
5
6
÷
1
2
3
X
0
•
+=

THE "BRAIN" THAT FITS IN YOUR SHIRT POCKET

NEW LOW PRICE–JUST $119.95

Our Bowmar/901B Electronic Calculator is so compact it actually fits in your shirt pocket. Compare its size (3x5x1") and weight (less than a pocket transistor radio) with that of other so-called "pocket models," which often measure 8" or more and weigh two or three pounds.

But size and weight are only part of the story. **The Bowmar/901B** performs every arithmetical function you would expect from an electronic desk calculator and some found only in advanced models. There are such niceties as ■ stored constant ■ full floating decimal ■ chain multiplication/division.

The Bowmar/901B features ■ 8-digit read-out ■ the advanced technology of LIC circuitry. ■ It's powered by contained NiCd rechargeable batteries (charger is included) ■ but it can be operated directly from house current.

As an executive, salesman, accountant, engineer or student—anyone who needs fast answers, you can hardly operate competitively without the aid of an electronic calculator. It has become the indispenable tool. But until now, price has been a hurdle. And here, beyond size and performance, is the best surprise: **US-made Bowmar/901B costs just $119.95**—less than you would expect to pay for a mechanical calculator. And keep in mind: **Bowmar** is the standard of quality. You may find an electronic calculator for $20 less, but compare the maker, features, quality and guarantee.

Or you may decide for the **Bowmar/901D**—the "executive-deluxe" version. It's same size, weight and looks, but has 10-digit read-out and can be recharged world-wide, on 110V and 220V.

Order either Bowmar Calculator in confidence today. Use it for two weeks. Then—if it doesn't fill your every expectation, return it for full refund. There will be no quibbling. You are the only judge. But, we know this won't happen. The speed, the compactness and convenience of the **Bowmar Calculator** give you an advantage—a competitive edge you'll simply not want to do without.

Please send me: ☐ Bowmar/901B ($119.95); ☐ Bowmar/901D ($149.95)

☐ My check for this amount, plus $2.00 for postage and insurance (plus tax for California deliveries) is enclosed.

Charge my ☐ BA, ☐ MC, Account #__________ expires______
Signature__________ (For MC or BA Only)
Name__________
Address__________
__________ Zip______
297-4

haverhill's
584 Washington Street
San Francisco, Calif. 94111
NY0113

INTRIGUING GRAPHICS

Freeform flowers are navy and white with a splash of green-yellow-pink on one side and sleeve.
A stalk of a shirtdress with its own sash, very packable slightly textured polyester. For 8 to 18 sizes, $40. Sportdress Collections.
611 Fifth Avenue, New York,
and all stores.

VERY Saks Fifth Avenue

Please add 75c for handling mail and phone orders sent beyond our regular delivery areas.

time had come long before for blacks themselves to assert what would be the pace of racial change away from a caste society. But it was too soon to dispense with white allies, and too late to do so on terms that would evoke sufficient guilt and contrition to make up for what was lost. White society *had* responded, and *was* changing, and it reacted only with resentment and fear to the absolutist imprecations now being hurled at it. In part, Vietnam was to blame. From the moment of escalation, the Johnson Administration had sought to deflect substantive demands—for example, an effort against poverty that would have taken more than three people out of it—by yielding to symbolic ones. This led to a woeful decline in standards of public discourse on a subject that more than anything required rectitude. Misunderstanding abounded. In his study "The Lost Priority" John Herbers wrote of the Administration's policy, "One would have found it hard to devise in the spring of 1965 a course of action on the part of the government that would have been more devastating to racial amity." Reality had to catch up with pretense, and there would inevitably follow a sense of betrayal. Nixon understood that inasmuch as this would occur during his Administration it would be ascribed to him. The same thing would have happened to anyone who became President in 1968, but in his case it was doubly certain, because he had received virtually no black support in his 1968 campaign and was not thought a friend of that cause. He acknowledged this in his second press conference, on February 6, 1969, and said he hoped to "gain the respect and . . . eventually the friendship of black citizens and other Americans." But the rhetorical climate was against him.

In any event, there were those "other Americans"—notably, white wage earners in big cities, alarmed by the fantasies of the Black Panthers and such, hard enough pressed themselves, and focussing on welfare as a symbol of how government had abandoned the interests of the working class. In the spring of 1969, Nixon read and was impressed by an article in *New York* magazine entitled "The Revolt of the White Lower Middle Class." In it Pete Hamill, a writer on the left, described the frustration and increasingly articulated anger of the Catholic working class of New York City. Everywhere among these people, Hamill encountered fury aroused by a sense of exclusion, of privileges lavished on others and denied to them. Here were men who earned their living with their hands or their backs. "They do not live in abject, swinish poverty, nor in safe, remote suburban comfort," Hamill wrote. "They earn between $5,000 and $10,000 a year. And they can no longer make it in New York." Welfare was the supercharged object of their fury. Hamill was brutal in his candor and blunt in his concern. George Wallace had received ten million votes, "not all of them from rednecked racists." He concluded, "That should have been a warning, strong and clear. If the stereotyped black man is becoming the working-class white man's enemy, the eventual enemy might be the democratic process itself."

The President agreed. "I find this a very disturbing article," he wrote. "What is our answer?"

There were tactical answers. The riots had to stop, and, one way or another, they were brought to an end or came to an end. But this only bought time. A long-term, strategic response was necessary, and there were two ideas on hand: to strengthen urban government through revenue sharing, and to strengthen the social structure through a guaranteed income.

TAKING off from Freud's remark that anatomy is destiny, Richard Goodwin has written that in government structure is policy. This became unmistakably the case as the regular, almost weekly meetings of the Urban Affairs Council kept these two ideas—revenue sharing and guaranteed income—constantly before the President and his Cabinet. A succession of state and city officials, notably Governor Rockefeller, Mayor Lindsay, and Mayor Carl Stokes of Cleveland, came to the White House to plead the cause of the cities, and, without exception, they began with the urgent need for "welfare reform." They did not mean much by this—generally speaking, no more than full federal assumption of the cost of the existing welfare system—but they kept the issue front and center.

The 1963 work of the Department of Labor showing the breakup of the relationship between unemployment and welfare dependency was brought up to date. The early forecast proved startlingly accurate. The President asked if this could be explained. On March 1st, he was presented a report prepared by Paul Barton, who had worked on the original study. It was meticulous and, in its background, exhaustive—government social science at its best. It declared that "the information available is inadequate for understanding what is happening," but said the strongest probability was that the welfare rolls were growing as a result of "increased demand and increased supply." The supply of welfare had been increased by raising payment levels and by raising the acceptance rates of those who applied. Demand was increased as the number of metropolitan-area families headed by females grew. And the higher number of these families was, in part, a function of the higher number of young females. The impact of welfare—whatever it was—was very wide indeed. A majority of black youth was supported at one time or another by A.F.D.C. In demographic terms, the nineteen-seventies were to be worse than the nineteen-sixties, but there could be a levelling off in the nineteen-eighties.

The President next asked if there had not been a change in the social acceptability of welfare among the recipients. On March 11th, he was told that there had to have been. At the same time, surveys showed the public at large growing more skeptical about poverty—not quite so generous. With no one intending or planning it, the stage was set for a radical response.

The response was a negative income tax. The proposal had been worked out in some detail by the policy-planning staff at H.E.W. in the late Johnson years. The economists there and at O.E.O. had lost any confidence they might have had in the original O.E.O. approach to poverty, and had begun what promised to be a long effort of proselytizing for an alternative approach—an income strategy. Repeated probes had been made at the office of the Secretary and at the White House, with no success. Even with the 1968 election past and the Johnson Administration determined to leave behind a range of bold proposals for its successor to chew on, or stumble over, the idea of a negative income tax was specifically rejected. Proposing to put twenty-five million Democrats on the "payroll" was simply not something that a Democratic Administration felt it could do. Or felt it ought to do.

The government economists had got a negative-income-tax experiment going in New Jersey, hoping to develop their case over the years. And when there was a new Secretary at H.E.W. and a new President in the White House, they probed again, this time with instant success. Finch, who headed the Urban Affairs Council's Subcommittee on Welfare, had turned the assignment over to his Under-Secretary, John G. Veneman, who had been the

Florida where pleasure begins

FLORIDA
THE STATE OF EXCITEMENT

Write now for your free Florida VACATION-MASTER Information Package! Be sure to let us know what recreation you like and when you plan to arrive. Florida Department of Commerce, Collins Building, Rm. 407, Tallahassee, Fla. 32304.

Almost any day in the Newspapers—

Ads offer you puts & calls, municipal bonds,or mutual funds, convertible preferreds, selected common stocks, or chances for arbitrage, gains in commodities, high interest on corporates—or more information on REIT's.

Confusing for the average investor? We think so.

That's why we suggest talking to somebody who can put all of these investment instruments in focus—for *you.*

Someone who can speak with facts, knowledge, and authority about just which ones could play a sensible part in your own investment planning—and just which ones *couldn't,* as well.

Here at RSI we call those people Account Executives—and we have more than 1,100 of them staffing our offices from coast to coast.

Come in and get the clearest picture any one of them can give you on just how he thinks you should be investing your money to best advantage—in today's market.

In the meantime, if you'd like to know more about Reynolds, simply mail the coupon.

10
reasons why you should have an account at
RSI
Reynolds
Securities Inc.

Yes, please mail me a copy of
"10 Reasons Why You Should Have an Account at Reynolds."

NY
Name
Address
City State Zip
Telephone

Reynolds Securities Inc.
MEMBERS NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE, INC.
AND OTHER LEADING EXCHANGES
120 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10005
Offices Coast to Coast

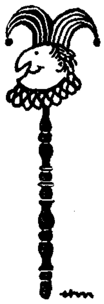
Republican spokesman on welfare matters in the California Assembly. Veneman was assisted by Patricelli, who had joined the department, and by Lewis Butler, also of California, who was the new Assistant Secretary for Planning and Evaluation. The group canvassed its possibilities: to "fix up" welfare, as the Nathan task force suggested, or to replace it altogether, as the bureaucrats now recommended. For stylishness, the choice was obvious. Republicans would do what Democrats had not dared, and for these Republicans there was the panache of knowing that in Finch they had a Secretary who could take anything he chose to the White House—rather a new circumstance for H.E.W. By late February, the first draft of a report proposing a negative income tax had been prepared, and by March 11th it was ready for distribution. The subcommittee met at H.E.W. on March 24th, and the proposal was put forth as a more or less routine, commonsensical response to a difficult but not insoluble problem. The Administration was nine weeks in office. That afternoon, the President was talking about a Family Security System.

F.S.S., as the proposal then under consideration came to be known, was a straightforward negative income tax providing a basic guarantee of $1,500 per year (later $1,600) for a family of four. This would increase with family size—at the rate of $450 per adult and $300 per child—up to a family of seven, which would be entitled to $2,400. When the family received income from work, or whatever, the negative-tax payment would be reduced at the rate of fifty cents for each dollar in earnings, until the negative tax was exhausted. Families receiving the negative-tax payment would also be eligible for food stamps. (It was generally agreed that these ought to be "cashed out"—that is to say, abolished as a separate program and added to the cash negative-tax payment—but the subject was too heated, and the Administration's proposals in the area too new, for immediate changes to be made.) Federal minimum-payment levels were established for the three adult public-assistance categories—aid for the blind, the disabled, and the aged. 19,990,000 persons would be covered—fifty-two per cent of them in the South—with another four million persons in the "adult categories." The new program was to be administered directly by the Social Security Administration. Recipients were to be enabled to declare their income, or lack of it, instead of having it established by investigation.

The proposal the President set forth in a television address of August 8th, twenty weeks later, was not different in any essential from the Family Security System presented to the Subcommittee on Welfare on March 24th. In the course of that period, a great struggle, or so it seemed, took place within the Administration, and within the White House staff itself, but it had little effect on the final product. The proposal might have been rejected in the course of the internal debate, but there was no way it could have been significantly altered. Cost precluded a family allowance. The political culture precluded abolishing aid to dependent persons, or even cutting it back. The alternatives open to the President were to advocate some incremental changes in the existing system or to take the giant step to a guaranteed income.

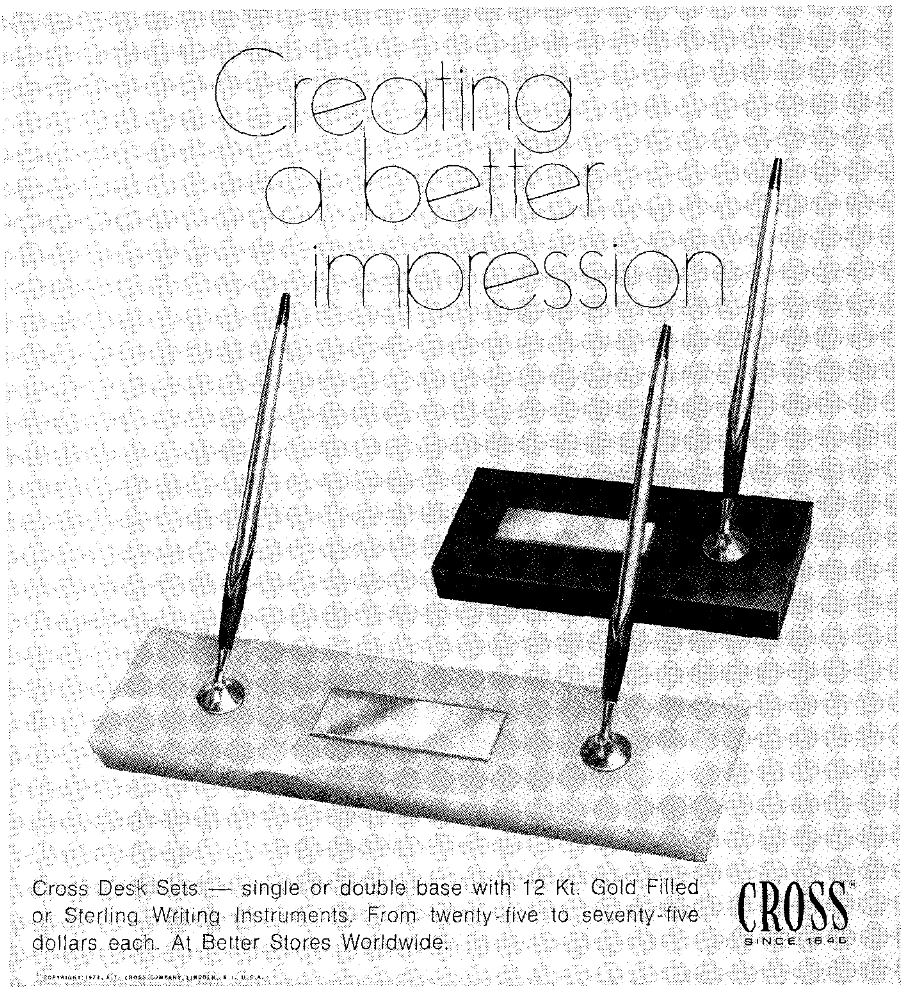
By late spring, he had decided—well before most of those involved in the struggle were aware. What precisely entered the President's calculations is a matter to await his memoirs. It is enough for now to note that in the atmosphere of the time the more the issue of welfare dependency was disputed, the more the disputing parties seemed willing to do in response to it. Those who began by opposing national standards ended by insisting on them. Those who at first scarcely dared hope for national standards ended by demanding a guaranteed income. An important element in what followed was that the initial reaction of the Cabinet was one of interest and general approval. On April 26th, a meeting took place that was attended by the principal contenders, including half the Cabinet. Veneman briefed the group on the rising cost of the existing welfare system and pointed out that, even so, it covered only a third of the poor, and he went on to explain the new proposal. He noted that seventy per cent of poor families were white, so that the program would involve a gesture of reconciliation in that direction as well as an enormous measure of aid for the black poor. (Because the families of the black poor were larger and their incomes lower, forty-three per cent of FAP recipients would have been black.) Altogether, Veneman estimated, the measure would abolish sixty per cent of the poverty in the land. It would cover every poor child.

One after another, the Cabinet officers spoke, asking questions that were



sometimes skeptical but never quite hostile. Something about the atmosphere of this time demanded a respectful hearing for any new proposal in the field of welfare, however alien it might once have seemed. Arthur F. Burns, Counsellor to the President, was too much an economist and too experienced in government not to consider the possibility that the atmosphere of crisis might be delusive, but, even so, he responded generously. Paul W. McCracken, Chairman of the Council of Economic Advisers, spoke at some length, putting the question whether F.S.S. was consistent with the basic Administration approach to social and economic policy, and concluding that it was. "We are trying to get to the individual," he said. "We are a liberal Administration." This plan would give purchasing power to the individual, it would bring forth market responses rather than bureaucratic ones. Harlow brought mixed reports from Capitol Hill, where the legislators now knew something of what was going on. John W. Byrnes, of Wisconsin, the ranking Republican member of the House Committee on Ways and Means, had indicated that the proposal for national minimum standards "might make some sense." Yet Harlow discerned a grave problem with F.S.S. In the absence of a strong "work requirement," he felt, the opening Republican reaction would be "absolute horror." For the President it would be a "political calamity." Harlow asked whether a work requirement could not somehow be factored in, whether a tougher system for checking up on income could not be devised, whether the states could not be given a more prominent role. The "most critical weakness," he argued, would be the absence of a work requirement.

Work was indeed a problem. In theory, the negative income tax solved it by making it always more advantageous to work than not to work, but in practice the plan was defenseless against that person who chose to forgo such advantage in favor of absolute leisure. F.S.S. would create an absolute statutory right to an income. It was not high, but neither was it negligible. In the bill as finally proposed, a penalty of $300 was to be exacted from persons who absolutely refused to take suitable work offered in good faith. The definition of "suitable" was to be that of the unemployment-compensation system, which had been functioning well for a quarter century. (Under that system, refusal to accept suitable work entails the loss of all benefits.) Thus, under the proposal as finally



Cross Desk Sets — single or double base with 12 Kt. Gold Filled or Sterling Writing Instruments. From twenty-five to seventy-five dollars each. At Better Stores Worldwide.

CROSS® SINCE 1846

© COPYRIGHT 1972, A.T. CROSS COMPANY, LINCOLN, R.I., U.S.A.

This winter a lot of nice people will be cruising the Caribbean for 12 days on that great French ship

m/s Mermoz

People who have cruised her say she's the most delightful French ship to sail the Caribbean. The food is superb, prepared as only the French know how. The service is perfect. That's why so many of our passengers have returned for a second and third cruise.

Join us this year, we'll give you 12 of the most exciting days of your life.

The Mermoz cruises from Port Everglades, Florida to St. Thomas, St. Barthelemy, St. Maarten, Martinique, Grenada, LaGuaira (Caracas), Aruba and Port-au-Prince. Sailing Jan. 15/ Feb. 11, 23/ Mar. 7, 20. See your travel agent.

Paquet Cruises, Inc., 1370 Ave. of the Americas, New York, 10019.
(212) 757-9050

Please send me your new color folder all about The Mermoz. Hurry. I'd hate to be left at home this winter.

Name ____________________

Address ____________________

City, State, Zip ____________________ NY-113

PAQUET CRUISES

THE MERMOZ IS REGISTERED IN FRANCE.

Ice Age glaciers gave Denmark its largest "wandering" boulder, the 1000-ton Hesselager Stone. But just a stone's throw from you is Denmark's largest fur collection. So why not wander over to Bonwit Teller?

BIRGER CHRISTENSEN
38 Ostergade-Copenhagen-Denmark

By Appointment to the Royal Danish Court

Sakowitz 56-page Spring Catalogue previews the cool vibrancy of fashion for her, his and even the little ones' lifestyles. Delves deeply and thoroughly into what's new, what's exciting, what you'll be wearing for spring. From innovative Sakowitz. Absolutely mandatory fashion reading.

Sakowitz
TEXAS

Write Sakowitz P.O. Box 1387 Houston, Texas 77001 For your copy.
For phone or mail call 713-224-1111.

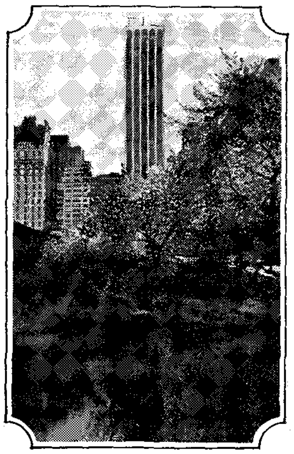
formulated, a hypothetical Thoreau with a wife and three children could draw $1,600 a year in cash (that is to say, a negative-tax payment of $1,900 for a family of five, minus the penalty of $300), and $1,000 or so in food stamps, and, with total legal propriety, defy any official effort to make of him a more productive citizen. There was no work requirement. There was a small penalty for refusing to work.

The President pondered this. He asked Secretary of Labor George P. Shultz to consider how stronger work incentives could be built into the program. On June 10th, Shultz submitted a report that proposed to do so by nearly doubling the over-all cost of the proposal. It was immediately accepted—again, such was the compelling nature of the issue of welfare dependency at that time. Shultz reasoned it cost money to work, at least $15 a week. It appeared likely, moreover, that a considerable number of welfare recipients had small unreported incomes from casual employment; a "rock bottom" estimate was $10 per week for men and $5 for women. This income would presumedly have to be given up by anyone taking a regular job. What, then, would be gained? Working thirty hours a week at, say, $1.50 an hour would produce $45 in earnings, half of which would be "taxed away" under the negative-tax formula; $15 more would go to cover the cost of getting to work, and such; $5 or $10 in other, casual earnings would be lost. In the end, after thirty hours of work a woman would be better off by $2.50, and a man worse off by $2.50. There were then six million jobs in the economy paying $1.50 an hour. This was the kind of dilemma the H.E.W.-O.E.O. bureaucracies never really closed with.

Shultz, having introduced the idea of the cost of working, proposed that the first $1,000 of a person's earnings be "disregarded"—taxed at a zero rate—and that only thereafter should the fifty-per-cent tax rate take effect. (In the final proposal, this disregard was reduced to $720, or $60 per month.) He also anticipated that a fair number of persons with very low incomes would exercise their right to leave off work altogether. He estimated that an additional $600 million per year would be needed to "cycle" such persons from work to F.S.S. to training and finally back to work.

When the President accepted these proposals, the outcome was settled, albeit the internal debate went on to the very end. Work commenced on a Presidential address, a message to Con-

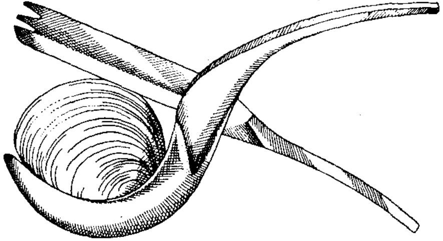
The height of luxury in New York City soars 46 stories over Central Park.



The Park Lane Hotel
36 Central Park South, N.Y. 10019
(212) 371-4000

PANORAMIC VIEWS • DE LUXE SERVICE
INDIVIDUAL CLIMATE CONTROLS
COLOR TELEVISION • REFRIGERATORS
LAVISH APPOINTMENTS
MOTOR ENTRANCE AND GARAGE

CLAM OPENER
The Italians invented it. Hoffritz has it. The world's easiest way to open clams. The stainless steel blade performs job instantly and effortlessly. Comes apart for easy cleaning. **$6.50.** At all Hoffritz stores. Mail: 65¢ pstg. & hndlg. Area sales tax. Credit cards accepted.



HOFFRITZ HAS IT
20 Cooper Sq., Dept. N1, N.Y.C. 10003

Some people say winter is our warmest season.

THE Woodstock Inn

WOODSTOCK, VERMONT
Write for our color brochure, Box 57-N
In New York call (212) 245-8771
In Boston call (617) 523-4497
Operated by Rockresorts, Inc.

gress, and a draft bill. These were rather splendid hours for the new Administration. The first half of the year had not gone badly, but the events now immediately in prospect had a touch of glory to them. The flight of Apollo 11 was scheduled for the middle of July. With a near insouciance that cannot have had a counterpart in all of human history, the Americans were making arrangements to send a man to the moon and return him safely to earth—more precisely, to send three, two of whom were to walk about. As part of the celebration to follow, it was arranged that the President should be standing on the deck of a warship halfway around the world from the seat of government to greet them on their return. It all came off perfectly: the triumph of so many things, not least the triumph of "straight" America—the greatest engineering feat of all time. From the South Pacific, the President continued westward, and arrived, to a tumultuous welcome, in Bucharest. The power of a conservative Republican to do things in foreign affairs that were unmanageable for a liberal Democrat was displayed for the first time.

From Bucharest, Nixon flew back to Washington with the idea of performing a similar feat in domestic affairs. On July 19th, it had been announced that on his return he would request national-television time to outline "the Administration's new domestic program," including "a dramatic new proposal on welfare." The cost had by now risen considerably. The Bureau of the Budget had hoped for a maximum of $2 billion, but the reality was closer to $5 billion—an enormous sum for the time, given the state of the federal budget. Together with revenue sharing, F.S.S. would preempt all the "new" money the Administration could expect in its first term. As this emerged, grumbling in the Cabinet mounted; an uprising of sorts almost took place among the older, more traditional members.

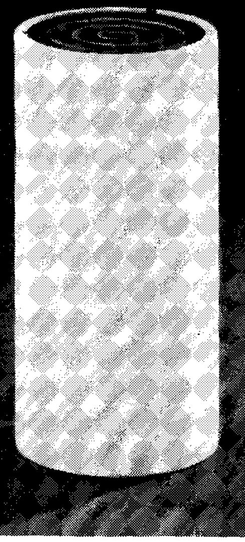
On August 6th, the last of many meetings on the issue took place. The President summoned the Cabinet to Camp David, where, in Laurel Lodge, his decision to propose a guaranteed income was set forth, to the discomfort—even the dismay—of most of those present. He was not without his own doubts. On August 4th, he had gone over the subject one last time. *Why* did it have to be done? There were no certain grounds in evidence, or even in conviction. But there were three compelling propositions, each of which he accepted. First, the poor, especially the black poor, were being

FOR INFORMATION, CALL UN 1-8955, OR VISIT OUR STORE AT 831 MADISON AVE., 10 TO 6, MON-SAT.

GEORGE KOVACS

THE INVISIBLE LAMP
WITH THE VISIBLE LIGHT.
$22.50.

Only 12" tall. More than small, almost non-existent. Tuck it into the corner of a room and though the lamp will all but disappear, it won't be for lack of light. A 150 watt reflector flood-light! On mail orders add $2.00.



FOR OUR EXCITING CATALOG OF OVER 200 CONTEMPORARY LIGHTING DEVICES, SEND 50 CENTS TO:
GEORGE KOVACS, DEPT. N-204, 831 MADISON AVENUE, (69TH ST.), NEW YORK, NEW YORK 10021

Scandinavia

Meet the beauties of Scandinavia with Four Winds!

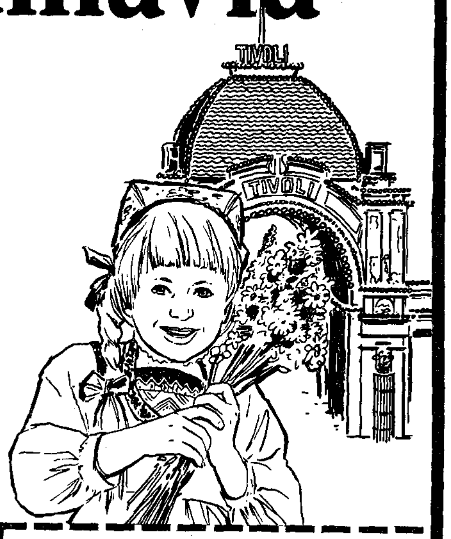
Wonderful, wonderful Copenhagen... Tivoli, Elsinore and the "Little Mermaid"... Finland's Silverline Waterway and Lapland... Norway's fjord-pierced coast and the North Cape's midnight sun... the spectacular natural wonders of Iceland, Greenland and the Faroe Islands. All completely escorted with Four Winds. And you can add Austria and Dalmatia... or Russia... or even Greece and Turkey. All in just 15 or 22 days.

Travel first class everywhere

Top hotels, all tours fully escorted, finest land arrangements. Inclusive price covers transportation, sightseeing, hotels, meals, all tipping. *Limited* size groups. Money-saving air fare with SAS.

SCANDINAVIA HIGHLIGHTS
SCANDIA/LAPLAND/NORTH CAPE
SCANDIA/DANUBE/DALMATIA
SCANDIA/BALTIC/RUSSIA
SCANDIA/GREECE/TURKEY
GREENLAND/ICELAND/FAROES

FREE! 24 page, 4-color brochure describes everything.



Four Winds® A261
175 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10010
Phone: 212-777-0260

Please send me your full-color 1973 Scandinavia tour brochure.

Name__________

Address__________

City__________State__________Zip__________

The eyelets have it. $13.

Ship'n Shore®

©SHIP'N SHORE, INC. 1973

THE Royal Caribbean RESORT HOTEL

MONTEGO BAY, JAMAICA

A resort for the knowledgeable vacationer. **Not for everyone.** Snow white beaches, sheltered Caribbean waters, lush tropical gardens all in surroundings of taste, free of crowds and pretension. Refreshingly correct service, delightful haute cuisine. 175 rooms...a staff of 375. The Royal Caribbean is one of the few large resorts that caters to adults only and does not accept conventions. The Royal Caribbean is an attitude.

Privately owned by
Mr. & Mrs. Lawrence M. Paul

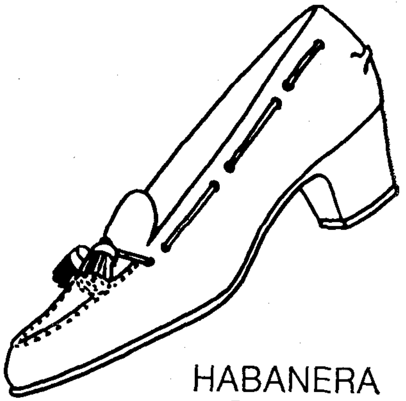
For immediate confirmed reservations, see your Travel Agent or phone our representatives.
LEONARD HICKS ORGANIZATION
NEW YORK 765-5800

ravaged by the welfare system. Second, after so very long it was time to bring the South back into the mainstream of American life. A tired image but a reality. What fundamentally kept the South apart, and kept the nation incomplete, divided, was poverty, which a guaranteed income would all but abolish. Here was the risk-taking of which he had talked on January 23rd. Finally, it was necessary to prove that government could work. There was indeed "a crisis of confidence in the capacity of government to do its job," as he had also said on January 23rd. The moonshot had been one kind of success; a guaranteed income would be another. America needed some successes. Now, at Laurel Lodge, the decision was behind him, and he waited for the grumbling to subside. When it began instead to mount, Melvin Laird, now the Secretary of Defense, and a convinced supporter of the plan, saved everyone's dignity by declaring that the name—Family Security System—sounded "too New Dealish." Thereupon, everyone fell to devising conservative-sounding names for a guaranteed income. It came out Family Assistance Plan.

Early the next morning, August 7th, the President appeared at the regular White House staff meeting. He'd gone round the world, he said, and never seen an anti-American sign save on a bearded American in India. Later in the day, he remarked that he had been reading biographies of Disraeli and of Lord Randolph Churchill. "Tory men and liberal policies," he mused, "are what have changed the world." He was not at all persuaded that what he was about to propose would work, but it was his turn to try.

ON August 8, 1969, in a television address, Richard Nixon undertook to change the history of social welfare, of his own party, and possibly of the nation. His address dealt with a number of proposals, including revenue sharing. He asked that they "be studied together, debated together, and seen in perspective"—a policy was on display, an income strategy, but the heart of the matter was welfare. The present system, he said, was a "colossal failure." Benefit levels were "grossly unequal—for a mother with three children, they range from an average of $263 a month in one state, down to an average of only $39 in another state." The incentives created by the system were all wrong. He proposed to replace all that by a new system, which "would go to the working poor, as well as the non-working; to families with de-

Handmade



HABANERA
Black, brown
navy or red
Baby llama calf
$85

Classic, timeless styling. Brochure on request.
MR. HENRI BENDEL, Owner-President

Belgian Shoes

60 East 56 St., New York 10022, (212) PL 5-7372
In San Francisco: I. Magnin & Co.
AMERICAN EXPRESS & MASTER
CHARGE CARDS & BANKAMERICARD

Tonight

... take your cocktails casually in our oak-paneled lounge. And your food seriously, with New York's liveliest *conversation.*

- ♦ Dinner: 5:30-9:30.
- ♦ Supper: 9:30 on ... and on.

HOTEL Algonquin
Maitre d': Robert

59 W. 44th St., New York • MU 7-4400
Pre-theatre Diners and Dinner Guests (to 9:30)
Enjoy Free Parking all Evening (5:30 p.m.-6 a.m.)

Elegance is back

Hand Embroidered Crewel Skirt

Be a regal beauty in this luxurious crewel skirt, superbly tailored exclusively for us *with that now long lean look.*

High caste flowered crewel imported *from the* heart of Kasmir, painstakingly hand-embroidered in rich multi-colored wool yarns on natural colored authentic handloomed cotton. It is styled for a custom fit with 8 contour darts, and center back zipper, leading, into a magnificent A-line unbelievably sumptuous, fashionable, handmade skirt. *An exotic addition to your casual country or city wardrobe . . . just right to* span several seasons. For perfect fit we make the skirt in all these waist sizes: 24″-34″. Dry clean only. $29.95 ppd. Petitpoint belt, 24″ to 36″. $7.95 ppd.

J. JILL LTD.
Dept. N-13
Great
Barrington,
Mass. 01230

pendent children headed by a father, as well as to those headed by a mother." The federal government would "build a foundation under the income of every American family with dependent children that cannot care for itself—and wherever in America that family may live." He went into detail:

> For example, a family of five in which the father earns $2,000 a year—which is the hard fact of life for many families in America today—would get Family Assistance payments of $1,260, so that they would have a total income of $3,260. A family of seven earning $3,000 a year would have its income raised to $4,360.

This was not a "guaranteed income," he said. Recipients would have to work, with the exception of those unable to, and mothers of preschool children. But under the new system "it would always pay to work." What America needs now, he said, "is not more welfare but more 'workfare.' "

> To put it bluntly and simply—any system which makes it more profitable for a man not to work than to work, or which encourages a man to desert his family rather than stay with his family, is wrong and indefensible.

He proposed to do away with the A.F.D.C. system—"the program we all normally think of when we think of 'welfare' "—and to establish minimum standards for the adult categories. Summing up, he struck a hopeful note:

> Abolishing poverty, putting an end to dependency—like reaching the moon a generation ago—may seem to be impossible. But in the spirit of Apollo, we can lift our sights and marshal our best efforts. We can resolve to make this the year not that we reached the goal but that we turned the corner; turned the corner from a dismal cycle of dependency toward a new birth of independence; from despair toward hope; from an ominously mounting impotence of government toward a new effectiveness of government, and toward a full opportunity for every American to share the bounty of this rich land.

He had not long to wait for a response. The day before he made the address, the White House received a public letter from the National Welfare Rights Organization. "This plan," it stated, "is anti-poor, and anti-black. It is a flagrant example of institutional racism." —DANIEL P. MOYNIHAN

(This is the first part of a three-part article.)

•

MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

[The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the Waterville (Maine) Morning Sentinel]

At the time of his death, author James Joyce was born in Switzerland.

Blazing ahead in '73

This year the blazer has a few hacking jacket touches. It's single-breasted, has a deep vent in back. Add it to everything sporty. Navy blue flannel, 6 to 16 sizes, $56. Sport Separates Collections. 611 Fifth Avenue, New York, and all stores.

VERY Saks Fifth Avenue

Please add 75c for handling mail and phone orders sent beyond our regular delivery areas.

What a Way to Stay

Imagine. A hotel of 100 private homes—all in the heart of Vermont's ski country.

Here in the land of Sugarbush, Mad River and Glen Ellen, there is a new way of vacation living called Hotel of Homes. You can reserve any kind of home from a farmhouse to a townhouse, with all the comforts of home, and many of the services usually found only in a resort hotel.

Privacy. Leisure. Space.

A place of your own, with Hotel of Homes to take care of you.

What a way to ski.

Hotel of Homes
Managed by HomeTel, Inc.

For reservations and information, use this coupon or telephone (802) 496-2302 or 496-2319.

Hotel of Homes
Route 100
Waitsfield, Vermont 05673

We think we're interested in staying in Hotel of Homes

arriving________departing________party of____requiring____bedrooms.

Please telephone me and tell what's available and what it will cost.

Name____________________Address____________________

____________________Zip__________Telephone____________________

E

What has blond hair and blue water?

Norwegian Caribbean Cruises. Norwegian for the seamanship. Caribbean for the fun of it. Join us. Just about everything's included. From swimming pools to movie theatres to gourmet dining. Once you see our prices, you can stop saving and start packing. Departures from Miami. See your travel agent or write: Norwegian Caribbean Lines®, 100 Biscayne Boulevard, Miami, Florida 33132. Offices: New York, Chicago, Dallas, Los Angeles, Pittsburgh, London.

M/S Southward
Two-Week Cruise:
Curaçao, Caracas (La Guaira), Grenada, Barbados, Martinique, St. Croix, San Juan, St. Thomas, Nassau. $495 to $1075.* Departs: 1972: Dec. 2, 16, 30. 1973: Jan. 13, 27. Feb. 10, 24. Mar. 10, 24. Apr. 7, 21.

M/S Skyward
One-Week Cruise:
Cap-Haïtien, San Juan, St. Thomas, Nassau. $250 to $750.* Departs every Saturday.

M/S Starward
One-Week Cruise:
Port-au-Prince, Kingston, Montego Bay, Port Antonio. $250 to $825.* Departs every Saturday.

M/S Sunward
3- and 4-day Cruises:
3 days/Nassau. $95 to $240.* Every Friday. 4 days/Freeport, Nassau. $115 to $265.* Every Monday.

All ships are registered in Norway. All rates subject to space availability.
*Per person, double occupancy.

Norwegian Caribbean Cruises®
Norwegian for the seamanship. Caribbean for the fun of it.

THE THEATRE

THE LAND OF SAINTS

SEAN O'CASEY's "The Plough and the Stars," now playing at the Vivian Beaumont, is nearly half a century old and shows its age; indeed, like some unlucky mortals, it seems to be more than its age, having a plot and a view of how characters ought to behave onstage that look back to Boucicault and the highly colored melodramas of Victorian days. One would never guess from the work itself that it had been written by a contemporary of Picasso, Stravinsky, and Joyce, and if it took courage for Lady Gregory and Yeats to accept it for the Abbey, this was not because it was bold by the world's standards but because it was bold by Ireland's—a country then so priest-ridden and hypocritical that it pretended to contain neither prostitution nor strong language (it was Yeats who saw to it that the hitherto unutterable word "bitch" remained in the text), to say nothing of lust, envy, avarice, and other failings known to flourish in the darkness beyond Hibernia's shores. The period of the play is, of course, that of the Easter Uprising of 1916, which O'Casey took no direct part in but of which he was a close observer, and the Abbey audiences of 1926 did not relish the notion that a few years earlier many of them had behaved like craven ninnies; they had begun to cherish Yeats' inspiring falsehood to the effect that a terrible beauty had been born on that occasion. O'Casey knew better and said so, and the audiences raged at him precisely as they had raged at Synge on the opening night of "The Playboy of the Western World." It is a paradox of the provincial mind that it can be at once so coarse and so thin-skinned.

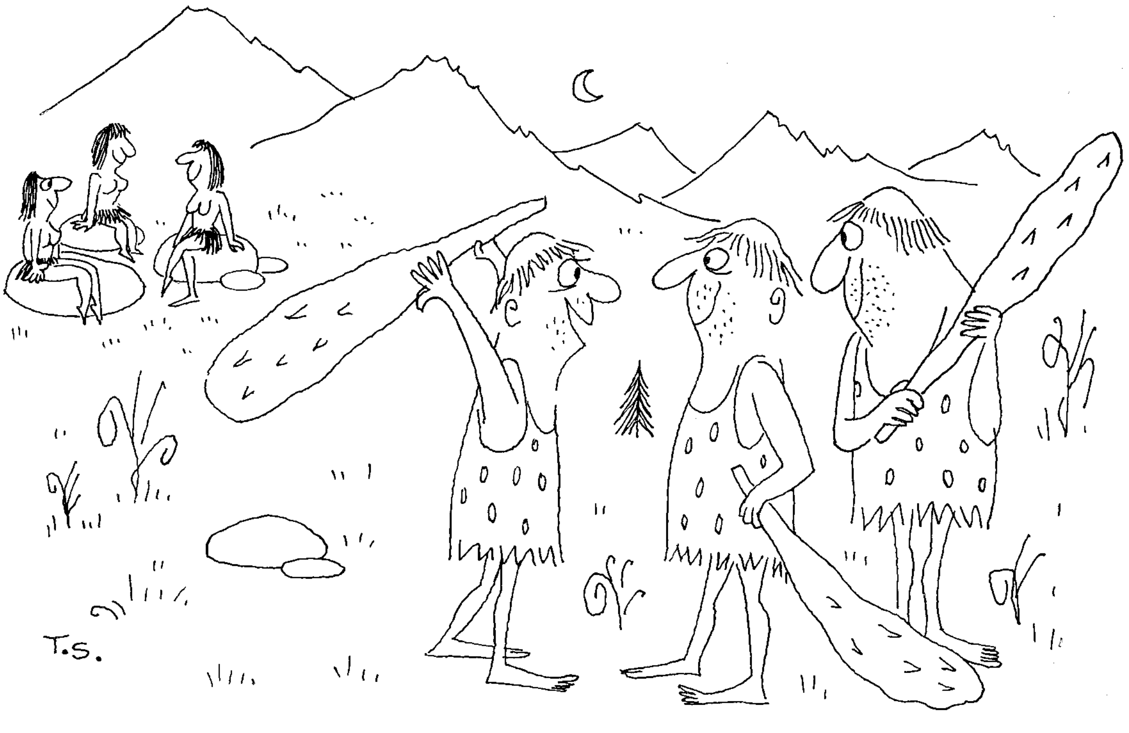
O'Casey's habitual method of writing a play was agglutinative: he hitched one act to the next and hoped that they could be made to stick. "The Plough and the Stars" is in four acts, each of which could easily have been a single short play. The second act—a funny scene in a pub—has no necessary structural connection with anything that precedes or follows it, but since it is so good of its kind, we would be sorry to do without it. A fault of the agglutinative method is that the characters in the play are unlikely to change from start to finish. Nearly everything we learn about the diverse assortment of people in "The Plough" is learned in the first half hour; oddly enough, while the characters remain more or less fixed, the play itself turns from comedy into tragedy, and in the last act bodies pile up as if the locale were medieval Elsinore instead of twentieth-century Dublin.

Under the direction of Dan Sullivan, the Repertory Theatre of Lincoln Center has given O'Casey a robust production. Roberta Maxwell is the fierce and fetching Nora Clitheroe, who in her madness reminds us perhaps a trifle too vividly of Lady Macbeth, and that gentle and gifted actor Jack MacGowran plays to perfection the droll carpenter, Fluther Good. Nora's cowardly Uncle Peter is played by Leo Leyden, Young Covey by Kevin Conway, Mrs. Gogan by Nancy Marchand, and Bessie Burgess by Pauline Flanagan; their brogues have the merry, diverse thump and rush of water dropping from lock to lock in the Royal Canal, and I fear they may find it hard to go back to speaking ordinary American. The marvellous settings are by Douglas W. Schmidt, the lighting is by John Gleason, and the costumes are by Carrie F. Robbins. O'Casey dedicated "The Plough and the Stars" "To the Gay Laugh of My Mother at the Gate of the Grave." That is O'Casey for you—always going too far, but so endearingly that you cannot fail to forgive him. A cock-a-doodle dandy if there ever was one, and the Lincoln Center repertory company salutes him with zest and affection. —BRENDAN GILL

OFF BROADWAY

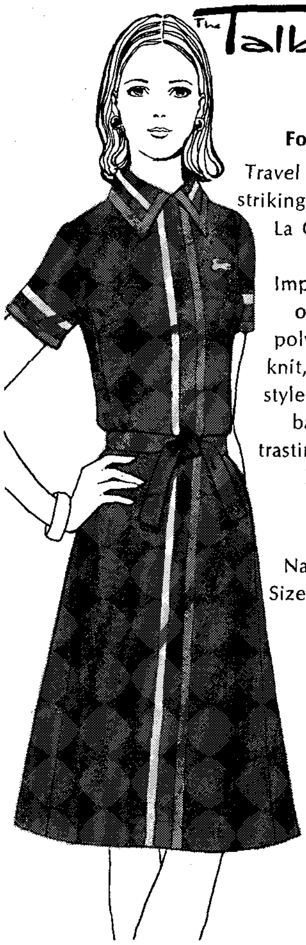
Child's Play

GOOD nonsense is irresistible in the theatre, but nonsense that doesn't take off can be a trial. Jean-Claude van Itallie's "Mystery Play," at the Cherry Lane, which is billed as a farce, and is one, I guess, remains firmly clamped to the ground. The writing is not quite good enough (though there is certainly plenty of it); much of the acting is not good enough; the ideas are not funny enough, and many of them are carried way beyond their natural break-off point. Mr. van Itallie wrote the script for "America Hurrah," which I thought was overrated, and also wrote the fine script for the Open Theatre's "The Serpent," so he is no newcomer to the theatre. "Mystery Play" has the self-assured air and the in-jokiness of an undergraduate



"Shall we join the ladies?"

The Talbots



Four Season Knit

Travel in style in this striking short-sleeved La Coste dress by David Crystal. Impeccably made of pique-weave polyester double-knit, it is princess-styled and brightly banded in contrasting colors, and has concealed full-length front zipper.

Navy/red/white. Sizes 8-18. $42.00.

Add $1.00 for postage.

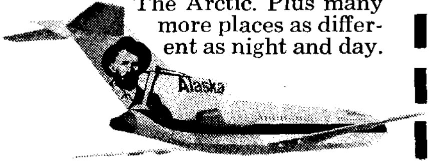
Send for free catalog.

THE TALBOTS • DEPT. CB, HINGHAM, MASS. 02043
Branches: Duxbury, Lenox, Mass., Mt. Carmel, Avon, Conn.

Do something you've never done before.

Discover **Alaska**

If you think Alaska is just one big icebox, our "Alaska 1973" tours will change your mind. They're interesting. Fun. And take you to places like Skagway. Sitka. Ketchikan. Glacier Bay. The Arctic. Plus many more places as different as night and day.



Alaska Airlines
Seattle-Tacoma International Airport
Seattle, Washington 98158

I can hardly wait to find out more. Please send me your free "Alaska 1973" brochures. I'm particularly interested in:

- ☐ All Alaska
- ☐ Arctic Adventure Tours
- ☐ Southeast Alaska
- ☐ Fish Ketchikan
- ☐ Backpacking Alaska
- ☐ Camper Tour

Name ________________
Address ________________
City ______ State ____ Zip ____
Dept. B07013

romp, and it goes on and on and on. It is set in a drawing room during a party. Present are a senator and his wife, who are the host and hostess; their son, described as a bisexual schizophrenic, and played by two performers more or less in unison; a pretty young woman; a Harvard professor; a butler; and a mystery writer. The mystery writer is an older woman, not particularly attractive and socially out of place in this gathering, who immediately confides her profession to the audience (throughout, the audience is on the receiving end of a lot of direct conversation), and who starts and stops the action all evening long, assigning sinister roles to the other characters, who are picked off (by poison, dagger, gun, etc.) until only one is left. There is a great deal of activity onstage, some of it entertaining, some not. The direction is by Jacques Levy, and there is certainly plenty of that, too. But aimless is the word, all right. For all I know, some sort of parody is intended, but whether the joke is on genteel mystery fiction, or on the kind of far-out, non-sequitur drama that has become so stale by now, or on the lethal daydreams of plain women I cannot say. The exceptions among the generally undistinguished performances are those of Cynthia Harris, as the hostess, and Rod Browning, as the butler, both of whom show a professionalism and a stage presence that are very welcome.

"Shay Duffin as Brendan Behan," at the Abbey, is a one-man show that might seem a little premature. It is composed of selections from Behan's plays and other writings, interspersed with those marvellous songs of his—bawdy, scatological, and invariably funny and original. Mr. Duffin, who comes from the same neighborhood in Dublin as Mr. Behan did, is more than adequate as a performer, but not much more. It is as a selector that he shines, with a sure feel for Behan's humor and writing, which at their best are of the highest quality. Onstage, Mr. Duffin moves back and forth from a bar, where he takes long draughts from a glass of Guinness, to a lectern and to a prison cell; sometimes he speaks informally, sometimes he steps into character. The high point of the show is a wonderful passage on hangings and a hangman and prison life, from "The Quare Fellow," and the saddest part comes at the end, when we see Behan, amiable as ever, but drunk and dying and hating his own celebrity. Anyone who does not know Behan's plays may be very grateful to Mr. Duffin for this introduction. —Edith Oliver

IS ELEPHANT HAIR LUCKY?

Authenticity Again at Hunting World...

Fabled, fascinating, fashionable. The raved-about Elephant Hair rings you've seen everywhere on the world's best dressed fingers. It all started in Africa, centuries ago. Tribesmen believed...and many still do...that Elephant Hair had mystic powers. They treasured Elephant Hair jewelry as good luck talismans. Lucky? We don't know, but we're sure that our classic Elephant Hair rings, with rolled Gold mountings, will bring you lots of compliments. State Ring Size. Gift Boxed.

1—Strand $5 2—Strand $10 3—Strand $15

Add 75¢ each, on mail orders N.Y. Res. Add Tax

Send $1 (Credited to First Purchase) FOR COLOR-FILLED 116-PAGE CATALOG.

Open Mon. thru Sat. 10-6

HUNTING WORLD
Dept. NY 16 EAST 53RD ST., N.Y. 10022

N99

What Florida promises, the Lido Biltmore provides.

On the shores of the Sun Coast, spacious lawns, broad vistas, incomparable serenity. A lovely pool, tennis, fishing, water sports, a great 18-hole golf course. Superb cuisine, entertainment, dancing. The promise of Florida is here...with us.

For information call your travel agent or our N.Y. Reservation Office, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (212) 581-6595.

THE Lido Biltmore CLUB

Floyd Alford, Jr. Pres. & Gen. Mgr.
LIDO BEACH, SARASOTA, FLORIDA

Barrie Ltd.®
TASSEL SLIP-ON

Made of one piece of Antiqued Alpine Calfskin over a medium shaped last • Full leather lined • Flexible leather soles and snug fitting heels • In hand-antiqued Brown Calf ☐ Polished Black Calf ☐.
$32.95 postpaid. *Order by mail, state shoe size—BARRIE LTD. Dept. N—New Haven.*
OR at BARRIE LTD. SHOE SHOPS:
260 YORK STREET, NEW HAVEN, CONN.
22 TRUMBULL STREET, HARTFORD, CONN.
1573 BOSTON POST RD., MILFORD, CONN.
152 EAST BROAD STREET, COLUMBUS, OHIO
914 15th STREET N.W., WASHINGTON, D.C.
537 VINE STREET, CINCINNATI, OHIO

The answers to some questions frequently asked by our sponsors

If you are considering sponsoring a child through the Christian Children's Fund, certain questions may occur to you. Perhaps you will find them answered here.

Q. What does it cost to sponsor a child? A. Only $12 per month. (Your gifts are tax deductible.)

Q. May I choose the child I wish to help? A. You may indicate your preference of boy or girl, age, and country. Many sponsors allow us to select a child from our emergency list.

Q. Will I receive a photograph of my child? A. Yes, and with the photograph will come a case history plus a description of the Home or Project where your child receives help.

Q. How long does it take before I learn about the child assigned to me? A. You will receive your personal sponsor folder in about two weeks, giving you complete information about the child you will be helping.

Q. May I write to my child? A. Yes. In fact, your child will write to you a few weeks after you become a sponsor. Your letters are translated by one of our workers overseas. You receive your child's original letter, plus an English translation, direct from the Home or Project overseas.

Q. What type of Projects does CCF support overseas? A. Besides the orphanages and Family Helper Projects CCF has homes for the blind, abandoned babies homes, day care nurseries, health homes, vocational training centers, and many other types of Projects.

Q. Who supervises the work overseas? A. Regional offices are staffed with both Americans and nationals. Caseworkers, orphanage superintendents, housemothers, and other personnel must meet high professional standards—plus have a deep love for children.

Q. Is CCF independent or church operated? A. Independent. CCF is incorporated as a nonprofit organization. We work closely with missionaries of 41 denominations. No child is refused entrance to a Home because of creed or race.

Q. When was CCF started, and how large is it now? A. 1938 was the beginning, with one orphanage in China. Today, over 150,000 children are being assisted in 55 countries. However, we are not interested in being "big." Rather, our job is to be a bridge between the American sponsor, and the child being helped overseas.

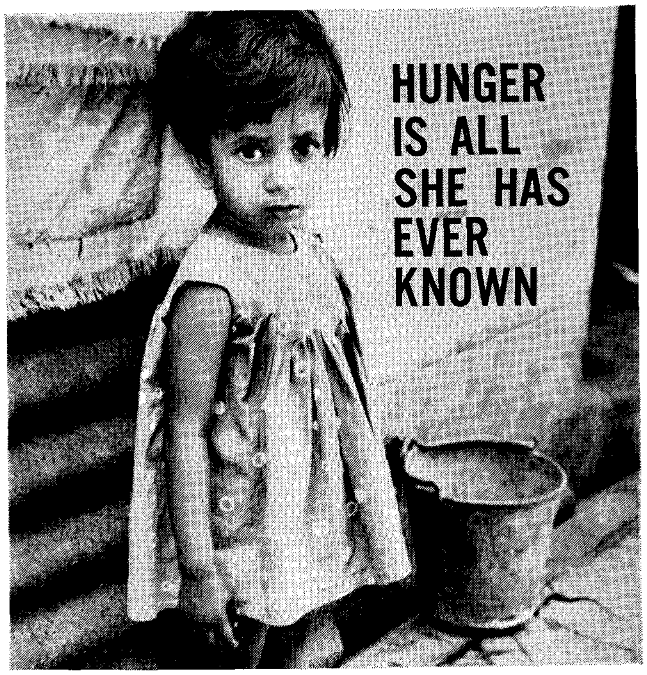
Q. May I visit my child? A. Yes. Our Homes and Projects around the world are delighted to have sponsors visit them. Please inform the superintendent in advance of your scheduled arrival.

Q. May groups sponsor a child? A. Yes, church classes, office workers, civic clubs, schools and other groups. We ask that one person serve as correspondent for a group.

Q. Are all the children orphans? A. No. Although many of our children are orphans, youngsters are helped primarily on the basis of need. Some have one living parent unable to care for the child properly. Others come to us because of abandonment, broken homes, parents unwilling to assume responsibility, serious illness of one or both parents, or parents just too poor to care for their children.

Q. How can I be sure that the money I give actually reaches the child? A. CCF keeps close check on all children through field offices, supervisors and caseworkers. Homes and Projects are inspected by our staff. Each Home is required to submit an annual audited statement.

Q. Is CCF registered with any government agency? A. Yes, CCF is registered with the U.S. State Department's Advisory Committee on Voluntary Foreign Aid, holding Registration No. 080.



Margaret was found in a back lane of Calcutta, lying in her doorway, unconscious from hunger. Inside, her mother had just died in childbirth.

You can see from the expression on Margaret's face that she doesn't understand why her mother can't get up, or why her father doesn't come home, or why the dull throb in her stomach won't go away.

What you can't see is that Margaret is dying of malnutrition. She has periods of fainting, her eyes are strangely glazed. Next will come a bloated stomach, falling hair, parched skin. And finally, death from malnutrition, a killer that claims 10,000 lives *every day*.

Meanwhile, in America we eat 4.66 pounds of food a day per person, then throw away enough to feed a family of six in India.

If you were to suddenly join the ranks of 1½ billion people who are forever hungry, your next meal might be a bowl of rice, day after tomorrow a piece of fish the size of a silver dollar, later in the week more rice—maybe.

Hard-pressed by the natural disasters and phenomenal birth rate, the Indian government is valiantly trying to curb what Mahatma Gandhi called "The Eternal Compulsory Fast."

But Margaret's story can have a happy ending, because she has a CCF sponsor now. And for only $12 a month you can also sponsor a child like Margaret and help provide food, clothing, shelter—and love.

You will receive the child's picture, personal history, and the opportunity to exchange letters, Christmas cards—and priceless friendship.

Since 1938, American sponsors have found this to be an intimate, person-to-person way of sharing their blessings with youngsters around the world.

So won't you help? Today?

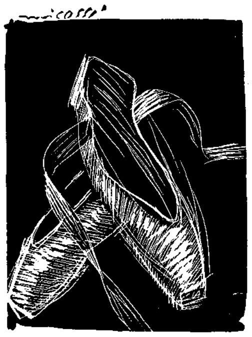
Sponsors urgently needed this month for children in: India, Brazil, Taiwan (Formosa), Mexico and Philippines. (Or let us select a child for you from our emergency list.)

Write today: Verent J. Mills Box 26511
CHRISTIAN CHILDREN'S FUND, Inc. Richmond, Va. 23283
I wish to sponsor a ☐ boy ☐ girl in (Country)________
☐ Choose a child who needs me most. I will pay $12 a month.
I enclose first payment of $________. Send me child's name, story, address and picture.
I cannot sponsor a child but want to give $________.
☐ Please send me more information.
Name________
Address________
City________
State________ Zip________
Registered (VFA-080) with the U.S. Government's Advisory Committee on Voluntary Foreign Aid. Gifts are tax deductible. Canadians, Write 1407 Yonge, Toronto 7.
NK6910

MUSICAL EVENTS

Spade Work

THE Metropolitan Opera has revived Tchaikovsky's "Pikovaya Dama," or "Queen of Spades," the only Russian piece in its repertory this season. This production was first given, in 1965, in an English translation by Boris Goldovsky; it has been brought back in Russian. On the whole, pleasure in hearing the sounds of the original seems to have outweighed the regret of people whose Russian was not fluent enough to enable them to follow the drama in detail and understand the sense of each line as it was sung. Several people have written to me expressing some surprise that I don't take it for granted that opera is always best sung in the original language. Of course I don't—any more than I take it for granted that opera is always best sung in the vernacular. There is no simple "best" about it. There is, however, an ideal that can be simply stated: Ideally, an opera is performed in the language in which it was composed, by a cast and to an audience that understand that language perfectly. The ideal can be achieved on occasion—when, say, Virgil Thomson's "Four Saints in Three Acts" is sung in New York (as it will be next month, in the Forum Theatre, when the "Piccolo Met" gets going), when "Aida" is sung in Milan, "Don Carlos" in Paris or Geneva, and "Prodaná Nevěsta" ("The Bartered Bride") in Prague. But once an opera crosses a language border there must be compromise. Any decision about what form that compromise takes should depend on the particular work concerned, the cast available, local circumstances (is there another production of the work in the same city? what language was it done in last?), and, not least, the quality of current translations. In other words, no automatic answer, but for each opera, in each production, a separate decision. Either way—in the original language or in translation—something is lost. Is the work a comedy that will fall flat if the jokes are not understood, or a broadly lyrical drama in which detailed attention to the text hardly matters? Will it be presented as "music drama" or "opera"? (Stravinsky's distinction: "I believe 'music drama' and 'opera' to be two very, very different things," he wrote, when introducing "The Rake's Progress" to the American public.) Will the cast be national or international? How familiar is the plot? How familiar have recordings made the original libretto? How widely is the language of that libretto understood? How well has it been, or could it be, translated? ("Pelléas" into English won't go.)



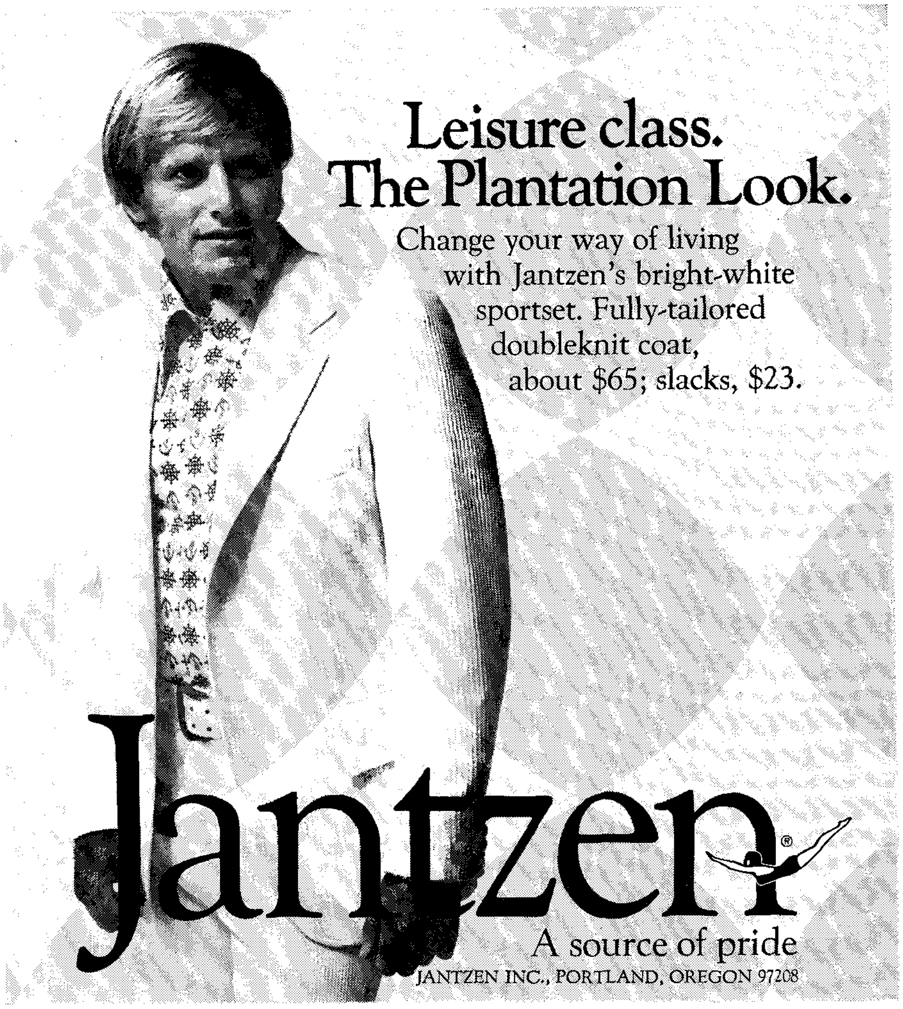
Happy the city with two companies that can offer both kinds of experience and spread the losses between them (loss of dramatic directness in one place, of original sound values in the other). Even then, each work is a special case. All things considered, I think, the New York City Opera is right to introduce Henze's "Der Junge Lord" in English, wrong to do "Der Rosenkavalier" in German, right to do "Lucia di Lammermoor" in Italian, wrong to do "Les Contes d'Hoffmann" in French. All things considered, I think, the Metropolitan is right to do most of its performances in the original language (all of them, this season). "Der Rosenkavalier" at the State Theatre should be in English, because it's in German at the adjacent house, and the two productions might as well be complementary instead of competing; also, because Hofmannsthal's libretto needs to be understood word by word, and a good singing translation does exist to open the work to people who don't speak German. But "Lucia" should be in Italian at the State Theatre though it is also in Italian at the Met, because in this case, I think, more is lost than gained by translation; also, because Beverly Sills is so good in Italian. Julius Rudel's flexible policy for the City Opera is right, even if some of the particular decisions may be questioned. What's wrong is dogmatic general assertion, one way or the other, made before all things have been considered.

"Queen of Spades" in Russian? Of that language, many people have perhaps a dozen or two words, just enough to realize when characters are talking, as in opera they often do, of things like "love," "death," "truth," and "God," and to know which of the *tri karty* in the Countess's winning formula—"*troika*, *semyorka*, *tuz*"—Herman stakes on. But anyone else who has heard "Queen of Spades" in English a few times, and listened to recordings while reading text and translation in parallel columns, can probably recall more or less what is being said at any point. Following an opera in this vague sort of way, without real attention to the words that are being uttered, listening only to the sounds, can be enjoyable—more so, indeed, than hearing all too clearly an English translation whose tone and diction are obtrusively wrong, or whose lengths, stresses, and inflections lie awkwardly on the music. But a performance without verbal communication from the singers makes special demands of them; they must be doubly eloquent in the sounds they produce, in their phrasing, in their acting. The leading role in "Queen of Spades," Herman, was taken by Nicolai Gedda, whose theatrical personality is not especially vivid—even if more daemon than usual was revealed by his rolling eyes and jerky gestures. He sang impeccably, and it was not his fault that the orchestra at the close of Act I broke the dynamic bounds that Tchaikovsky set, and covered his defiant apostrophe to the tempest. The Lisa was Raina Kabaivanska, a decent, reliable soprano, clear and steady of voice, who became something more than that in the arioso of Act III, "It is nearly midnight," which she sang with much energy and passion, in long, well-knit phrases. (Her opening words were drowned by those wretched, unmusical scenery-applauders, who cannot see a fall of paper snow without shutting their ears and clapping their hands. Snow in late spring?—or are we supposed to assume that many months have passed since the first scene? And if it was snowy winter, why did Lisa wear no gloves?)

The first Herman and Lisa were Nicolai Figner and his wife, Medea Mei-Figner, he a Russian tenor and she an Italian soprano of exceptional smoothness—each note pressed close to the next—and intensity of utterance. (Both made records.) Something of their style survives even today in Russian performances of Tchaikovsky's opera, and it is a style that depends on a much freer approach to metre, a greater readiness to linger, than was shown by Miss Kabaivanska, Mr. Gedda, and their conductor, Kazimierz Kord. Mr. Kord, in his Metropolitan début, displayed energy and a nice care for pointing up the varied instrumental accompaniment to each verse of the strophic songs. The orchestra's playing was crisp and incisive. But too often the brass tended to overpower string melodies. The orchestra's last paragraph, an *envoi* that starts *ppp* and closes *pppp*, while the curtain slowly falls, was begun most beautifully. No one heard how it ended, for those beastly premature applauders got to work again well before the opera was over.

Henry Butler's staging was pretty dowdy. The St. Petersburg backcloth of the first scene showed a crumpled sky. The climax of the ball scene—a tease that builds up toward the appearance of the Tsarina and is cut short by curtainfall just as she is due to enter (since imperial personages could not be represented on the Russian stage)—was muffed and mistimed. In the last scene, the ghost of the Countess, which is supposed to vanish after nine bars, stayed on to the end in a spotlight—in a vulgar, obvious tableau that took our attention away from the dying hero. Tchaikovsky planned his opera on a grand scale. Though he was no great master of form, "Queen of Spades" is carefully planned, and extensive cutting throws it out of balance. At the Metropolitan the principal omissions were of the children's chorus in the first scene, the Russian song and *gouvernante's* arioso in the second, the trio of the pastoral divertissement, and Tomsky's song in the final scene.

IF Mr. Kord in Tchaikovsky was a conductor reluctant to linger, Erich Leinsdorf in the final "Walküre" of the season showed positively indecent haste. He managed to clip a further three minutes from the already too fast timing he set at the opening performance, and raced through the wonders of the work in a brisk, stingy, efficient fashion. This was a pity, for there were two débuts, one scheduled and the other not, worth hearing in happier circumstances. I have long wanted the chance to praise Rita Hunter's singing of Brünnhilde. In London I can't, since she sings the role there in my translation. Her first Brünnhilde in German was marked by warmth and directness of expression, naturalness, and long, easy phrasing. She used portamento more amply, and more eloquently, than any of her colleagues. She learned the role with Reginald Goodall, who is the last of the big, broad Wagner conductors in the line of Furtwängler and Knappertsbusch. If Mr. Leinsdorf's "Walküre" is the fastest on published record, Mr. Goodall's is the slowest; Miss Hunter is even better, more moving, when she has time to be expansive. Hans Sotin's was the surprise début, as Wotan (taking over



Leisure class.
The Plantation Look.
Change your way of living with Jantzen's bright-white sportset. Fully-tailored doubleknit coat, about $65; slacks, $23.

Jantzen®
A source of pride
JANTZEN INC., PORTLAND, OREGON 97208

LONDON AIRPORT

What has Sheraton done for you lately?
We're opening a great international hotel right at London Airport February 1.

Special economy rates, too. For just $11.70* a day you can enjoy the new Sheraton-Heathrow. Free courtesy transport service to and from all terminals and downtown London. Explore the countryside. Windsor, Hampton Court, Stratford, Oxford, Winchester, Cambridge and Runnymeade are an easy drive away. Stay at the Sheraton-Heathrow. Year round heated pool. Sauna. And enjoy the rollicking "English Pub". For reservations call **800-325-3535.** Or have your travel agent call.

Sheraton-Heathrow Hotel
LONDON AIRPORT SHERATON HOTELS & MOTOR INNS. A WORLDWIDE SERVICE OF ITT
WEST DRAYTON, MIDDLESEX, ENGLAND

*per person, per day, double occupancy, E.P., based on £9.0 plus taxes and service.

from an indisposed Thomas Stewart). His bass is an organ of rare beauty and firmness, and when he knows the role more fully, has studied it in detail with great conductors and great producers, he may well become what we have long needed: a Wotan with a real "Wotan voice," grand, powerful, and heroic.

AFTER grumbles at excessive speed, a word of praise for Roberto Benzi's unhurried approach to the first act of "Faust," also at the Metropolitan. In almost all modern performances, "Faust" becomes trivial when the hero, asked to name his heart's desire, rejects riches, glory, and power, and bursts into the tripping 6/8 strains of "À moi les plaisirs, les jeunes maîtresses!" But Mr. Benzi, a romantic, lyrical conductor equally good at the sober and the lyrical episodes, paced things so well that any suggestion of triviality was removed. The cry burst poignantly from the old philosopher's heart. —ANDREW PORTER

ROCK, ETC.

The Return of the Dolls

LAST fall, the New York Dolls created the Mercer Arts Center's velour underground. Then they went touring in England, where their original drummer died in a drug-related accident. Now they are back home, where they opened their first return set at the Mercer with, naturally, "Back in the U.S.A."

The Dolls are almost as sensational as everybody has been claiming, but I suspect that that's only one of the reasons I liked their show so much. The other reasons have to do with the way I feel about New York. Like a lot of other people, I found at one point that I had to get out of the city. Also like a lot of other people, I eventually came back, because in my head I'd never really got beyond the suburbs, and I wasn't about to stay *there*. When I got here, one of the first things I noticed was that I didn't *have* anything to wear, and one of the first places I noticed this was the Mercer Arts Center. The scene there struck me as a laid-back, somewhat campier version of Pop-crazy New York, circa 1966; the natives revelled in their ersatz-ostrich-feather coats and Iranian sheepskins and fifties gold ankle straps and make-up (on both sexes) and everything long instead of short, but without that old naïve conviction that as fashion goes so goes the world. In spite of my sartorial inadequacies, I felt more at home with this crowd than with the wined and barbiturated high-school-age Con III rejects that populated such emporia as the Academy of Music. Mercer habitués were a bit older; with an intuitive identification that escaped their British counterparts, they dug irony and revelation-through-artifice and the complex iconoclastic pleasures of cutting with rather than against the commercial grain, and in this context they dug rock and roll. In short, they represented a New York style of convoluted bohemianism that, like Jewishness—and unlike the expansive, evangelistic California variety of hip—you almost had to be born to. I had been born to it—a fact of life and sensibility that no religious experiences in the Rocky Mountains could ever efface—and I had come home.

The Velvet Underground was a New York band in exactly that sense, and now there is a second generation, consisting of the Dolls and a number of lesser-known bands that are beginning to graduate from the Mercer to uptown joints like the Villageast. Unlike the Velvets, however, these bands are devoted to hard rock, which gives them a bit more populist potential. And if the New York band, as a genre, should ever catch on outside Manhattan—stranger things have happened, I suppose—the Dolls will probably be the spearhead. David Johansen, their nineteen-year-old lead singer, looks suitably bizarro in his rumpled Prince Valiant hairstyle, lipstick, shaggy black jacket, and leather pants, and radiates a sulky, leashed sexuality that features the definitive American version of the Jagger sneer; lead guitarist Johnny Thunder is even more striking—a gold-lamé scarecrow who resembles Keith Richard with a tic. The Dolls' songs are about subways, kicks, Frankenstein monsters, rock-and-roll nurses ("Give me a shot, give me a pill, Got me shootin' this junk against my will"), and other icons of contemporary urban existence; they belong in the "Subterranean Homesick Blues," "Satisfaction," surrealism-in-everyday-life tradition. The songs are exciting—the Dolls belong to that élite category of performers who can afford to do a Chuck Berry song without worrying that their own stuff won't survive the comparison—and Johansen has a powerful rock-and-roll voice that tantalizes, always keeping something back, as if to say, "I could take you there, but you couldn't stand it." He may be right.

During that first return performance, the audience was as enthusiastic as cults usually are, but on my way out I heard one guy say, "I'm disappointed.

An hour from now you could be a preferred guest at any of these great hotels.

We're not a hotel chain, but a friendship chain. With you, our guest, as a link, enjoying the special individual attentions reserved for guests referred by one of us to another. Call the Preferred Hotel in your city, for a personalized reservation at one of the other Preferred Hotels. Or call Toll-free **(800) 558-9898.** In Wisconsin call **(800) 242-9235.** In Canada call collect **(416) 924-8070.**

Beverly Hills/Los Angeles
BEVERLY WILSHIRE HOTEL
Calgary, Canada
THE INTERNATIONAL OF CALGARY
Boston
THE RITZ CARLTON
Denver
THE BROWN PALACE HOTEL
Detroit
HOTEL PONTCHARTRAIN
Houston
THE WARWICK
Kansas City
THE HOTEL MUEHLEBACH
Milwaukee
THE PFISTER HOTEL AND TOWER
Minneapolis
THE NORTHSTAR INN
Montreal, Canada
THE RITZ CARLTON
New Orleans
THE PONTCHARTRAIN HOTEL
New York City
THE PIERRE
Roanoke, Virginia
HOTEL ROANOKE
Salt Lake City
THE HOTEL UTAH
San Francisco
THE CLIFT HOTEL
Santa Barbara, California
SANTA BARBARA BILTMORE
St. Louis
THE CLAYTON INN
Toronto, Canada
PARK PLAZA HOTEL
Vancouver, Canada
GEORGIA HOTEL
Washington, D.C.
THE WATERGATE HOTEL

PREFERRED HOTELS
ASSOCIATION

It's really nothing—he's just like Jagger." Ah, yes, New York. David Bowie, forget it!

WHAT'S the matter with Lou Reed? Here's a man I think is such a genius that once when I was face to face with him in a hotel room I couldn't say a word (what I wanted to say was "Your music changed my life," which would have been most uncool), and his second album, "Transformer" (RCA LSP 4807), is terrible—lame, pseudo-decadent lyrics, lame, pseudo-something-or-other singing, and a just plain lame band. Part of Reed's problem may be that he needs a band he can interact with, a band that will give him some direction, as the Velvets did, instead of simply backing him up—in other words, not just a band but a group. (The same can be said about most group leaders who make solo albums, which is why I don't care much for Peter Townshend's and am kind of dreading John Fogerty's.) And I don't think David Bowie is doing him any good, either as a producer or as an increasing influence on his *persona*. . . . To be fair to Bowie, his other recent production effort, Mott the Hoople's "All the Young Dudes" (Columbia KC 31750), is one of the best albums to appear in recent months, and the title cut, which Bowie wrote, and which was a big hit single in England, is the song of the year—maybe of the decade (this one, not the last one). I take it all back, David. —ELLEN WILLIS

●

Fischer said Boris Spassky, whom he defeated in Iceland last summer, would probably still be the most difficult man for him to handle.

"You think he's still viable?" someone asked.

"What's viable?" Fischer said.—*Interview with Bobby Fischer in the Los Angeles Times, December 6th.*

Bobby Fischer will announce plans for a TV Special very shortly. Although he couldn't give any details when we caught him alone after his press conference Tuesday, he did say: "I suppose you could print that a TV special is viable."—*Sue Cameron in the Hollywood Reporter, December 7th.*

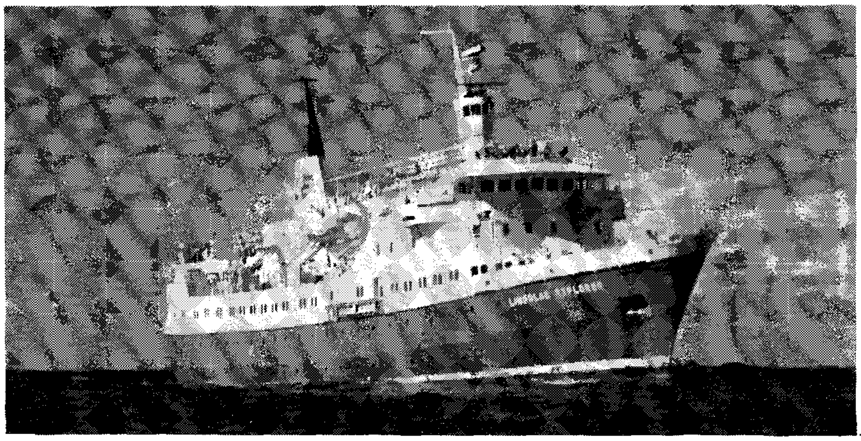
What a difference a single day can make!

●

TOUR 11

At 3 P.M., you can take a ride up on the hill about 15 miles west of this to the Bird Sanctuary. See the different kinds of wild birds and feed the famous humming bird while resting on your finger.—*From a Montego Bay hotel tour brochure.*

Tell us about Tour 12.



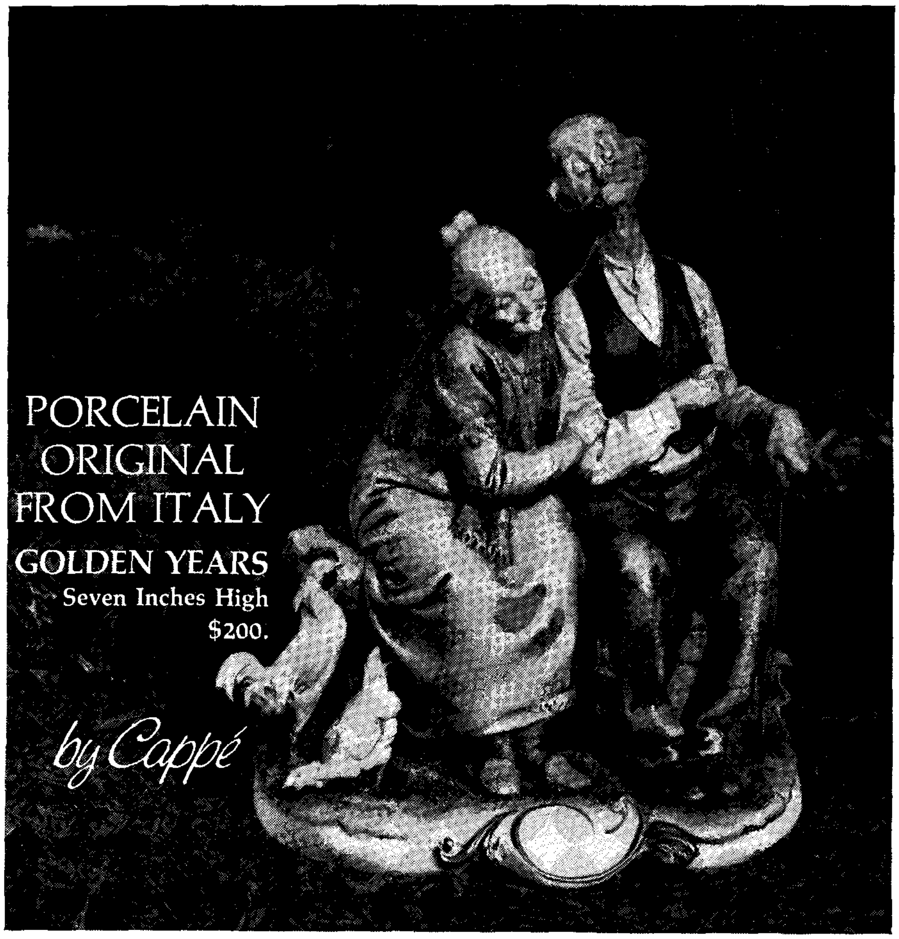
Lars-Eric Lindblad invites you to meet the medieval Komodo dragon.

Embark on an Indonesian cruising expedition which offers a rare opportunity to sail through the incredibly exotic islands of Indonesia. You will board the lovely M.S. Lindblad Explorer,* which will serve as your floating hotel while you island-hop all the way from Bali eastward to Sumba and Tutuala on Timor. You will go ashore on many other islands and witness unique Indonesian dances. You may purchase rare and interesting artifacts. In West Irian you will meet remarkable tribesmen whose way of life has hardly changed since the stone age. Then while sailing west again along a different route, you will step ashore on the volcanic islands of Damar and Nila where immense diversity and strangeness in animal life awaits you. On Komodo we invite you to meet the nine-foot Komodo dragon, largest in the world. Sailings are scheduled from May through October. Please write for our informative brochure.

LINDBLAD TRAVEL, INC.
Dept. NY11373
133 East 55th Street, New York, N.Y. 10022

TRAVEL THE WORLD OF LINDBLAD

*Panamanian registry



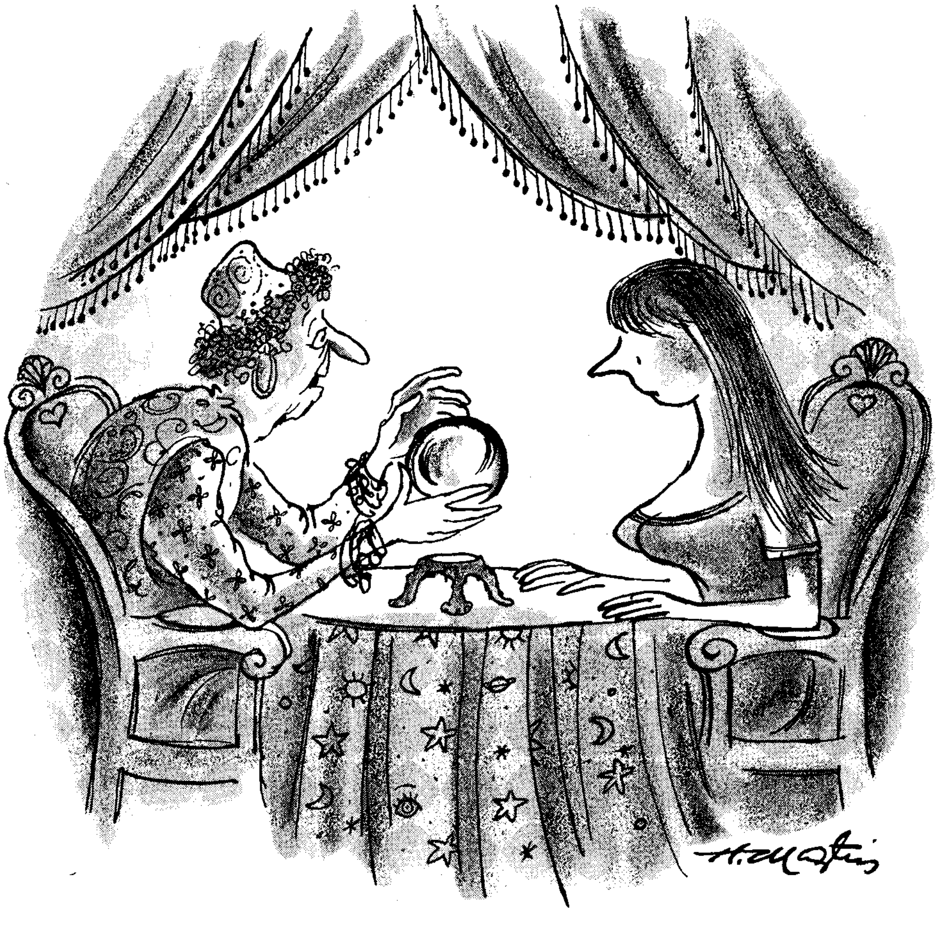
For the complete Cappé color brochure, kindly remit 25c to
EBELING & REUSS CO., Dept.NY,23rd & Chestnut Sts., Phila., Pa.19103

LETTER FROM VIETNAM

SAIGON, JANUARY 4

IF the end of the frightful terror bombing of Hanoi and Haiphong causes a change of attitude on the part of the North Vietnamese when the peace talks resume in Paris next week, that change will undoubtedly manifest itself in ways far short of capitulation on major issues. Indeed, Hanoi's latest editorials and broadcasts suggest that its negotiators will seek to derive the utmost benefit from the opprobrium the United States has earned throughout the world for the new devastation it has inflicted. And, conceivably, a sense of shame could even lead Washington to demonstrate some humility and more willingness to compromise. The mood of the talks, in any event, seems bound to change, and there will be less conviviality than there was between Henry Kissinger and Le Duc Tho, the chief North Vietnamese negotiator—which is perhaps all to the good, for it had a hollow ring at the time and would be a travesty now. If the bargaining, however bitter, is serious, the chances for an early cease-fire will increase, but, at worst, it can be hoped that there will be no more false euphoria, with "peace at hand" one week and a hand on the bomb-release button the next.

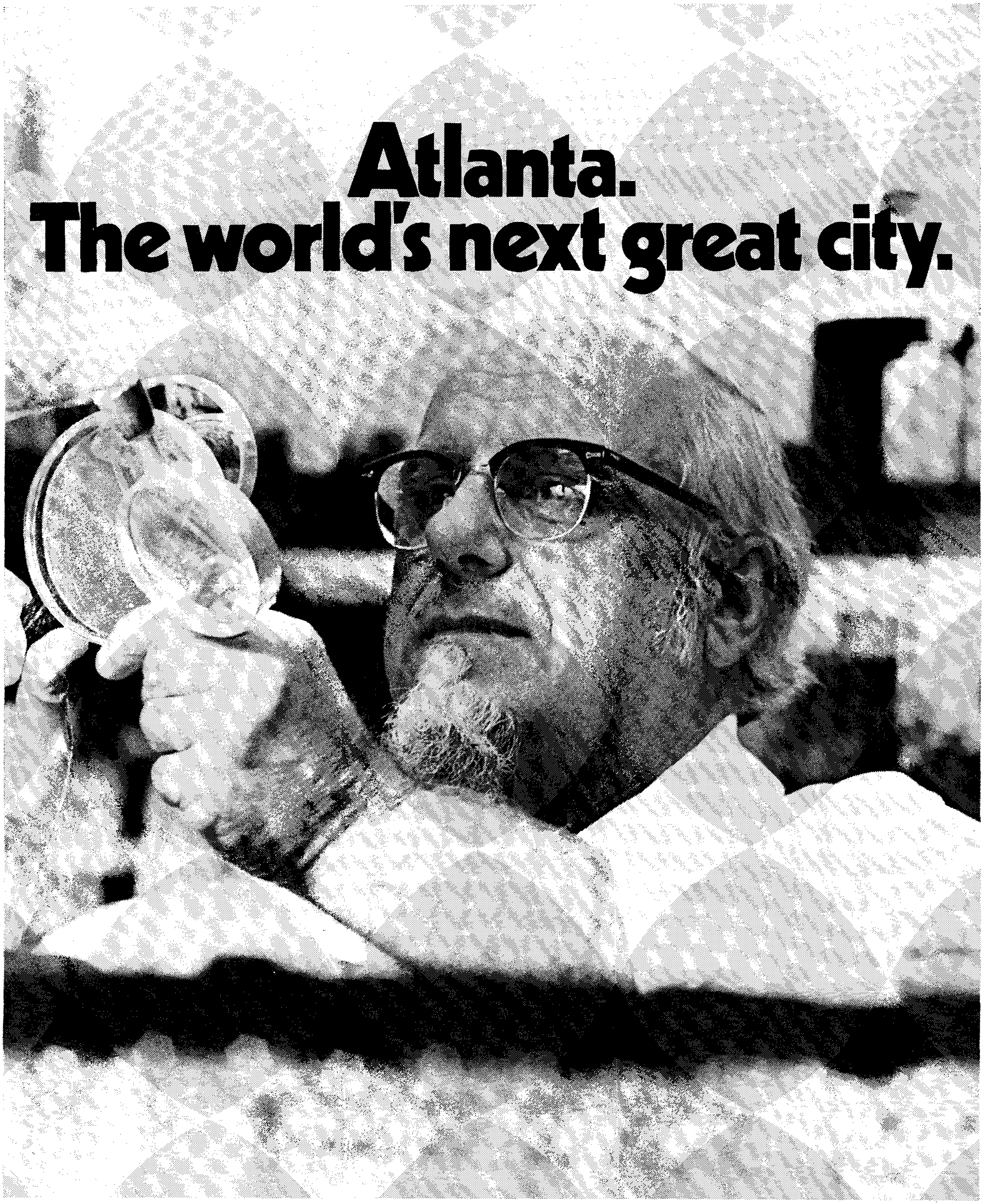
Several crucial and complicated issues remain to be resolved, the most important being the question of sovereignty for a single South Vietnam. A particular irony, amid the multiple tragedies of the war, has been the drastic shifts in bargaining positions that the main participants have made over the years, so that what had once been a secondary aim would suddenly become a *sine qua non*, while thousands continued to die. Thus, on this issue of South Vietnamese sovereignty, which is still the negotiators' main sticking point and was primarily responsible for the suspension of talks in mid-December, which in turn led to the brutal resumption of bombing, the United States, by shifting ground to support President Nguyen Van Thieu's case more strongly, prompted the North Vietnamese to withdraw or alter some earlier concessions and make new demands and counterproposals. As Saigon and Washington now see it, this issue of sovereignty is specifically dependent on Hanoi's not only recognizing but "respecting" a widened Demilitarized Zone between North and South Vietnam as a political and military boundary. This is something President Thieu has repeatedly demanded—most recently in a speech to the National Assembly on December 12th. But, oddly, back on July 20, 1965, when the major American military participation was just beginning, Thieu, who was then head of the ruling South Vietnamese Military Directory, said, at an event dubbed the National Unity Day Rally for North Vietnamese Liberation, "The 1954 Geneva agreement has no more validity. The Seventeenth Parallel is no longer a demarcation line partitioning the Vietnamese territory." South Vietnam's chances of "liberating" North Vietnam were, of course, not good then, nor have they been at any time since, despite the wild notions of some hawks in both Washington and Saigon who from time to time have favored an invasion of North Vietnam or even its total destruction by air. In fact, if it were not for American help during the major Communist offensives of 1968 and 1972 as well as that of 1965, the South would probably have succumbed by now to the North's superior organization and its determination to impose its rule over a unified nation.



"*Oh dear, I'm afraid I can't promise you anyone tall, dark, and handsome. Would you settle for healthy, wealthy, and wise?*"

Hanoi's chances of doing that are less today than they were a year or two ago, but its determination remains, whatever the destruction caused in the North by our latest bombing, and whatever sort of cease-fire and political solution evolve at this time. "National unity" remains a refrain in all of Hanoi's propaganda, and was typically stated in an editorial in *Nhan Dan*, the chief newspaper of the Laodong (Workers') Party, on December 18th, two days after Kissinger's latest Washington press conference detailing the differences at the Paris talks, and just at the time the record bombing attacks on Hanoi and Haiphong were beginning. The editorial said, "Thieu's allegations regarding the two zones of Vietnam as two countries and the Seventeenth Parallel and the D.M.Z. as an international frontier, putting on a par the United States aggressors and the Vietnamese people fighting against aggression, are nothing but a brazen opposition to the fundamental national rights of the Vietnamese people and to [their] sacred right of self-defense against aggression in their own country." The editorial also reiterated that the United States "must respect the . . . right of self-determination of the South Vietnamese people," meaning the acceptance of "two administrations, two armies, and three political forces"—namely, the Communists, the Saigon administration, and the nebulous third-force groups.

But if the Communists' determination to take over the South Vietnamese

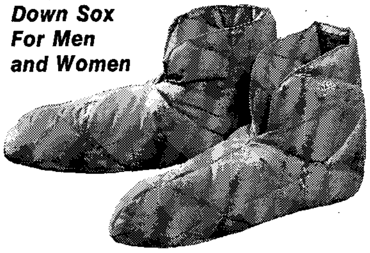

Atlanta.
The world's next great city.

Worldwide headquarters for disease control is the Atlanta based national Center for Disease Control. CDC participates in global programs to eradicate and prevent the spread of communicable and vector-borne diseases, and conducts extensive applied research activities toward developing methods of diagnosis, control, and prevention. The Center trains about 10,000 health workers from around the world and conducts seminars for thousands of members of professional societies and health associations every year. Teams of specialists are mobilized within hours to help quell such emergencies as an outbreak of smallpox in Yugoslavia or the spread of bubonic plague from Java. CDC adds international medical importance to Atlanta—the world's next great city.

For more about Atlanta
contact Harold Carter,
Atlanta Chamber
of Commerce
1363 Commerce Building
Atlanta, Georgia 30303
404-521-0845

Treat Chilly Feet to Whisper-Weight Warmth

Down Sox For Men and Women



Tuck these Sox into a travel bag, wear them to bed, enjoy them as slippers or as inner sox for your insulated pacs or waders. Bauer Goose Down is hand-quilted in soft, tough Nylon taffeta. **Colors:** Red, Winter Blue, Powder Blue, Taupe. **Sizes:** Specify men's or women's shoe size and we will supply proper fit. **0123** Sox, pair **$7.95** postpaid.

Order Today! Money-back guarantee!

Enclosed is my check or money order for $______. (Add sales tax where applicable.)
Please RUSH my **0123** Sox. Color______
Men's Size______Women's Size______
Name______
Address______
City______
State______Zip______
☐ Send me FREE your new color catalog of over 1000 exciting products.

Eddie Bauer®

Dept. N9S Seattle, Wash. 98124

FROST-GUARD

KEEP WARM

Winter campers, backpackers, skiers have more fun, stay out longer when they aren't nagged by the cold. Rich Frost-Guard cream spreads an invisible, insulating film on skin, keeps in warmth, keeps out cold. Used by professional athletes, school teams, outdoor workers, anyone who goes out in the cold.

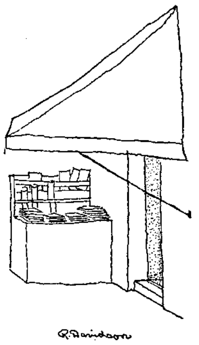
Let us send you trial jars of Frost-Guard and two companion products for greater outdoor enjoyment: Wind-Guard for drying winds, salty air; Sun-Guard to screen sun's rays.

Look for Guard products in the flat, easy-to-carry jar. Hopefully sold at your favorite sporting goods store, ski, backpackers shop.

REYCO, Box 1203, Sonoma, Ca. 95476
Please send me one trial jar each of Frost-Guard, Wind-Guard, Sun-Guard. Enclosed is $1.00 for handling, mailing.

Name______
Address______
______
(Please give zip code)

government by a combination of political and military means, even though they are still a minority in South Vietnam, has not lessened, their schedule is more vaguely defined than it was earlier, and their recent documents reveal new stresses and strains and less sharp strategic and tactical lines. For example, among Communists in the South there have been complaints about a lack of directives from the Central Office for South Vietnam, or COSVN, through which Hanoi conducts the war there. Plans to capture the port of Danang several months ago and to start a major uprising in Saigon, like that attempted during the 1968 Tet battles, were abandoned when last spring's offensive slowed down, and these failures had to be tortuously explained to the cadres.



The Communists may be having difficulties, but the Saigon government, for its part, remains in disarray. Despite propaganda claims, its troops have become increasingly restless, because of what one high-ranking American describes as "a cease-fire syndrome." The sad fact is that, despite the obvious deep yearning for peace among the ordinary people in both halves of Vietnam as well as among the weary soldiers, the leaders of the two broken nations have become the prisoners of their own compulsions and seem incapable of compromise. And the Americans have allowed themselves to become badly enmeshed in the political details of the peacemaking procedure, despite their avowed intention of not doing so.

IN reviewing the events of the past three months (I was in Paris in October, when a cease-fire did indeed seem imminent, and in Saigon from mid-November until the third week of December, by which time the peace balloon had burst again), one can draw a number of conclusions—if warily, because, in this peculiar mixture of secret diplomacy and sporadic public self-exculpation, accusation, and lamentation, the facts are being revealed piecemeal, and usually in a distorted, self-serving way. It now appears that Kissinger, adroit as he is, found himself caught between Le Duc Tho's shifting arguments and linguistic gymnastics, on the one hand, and, on the other, President Nixon's revitalized determination, once he was reëlected, to support Thieu's demands regarding both the D.M.Z. and the proposed National Council of National Reconciliation and Concord, the tripartite interim body that will supposedly supervise elections of some sort six months after the cease-fire is signed.

As far as is known, the Communists first made certain concessions but then hedged on the question of the Council's exact political role. In the original draft, the Americans referred to the Council—which is to be made up of pro-Saigon, pro-Communist, and third-force members—as an "administrative structure," while the Communists used the words "*co cau chanh quyen*," meaning, literally, "the structure of legitimate power." It is said that when Thieu strenuously objected to this, Hanoi modified the language, blurring, if not altogether removing, the implication that the Council would be tantamount to a coalition government, and leaving open the question of whether there would be smaller councils at lower levels. Subsequently, there was apparently some backtracking by the Communists on the definition of the Council, again raising the question of whether its establishment would predetermine the future political process in South Vietnam. As Saigon and Washington see it, this matter should be discussed frankly by both sides, but they will not accept the creation of a body that has prior legitimacy in its own right. Kissinger said in his December 16th statement that "political issues" are involved in the alleged protocol changes that have been demanded by the North Vietnamese, and these changes undoubtedly concern the exact meaning of the Council's role.

The Communists also agreed, late in November, to acknowledge the D.M.Z. as a continuing temporary military barrier, and Thieu agreed to donate some South Vietnamese land to extend the southern boundary of the zone by several miles; the new line, at the Cua Viet River, would put most South Vietnamese military posts out of range of the North's big Russian-built 130-mm. artillery. The trouble arose when the United States sought not only to obtain a clearer definition of the new D.M.Z. in political terms but also to set up clear lines of demarcation between the two Vietnams, Laos, and Cambodia—and also to extract some sort of pledge against further North Vietnamese infiltration of the latter two countries. This demand followed North Vietnam's apparent agreement, in principle but not in particulars, to withdraw at least some of its hundred and forty thousand troops from South Vietnam, and perhaps some from Laos and Cambodia, as part of a demobilization of the forces of all sides—most notably the reduction of South Vietnam's more than a million troops.

It is ironic that our conversion of the D.M.Z. issue into a political as well as a military one has resurrected the Communists' temporarily dormant insistence on settling the political and military aspects of the war simultaneously. It was the Communists' agreeing, on October 8th, to a separation of the political and military issues that led the United States to enter the new stage of serious negotiations. Nixon and Kissinger had always insisted that only by such a separation could the war be ended—with the United States negotiating with Hanoi on troop withdrawals and the release of war prisoners, and the opposing sides in South Vietnam determining their own political future. However, the questions of re-infiltration and of the status of the four Indo-China states as separate entities are undoubtedly fundamental to the keeping of the peace, and so should logically be settled prior to political discussions.

The movement of troops within the various countries and between them and North Vietnam has now been linked to another debate as well—this one on a new international control and supervisory commission for Vietnam, made up of representatives from Canada, Indonesia, Poland, and Hungary. A deadlock arose in Paris over the number of commission members and their freedom of movement between Communist and non-Communist areas of South Vietnam. If, as the Communists demand, the number of commission members is limited to two hundred and fifty—as against several thousand proposed by the Americans—the chances of the body's monitoring any cease-fire successfully would be virtually nil. On the other hand, there are those on the Allied side who feel that a thousand or fifteen hundred men would be enough if they had helicopters and jeeps available and were allowed to travel about freely. Communications and transportation facilities are certainly a vital need, and so is a far clearer understanding than yet exists on what the exact functions of the commission members would be—whether they would be called in by the opposing sides to offer opinions, to arbitrate, or to adjudicate disputes. The American plan, as it stood before the breakdown of the last round of talks, was for the commission to have four teams stationed in the D.M.Z., one team stationed at each major South Vietnamese

Beginners' class.

Stratton style.

Stratton Ski Weekers have some particularly inspired ski instruction. Because Stratton instructors keep their own teaching methods polished to perfection with a continual training program of their own. Giving Stratton skiers the finest GLM or Standard instructions available.

The Stratton Ski Week

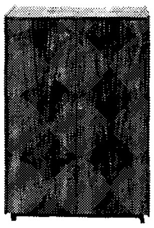
It's more than superior instruction. More than 54 miles of well-groomed trails. Your Stratton Ski Week includes lodging at one of many fine inns. Adventurous dining. A varied social life. All the niceties that make the Stratton style.

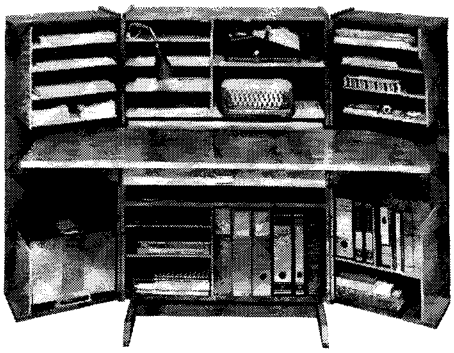
Stratton Ski Weeks (M.A.P.) begin at $105.

For reservations call, toll free (800) 451-4160.

Or write Stratton Mountain, Vermont 05155.

Stratton





We'll pay you $50 to get organized by February 28th.

You don't get a chance to save $50 very often. But if you order The Home Office by Februrary 28th, you'll be saving money. And a lot more.

Because this ingenious piece of furniture is designed so you get more work done in less space. It gives you a place to organize things, and know they'll be there when you need them. And, thanks to its fine Norwegian craftsmanship, it fits beautifully into your living room, den, bedroom, or wherever you like to work.

At first glance, The Home Office looks like a handsome cabinet just 32"W x 45"H x 21"D. But open it, and you'll find everything you need to get down to business. Including a folding glide away desk. 19 adjustable shelves to store all your papers and books. Separate vertical file. Compartmented center drawer. Built-in lamp. Even a lock and key. All in 64"W x 30"D.

The Home Office comes in a choice of dramatically grained woods—Teak, Walnut, and Rosewood. And if you order by February 28th, you get it for only $295 (Rosewood $345.) That's $50 less than it will cost after February 28th. (Usually tax deductible.) Same 10-day, money-back guarantee.

If you can't come in to see The Home Office, order by mail or phone. We ship anywhere in the U.S. for $25. or less (depending on location). Or ask for color brochure. It'll be a long time before you get another chance like this.

Please send me The Home Office at the special sale price of $295 (plus shipping).
☐ Teak ☐ Walnut ☐ Rosewood $345 (Reg. $395)
My check for $________ is enclosed.
Charge to ☐ Master Charge ☐ Diners Club
☐ BankAmericard ☐ American Express
Acct. No.________ YH113-3
Name________ Tel.________
Address________
City________ State________ Zip________
N.Y. residents please add appropriate sales tax.

GREATWOOD PRODUCTS, INC.
290 Madison Avenue (corner 40th St.)
New York, New York 10017 (212) 686-7232

Courtenay...
another heirloom collection
in solid wood... by Davis.
DAVIS
CABINET COMPANY
"Craftsmen of Fine SOLID WOOD Furniture"
NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE

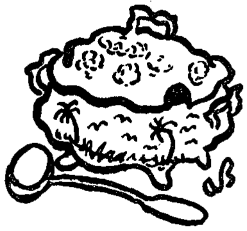
The Talbots
Casual Canvas

Au courant and very comfortable, our espadrilles are imported from France and made with canvas uppers, crepe-rubber soles and rope-trimmed wedgie heels. Green, white, hot pink, yellow, red or navy. Whole sizes 5-10, N and M. $13.00. Add $1.00 for postage. **Send for free catalog.**

THE TALBOTS • DEPT. CK, HINGHAM, MASS. 02043
Duxbury, Lenox, Mass.; Mt. Carmel, Avon, Conn.

JAMAICA
Goblin Hill
Jamaican hideaway on a lush estate overlooking San San Bay and beach. Handsomely-appointed villas with full kitchen and housekeeping service. Tennis, golf, pool, game fishing. Daily European Plan 1-bedroom villa $75, 2-bedroom $100. A la carte restaurant. Information & Reservations: WDI MUNDY, INC., 501 Fifth Ave. New York 10016. (212) 868-0420. Northeastern states call toll-free 800-221-7390.

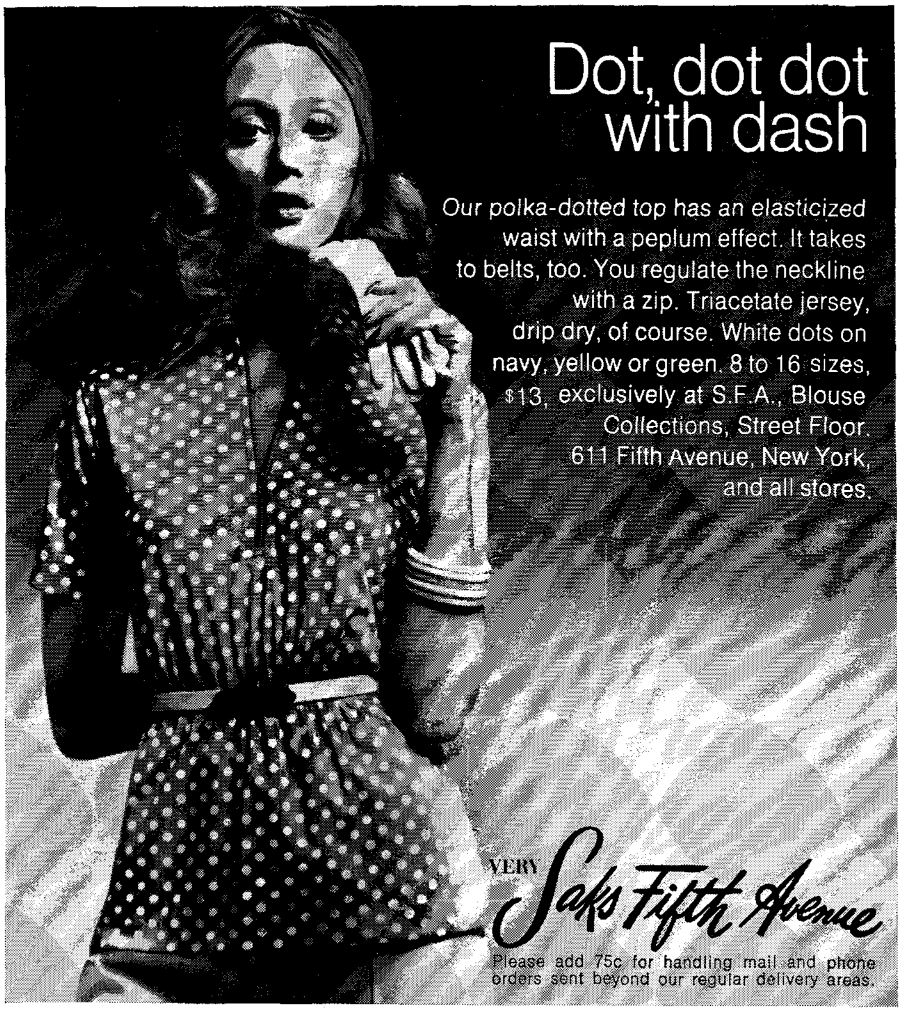
port, one in Hanoi to supervise the return of American prisoners, and others distributed among key provincial and district capitals—all to be freely mobile. The Communists, according to Kissinger, wanted half of their proposed two hundred and fifty commission members permanently stationed at headquarters, with the mobility of the remainder severely limited according to the dictates of liaison officers of whichever side was being investigated. In talks in Saigon with representatives of one or another of the nations that have been asked to be commission members, I have found considerable skepticism about the feasibility of the whole scheme as a way of supervising any "leopard-skin," or in-place, cease-fire, which is what is supposed to emerge from the talks. No one seemed to know any more than was known two months ago about what the relationship of the commission would be to other proposed military commissions envisioned by the negotiators: a temporary one, composed of Americans, North Vietnamese, and the two opposing factions in South Vietnam, and a permanent one, composed of representatives of just the two South Vietnamese sides. The feeling is that the supervisory commission would get nowhere without some higher body to which it could appeal, such as, possibly, a permanent secretariat to be set up by a Geneva-type international conference of about fourteen nations, including the major powers—a conference that, according to the agreements as they are now outlined, would meet thirty days after a cease-fire is signed. But, as one concerned official put it, "if we don't settle fights at lower levels, chances are they won't be settled anywhere else." (The history of a still existing International Control Commission, set up by the 1954 Geneva Conference to police the subsequent Indo-China cease-fire and manned by representatives of India, Canada, and Poland, is far from heartening; usually prevented by Indian doubts and Polish vetoes from taking any substantive action, these I.C.C. members have mostly sat in their headquarters and deplored the events around them.)



IT has become only too apparent that Dr. Kissinger overstated the case when he said in his December 16th press conference, "We have an agreement that is ninety-nine per cent completed as far as the text of the agreement is concerned," adding that its "associated implementations are very simple to conclude if one takes the basic provisions of international supervision that are in the text of the agreement." If that was indeed so, and if, as Kissinger added, the negotiators were "one decision away from a settlement," the ferocious resumption of bombing seems all the more reprehensible. One doesn't smile in a Paris garden with one's negotiatory opposite, claim that an agreement is ninety-nine per cent completed, and less than a week later carpet-bomb the country with whose representatives one is dealing. Not until the whole complicated story of the negotiations is made public, including the confounding "linguistic" and "protocol" changes that Kissinger referred to in his December 16th press conference, will anyone know who led whom down the garden path, and whether the misunderstandings that occurred were honest differences among honest men or whether the whole performance was a contest in casuistry. For the moment, one can only wonder what prompted Hanoi, in the first place, to make public the basic nine-point agreement on October 26th—the move that in turn led to Kissinger's "peace-is-at-hand" press conference some hours later. Hanoi's expectation that an agreement would be signed by October 31st was probably based on what Kissinger, perhaps out of a profound miscomprehension of the Vietnamese mind, led it to believe. The North Vietnamese may have felt that they had won enough concessions to force the issue prior to the American election—since a cease-fire would presumably help Nixon's chances—and before Saigon could persuade our President to demand major changes. Once it became apparent that nothing would be signed that quickly, the whole game plan changed, with Hanoi and Saigon alike deciding to bargain for time, each for the purpose of better preparing itself for the cease-fire.

American officials in Saigon are convinced that Hanoi definitely still wants to end the war, or at least gain a long respite from major hostilities, in order to receive a large share of the seven and a half billion dollars' worth of aid that Nixon has promised for the rehabilitation of the whole of Indo-China. (The Japanese have promised an additional large sum.) Even in late November, North Vietnamese editorials and broadcasts coupled determination "to protect independence and freedom" with the desire "to turn a new page in the history of relations between our country and the United States" and "seek peace and friendship." The fact that during the cease-fire talks Hanoi raised no objections to the relocation in Thailand of components of the Seventh United States Air Force and the Military Assistance Command which are now in Vietnam or to the continued post-cease-fire presence of the Seventh Fleet, including aircraft carriers, in Vietnamese waters has been cited as proof that the North Vietnamese are not thinking in terms of a renewed major offensive at this point. Some Western and Eastern diplomats in Saigon, including several who travel regularly to Hanoi as members of the old International Control Commission, were by no means certain before the new bombing began that postwar aid was in itself a sufficient bait, and they are less certain now. But if Nixon is proved right, this may be the first war in history to be settled on the odd principle that the more you destroy the quicker and better you can rebuild. By this theory, bombs and money can do anything, morality is meaningless, and any form of wickedness can be interpreted as an act of faith in the future.

WHATEVER Hanoi's rationale on postwar aid may be, and whatever private urge for vengeance the North Vietnamese may harbor, there is only one sure way that the war in Vietnam can be ended once and for all, and that is for Washington, Moscow, and Peking to agree to stop all *military* assistance to the two contending forces. While Congress may indeed impose a ban on further American military aid, it seems unlikely that the Russians and the Chinese will follow suit, even though there are continuing signs that both Moscow and Peking—whose reactions to the new bombing have been relatively mild—are eager to end the war, to neutralize Indo-China and Southeast Asia, and to continue developing their new relationships with the United States. In recent weeks, while the negotiations in Paris were going through various difficult stages, both pledged some new economic and military aid to North Vietnam, and just before Christmas, as the bombing was resumed, Truong Chinh, the head of the Standing Committee of the North Vietnamese National Assembly and one of the three top-ranking Communists in the Hanoi hierarchy, was in Moscow on a ceremonial visit and undoubtedly seized the opportunity to ask for more help to meet the new emergency. The Russians, despite having urged the



Our polka-dotted top has an elasticized waist with a peplum effect. It takes to belts, too. You regulate the neckline with a zip. Triacetate jersey, drip dry, of course. White dots on navy, yellow or green. 8 to 16 sizes, $13, exclusively at S.F.A., Blouse Collections, Street Floor, 611 Fifth Avenue, New York, and all stores.

Please add 75c for handling mail and phone orders sent beyond our regular delivery areas.

TIME IS RUNNING OUT FOR THOSE WHO DREAM OF A BEAUTIFUL LITTLE COTTAGE BY THE SEA.

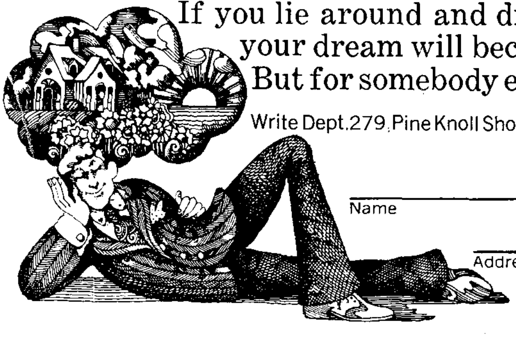
Many still dream of a quiet place by the sea, and yet there are only a few left. Pine Knoll Shores is one of them.

This rare community is tucked away in tall timber and thick vegetation on an island off the coast of North Carolina.

It's ideal for a vacation retreat, retirement or an investment, because we intend to keep it the peaceful place that it is.

We have a beautiful booklet describing Pine Knoll Shores. Its people. And the types of homes that have been built.

We hope you'll send for it right away.



If you lie around and dream too much longer, then your dream will become a reality.

But for somebody else. PINE KNOLL SHORES

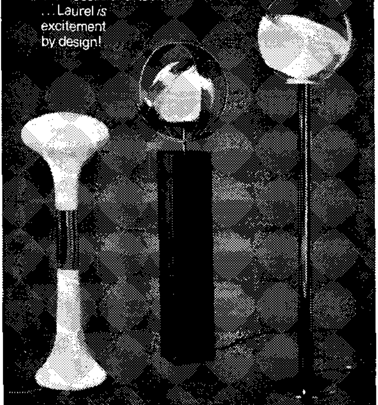
Write Dept.279, Pine Knoll Shores, P.O. Box 736, Morehead City, N.C. 28557

Name

Address

City/State/Zip

This offer is not effective in Florida. A statement and offering statement has been filed with the Department of State of the State of New York. The filing does not constitute approval of the sale or lease or offer for sale or lease by the Department of State or any officer thereof or that the Department of State has in any way passed upon the merits of such offering. A copy of the offering statement is available, upon request, from the subdivider and in addition thereto the assigned advertising number. NYA #1080-1.



LAUREL LAMP...
EXCITEMENT BY DESIGN

The day of the "ordinary" lamp is over as Laurel introduces "exciting lighting." Original designs and extraordinary imports of brass, chrome, marble, fine hardwoods, colorful acrylics and even sculptures that double as wild and wonderful table lamps! Table lamps, floor lamps, graphics . . . even occasional tables . . . Laurel *is* excitement by design!

laurel lamp

A catalog is available that shows several other exciting Laurel styles. For a copy, write—Laurel Lamp, Department N, Box 223, Williston Park, New York 11720

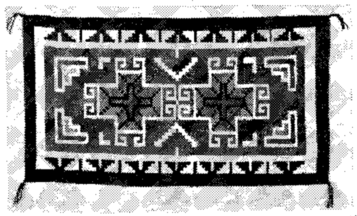
NEW YORK / HIGH POINT / LOS ANGELES / SAN FRANCISCO / DALLAS / CHICAGO

RAMAYANA
Superb Indonesian Cuisine

Entertainment Direct from Indonesia featuring the Balinese Dance—Dancing to Live Music

LUNCH • BUFFET
DINNER • COCKTAILS
NO COVER • NO MINIMUM

123 West 52nd St.
Tel. 581-1170



TWO GREY HILLS
Quality hand woven Navajo rugs, natural wool colors of black, white, grey, tan. A vanishing art from the finest weavers of the Navajo country. No two alike. Rugs from $100 to $1000. Indian pueblo pottery, kachinas, Spanish woodcarvings. Send 50¢ for brochure.
CHAPULIN
San Juan Pueblo Trading Post
San Juan Pueblo, New Mexico 87566

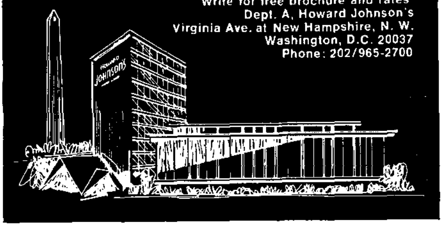
North Vietnamese to negotiate, were scarcely in a position to deny them rapid replacement of such weaponry as the SAM-2 surface-to-air missiles that have been shooting down B-52s over Hanoi.

But even if the Communist world cannot allow Hanoi to accept defeat, there is little doubt that in North Vietnam economic and morale problems combined with growing war weariness several months ago to produce basic agreement among the leaders that they should negotiate for a cease-fire and thus gain a respite—although there were, and still are, differences over tactics between the hard- and soft-liners in the Politburo. These differences were revealed in Paris in late November and early December, when Le Duc Tho suddenly became intransigent. When the talks were resumed, Tho presented the list of changes and new demands that Kissinger complained about. But these tactical shifts—no doubt spurred by what Hanoi saw as increasing friction between Saigon and Washington and by the possibility that the American Congress might move to cut aid to South Vietnam—do not mean that Hanoi's leaders have changed their minds about calling a halt to their main-force effort in South Vietnam. Recent speeches to agricultural workers and to port laborers in Haiphong by Le Duan, the chief of the Laodong Party and the No. 1 man in the Politburo, show that he no longer advocates an all-out offensive, as he did last year. And both Truong Chinh and Premier Pham Van Dong, together with the chief economic expert, Le Thanh Nghi, and even General Vo Nguyen Giap, Hanoi's Defense Minister and chief exponent of all-out war, appear to have realized that the North Vietnamese people are by now less willing than they were to make endless sacrifices for victory without some assurance that a sincere effort is being made to achieve peace. This common attitude of the Politburo leaders was clearly expressed in an article in the November issue of *Hoc Tap*, the Party's leading theoretical journal, which said: "There is a time for us to advance, but there is also a time for us to step backward temporarily in order to advance more steadily later. We cannot exterminate imperialism at one time and in a single battle. We drive it back step by step and destroy it part by part. . . . The Communists do not always reject all kinds of agreement. When it is necessary to reach an agreement, the Communists do not neglect their revolutionary objective or allow the limited and immediate interests to

Blue Flower Porcelain
Unchanged since the Royal Copenhagen Porcelain's factory was established nearly 200 years ago.
The graceful rococo bouquets are handpainted under the glaze ensuring that they will never fade.
Coffee set for 8: $ 171.25.
5 pcs. place setting: $ 30.–
Royal Copenhagen Art
Available at fine stores everywhere and from our shop:
ROYAL COPENHAGEN PORCELAIN
573 Madison Avenue, New York 10022

IN WASHINGTON, THE KENNEDY CENTER AND HOWARD JOHNSON'S MOTOR LODGE ARE NEXT DOOR NEIGHBORS.

Write for free brochure and rates
Dept. A, Howard Johnson's
Virginia Ave. at New Hampshire, N. W.
Washington, D.C. 20037
Phone: 202/965-2700



Louie's Back Yard
An inexpensive place for people with money
Key West
305-294-2235

Outstanding Forest Hideaway
Circa 1780 log house, fastidiously restored, elegantly furnished and equipped, in exquisite Appalachian setting on Tree Farm abutting National Forest. By week or month and yours alone. Year round. Information from Choppingale Tree Farms, Deerfield, Virginia, 24432.

blur the awareness of the lasting interests of the entire movement."

To what extent Nixon's drastic decision to launch the biggest bombings of the war was influenced by his information regarding conditions in North Vietnam is a matter of conjecture, but such information must have been a factor, along with the intelligence that the mining and blockade of Haiphong and other ports, and the earlier bombing of communication lines, had reduced the flow of aid to North Vietnam from the Communist nations by at least sixty per cent. There was certainly no big buildup in the North to launch a new drive in the South, as Washington initially declared. The North Vietnamese were simply preparing for the future in the South, just as the Americans were shipping in huge amounts of supplies to reinforce the South Vietnamese armed forces. According to intelligence estimates, some eleven thousand North Vietnamese replacements were scheduled to come down the Ho Chi Minh Trail in December, January, and February, but most of these, the estimates indicate, are specialists of various kinds—engineers and transportation supervisors—and political workers. Ninety new tanks are also en route to replace about seven hundred tanks lost in the 1972 offensive. The heavy bombing attacks on the narrow mountain passes north of the Trail have not completely stopped the flow of traffic southward, though they have impeded it. Nor have the bombings stopped the North Vietnamese from completing two vital new roads into South Vietnam—one leading from the Trail into the A Shau Valley, west of Danang, and the other, a hundred miles or so to the south, at Ba To, in Quang Ngai Province, tying into a western highlands route from Kontum Province. The building of these roads, parts of which are hidden by dense jungle, is an indication that the North Vietnamese are looking ahead to future offensives, but no one expects any major operations until 1974 at the earliest.

ONE of the more fascinating aspects of the last three months of negotiations has been the touchy relationship between Hanoi and the top Communist echelon in the South—the Provisional Revolutionary Government in South Vietnam, which was established in 1969, and is represented by its own delegation in Paris. There have been indications that the P.R.G. is being at least temporarily shelved in favor of the old National Liberation Front, which it partly supplanted, and some

There are those who would have you believe that elegance and all that is grand went out with royalty.

These same people would probably tell you that America could never create a hotel in the grand manner anyway.

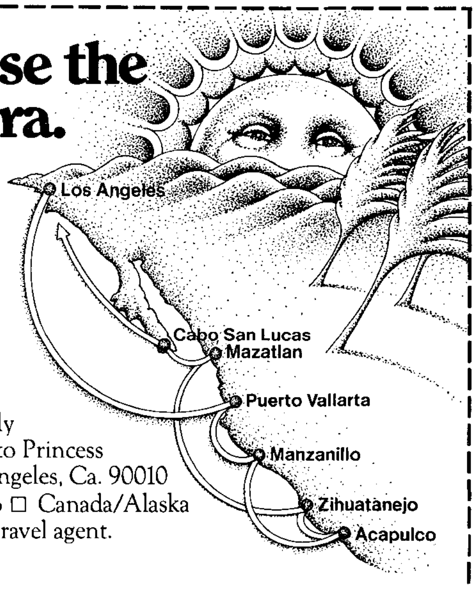
All of which tells you: They have never stayed at the Regency.

The Regency Hotel

Park Avenue at 61st Street, New York, N.Y. 10021. (212) 759-4100
A LOEWS HOTEL

This year, cruise the Mexican Riviera.

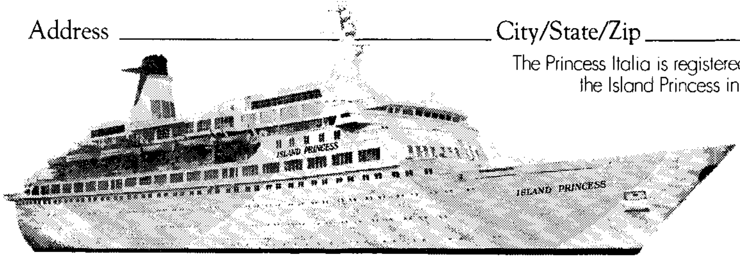
To Acapulco, brightest jewel in the Pacific crown; idyllic Puerto Vallarta; Mazatlan, Manzanillo; newly discovered Zihuatanejo; and Cabo San Lucas, where pirates laid in wait for treasure-laden Spanish ships. Visit them all on a 14 day cruise on the glamorous Princess Italia or the new Island Princess, the most luxurious cruise ships on the West Coast. Or fly one way and cruise the other. Write to Princess Cruises, 3435 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, Ca. 90010 for colorful brochures on ☐ Mexico ☐ Canada/Alaska and ☐ the Caribbean. Or see your travel agent.



Name ____________________

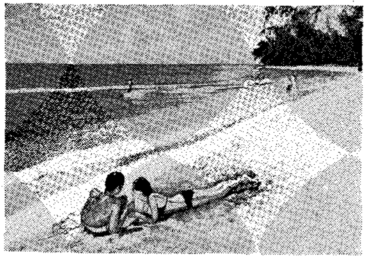
Address ____________________ City/State/Zip ____________________

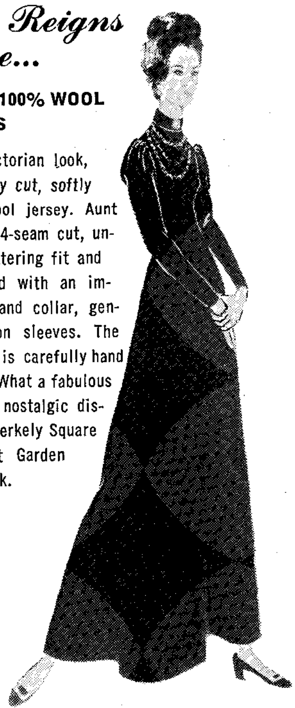
The Princess Italia is registered in Italy, the Island Princess in Norway.

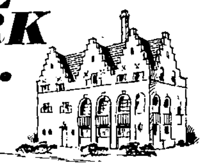


Princess Cruises®
Mexico • Hawaii • Caribbean • So. America • Canada • Alaska

NY-1-13-73


BARBADOS
Stay at 1—Enjoy all 4
On St. James beach, 4 small, select resorts—very British-in-the-islands sort of casual luxury everywhere. Air-conditioned rooms, or suites with kitchenettes and private verandahs. 7 miles from Bridgetown's shops. Enjoy 4 pools, 4 snug beaches, 4 exchange dining rooms, Managers' cocktail parties, buffets, barbecues, patio dancing and entertainment.
COLONY CLUB
DISCOVERY BAY INN
COCONUT CREEK CLUB
Represented by Hetland & Stevens, New York
PHONE (212) TN7-1450
TAMARIND COVE
Represented by Leonard Hicks, New York
PHONE (212) 765-5800
Or Call Your Travel Agent

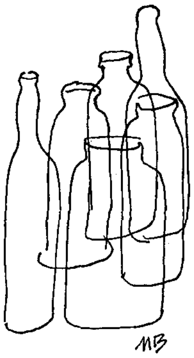

Victoria Reigns Supreme...
IN OUR LONG 100% WOOL JERSEY DRESS
Long live the Victorian look, here in a superbly cut, softly smooth 100% wool jersey. Aunt Abigail's famous 4-seam cut, unparalleled for flattering fit and elegance. Tailored with an imperial stand-up band collar, gentle leg a' mutton sleeves. The long back zipper is carefully hand sewn by experts. What a fabulous background for a nostalgic display of jewelry. Berkely Square Burgundy, Covent Garden Green, Royal Black.
Sizes 8-18.
$44.95 ppd.
J. JILL LTD.
Dept. N-13
Great Barrington, Mass. 01230


KNIFE & FORK INN...
ATLANTIC CITY'S FINEST SEAFOOD
Est. 1912

other organizations. In fact, shortly before the Paris talks broke down, Hanoi had gone so far as to compromise with Washington, and with President Thieu, by agreeing to substitute the N.L.F. for the P.R.G. in the bilateral talks with Saigon, and thus seemed to accept Washington's concept that there exist in South Vietnam "two warring parties" rather than two governments—Saigon's and the P.R.G.'s. This may very well have been only a temporary ploy to meet halfway Thieu's demand that South Vietnam be regarded as a sovereign nation with a single government. The P.R.G. has certainly not been eliminated, but as early as October the differences between it and Hanoi were apparent in Paris, particularly over the North Vietnamese acceptance of Thieu, if only as a transitional figure, and over the political prisoners being held by the Saigon government; the P.R.G. has been more insistent than Hanoi that all these prisoners, civilian as well as military, be released as soon as a cease-fire is signed and the American war prisoners are set free. As the negotiations in Paris reached an impasse in December, and as the Americans changed some of their demands to satisfy Thieu, Hanoi, in turn, swung back to adopting the P.R.G. argument about prisoners held in South Vietnam, insisting, as it had earlier, that these prisoners be released in conjunction with the Americans held in the North. Apparently this was a tactical shift—representing what Hanoi deemed a justified renege for a renege by the Americans, rather than fresh support for the P.R.G. However—especially now that there are more prisoners in North Vietnam as a result of the newly downed B-52s and other aircraft—the prisoner issue could be reopened on a wider scale as the new talks begin.

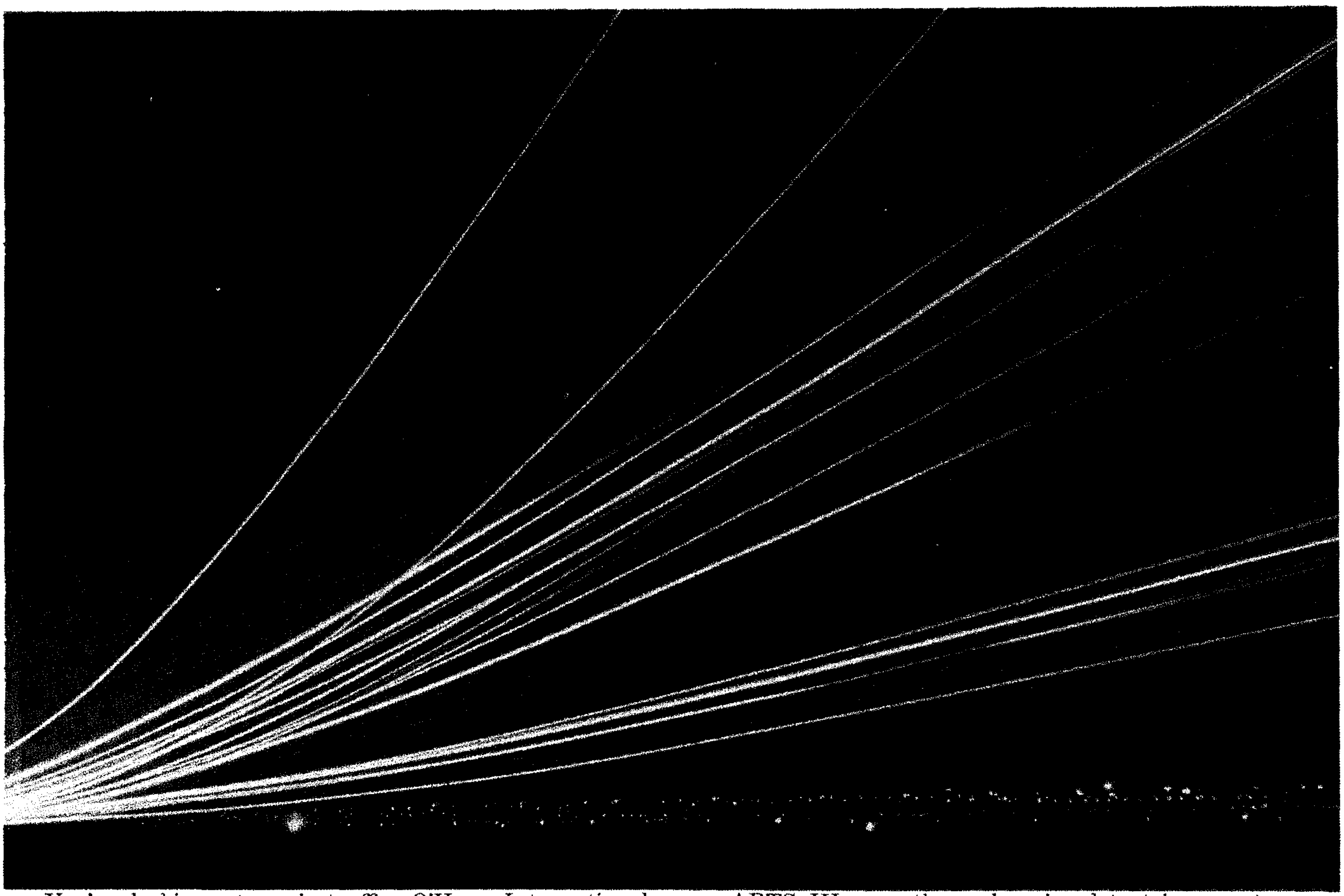
It has long been obvious that while the Laodong Party in Hanoi dominates the Communist apparatus in the South and hands down policy directives and guidelines, some of the leading Southern Communists would like to establish a more independent role for themselves. They and a random group of Communist sympathizers, ranging from semi-independent anti-government figures to members of Communist-front organizations—such as the Alliance of National, Democratic, and Peace Forces, which was established during the Tet offensive of 1968—are likely to engage in power struggles of their own when a cease-fire is finally signed and the "administrative structure" of the Council of National Reconciliation and Concord is established. Hanoi will certainly seek to maintain its control over the Communist members of the Council, through COSVN and by virtue of the fact that in the South at least twenty thousand members of the North Vietnamese Army have been mixed in among some eighty thousand Vietcong, to say nothing of several thousand additional Northern political workers, who are among the fifteen thousand hard-core Communists directing the "legal" and "illegal" infrastructure—the "legal" apparatus taking in Communists who are living and working in the rural and urban areas, sometimes holding government jobs, and the "illegal" structure including Communists still operating underground. When a cease-fire is eventually declared, the legal workers will probably make their identities and affiliations known, but the illegal ones will remain submerged until the "final political struggle"—still also referred to by the Communists as the "general uprising." This presumably ultimate resolution of South Vietnam's destiny was originally scheduled for 1968 but has now, it appears, been postponed for another two or three years.

The most important Communist in South Vietnam today is still Pham Hung, the fourth- or fifth-ranking member of the Hanoi Politburo, who, as the head of COSVN for the past five years, has directed both the political and the military effort throughout the South.



Hung himself is a Southerner, having been born in Vinh Long Province, in the Delta. A veteran Communist, he was a charter member of the old Indo-Chinese Communist Party, formed in 1930; spent several years in the French-run Poulo Condore island prison, off the South Vietnamese coast, during the colonial period; and after his release, in 1945, went to North Vietnam. He returned to the South for a time in the early fifties to head the secret Vietminh security services, and then went North again. Hung has worked closely through the years with Le Duan and Le Duc Tho, the two other Politburo members who know most about the South and have played the most important directive roles there. The three men together—and Hung especially, because he is on the scene—will undoubtedly decide which Southern Communists will be placed on the Council of National Reconciliation and Concord when it is set

When you're responsible for a planeload of people every 26 seconds, you need all the help you can get.



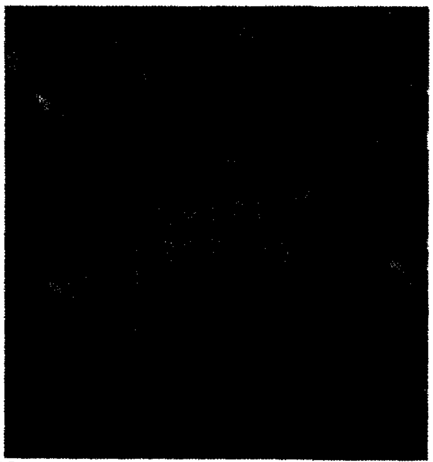
You're looking at peak traffic, O'Hare International Airport, Chicago. A plane in or out every 26 seconds.

Not the time nor place to make a man do mental gymnastics. But once that was an inevitable part of the air traffic controller's job.

Conventional radar told him only, "Here's a plane." Nothing more. But to bring a plane in safely through the web of traffic, he had to know much more.

To get the facts he had to radio the pilot, remember every change in altitude and airspeed, remember which blip was which plane—while new planes kept coming. A gruelling combination of tension and mental bookkeeping.

The FAA asked Sperry Univac to make the job easier. The result is the Univac® ARTS III computer system.



ARTS III uses the radar signal to trigger a transponder in the approaching plane. The transponder signals the ARTS III computer with the necessary facts, as shown in this display for United Air Lines Flight 171, altitude 9700, speed 260.

Already working at 49 airports, Sperry Univac's ARTS III is giving air traffic controllers more time to concentrate on the real job—getting the planes in safely.

That's Sperry's big idea: Making machines do more, so man can do more.

It's the common purpose that makes Univac, New Holland, Vickers, Sperry and Remington add up to Sperry Rand Corporation.

For more information, write to Sperry Rand Corporation, 1290 Avenue of the Americas, New York, New York 10019.

SPERRY
SPERRY RAND CORPORATION

MAKING MACHINES DO MORE, SO MAN CAN DO MORE.

GM
MARK OF EXCELLENCE

Buick's new Opel Manta.
2,000,000,000 miles in Europe. $2,769 in America.

Manta. $2,768.50 for the plush Manta Luxus with all the standard features listed on the price sticker below. Give up a little plush and Manta is $2,578.50. Or go sporty with Manta Rallye—$2,757.50. All prices are Manufacturer's Suggested Retail Prices, including dealer new vehicle preparation charges. Optional equipment, State and local taxes and destination charges are additional.

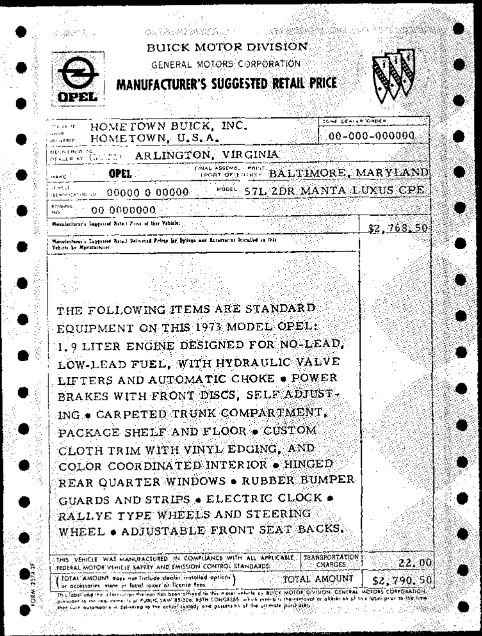
Manta. The personal-size sport coupe proven in more than 2 billion miles of actual driving. Not on test tracks or proving grounds but on European roads.

Manta. With rack and pinion steering for twisting Alpine curves. A 1.9 liter engine for responsive autobahn driving. Disc brakes up front. And a grand-touring ride you'll just have to feel.

Manta. Luxurious. Economical. Comfortable. Contour bucket seats that recline.

Interiors that even include corduroy fabric in the Luxus model.

The Opel Manta, Manta Rallye, Manta Luxus.
Really ready for America.



OPEL

BUICK MOTOR DIVISION
GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION
MANUFACTURER'S SUGGESTED RETAIL PRICE

HOMETOWN BUICK, INC.
HOMETOWN, U.S.A.

ZONE DEALER ORDER 00-000-000000

DELIVERED TO DEALER AT ARLINGTON, VIRGINIA

MAKE OPEL

FINAL ASSEMBLY POINT (PORT OF ENTRY) BALTIMORE, MARYLAND

VEHICLE IDENTIFICATION NO. 00000 0 00000

MODEL 57L 2DR MANTA LUXUS CPE

ENGINE NO. 00 0000000

Manufacturer's Suggested Retail Price of this Vehicle: $2,768.50

Manufacturer's Suggested Retail Delivered Prices for Options and Accessories Installed on this Vehicle by Manufacturer

THE FOLLOWING ITEMS ARE STANDARD EQUIPMENT ON THIS 1973 MODEL OPEL: 1.9 LITER ENGINE DESIGNED FOR NO-LEAD, LOW-LEAD FUEL, WITH HYDRAULIC VALVE LIFTERS AND AUTOMATIC CHOKE • POWER BRAKES WITH FRONT DISCS, SELF ADJUSTING • CARPETED TRUNK COMPARTMENT, PACKAGE SHELF AND FLOOR • CUSTOM CLOTH TRIM WITH VINYL EDGING, AND COLOR COORDINATED INTERIOR • HINGED REAR QUARTER WINDOWS • RUBBER BUMPER GUARDS AND STRIPS • ELECTRIC CLOCK • RALLYE TYPE WHEELS AND STEERING WHEEL • ADJUSTABLE FRONT SEAT BACKS.

THIS VEHICLE WAS MANUFACTURED IN COMPLIANCE WITH ALL APPLICABLE FEDERAL MOTOR VEHICLE SAFETY AND EMISSION CONTROL STANDARDS.

TRANSPORTATION CHARGES 22.00

(TOTAL AMOUNT does not include dealer installed options or accessories, state or local taxes or license fees.)

TOTAL AMOUNT $2,790.50

This label and the information thereon has been affixed to this motor vehicle by BUICK MOTOR DIVISION, GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION, pursuant to the requirements of PUBLIC LAW 85-506, 85TH CONGRESS, which prohibits the removal or alteration of this label prior to the time that such automobile is delivered to the actual custody and possession of the ultimate purchaser.

FORM 2573-2F

German precision imported by General Motors.
Sold and serviced by 2200 Buick dealers.

up. Among them, and possibly the leader of the group, will be Huynh Tan Phat, who is chairman of the P.R.G., vice-chairman of the Central Committee of the N.L.F., and head of the N.L.F.'s Saigon-Gia Dinh Committee. Phat, a former youth leader, worked closely with the Vietminh in the 1945 period and then became secretary-general of the Democratic Party, which coöperated with the Communists. An architect by profession, he is a respected, popular, soft-spoken Southerner with many connections, especially in Saigon and the Delta, and would be the logical man to try to weld the Southern Communists and the third-force elements they hope to dominate, most notably some of the urban intellectuals, into a common front. Other men who have probably been designated to play leading roles are Tran Buu Kiem, who holds ministerial rank in the P.R.G.; Tran Nam Trung, a pseudonym for a high-ranking general who is the P.R.G. Minister of Defense and sometime acting political officer of COSVN; General Dong Van Cong, the Deputy Minister of Defense and the top Vietcong officer in the South; Nguyen Van Trieu, who has held important Party posts in several military regions in the South; Nguyen Huu Tho, chairman of the N.L.F.; and Trinh Dinh Thao, chairman of the Alliance of National, Democratic, and Peace Forces. The last two were once prominent Saigon lawyers, and their presence as members of the Communist delegation in the Council would serve more as window dressing than anything else, since, unlike the others, they are not long-time Party members.

Whatever the Council does or does not do, hardly anyone in South Vietnam, Communist or non-Communist, expects elections to take place for a long time. Thieu has, of course, made a great issue of the Council's not being regarded as a coalition government; in any case, it will probably not play a significant role for an indefinite period. If any sort of peace can be held together by the cease-fire machinery, the Council will, at best, simply serve as a sort of forum. It will be inhibited by having to operate under the rule of unanimity, and whatever progress it makes will depend on good will, of which there isn't very much anywhere in Vietnam right now.

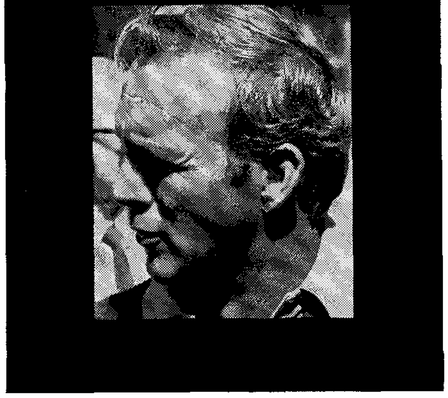
DESPITE their many problems, the Communists in the South once again appear to be preparing more thoroughly and efficiently for the future than the Saigon government is. One index of the Communists' continued strength and the government's weakness is the growth of terrorism. In 1972, there were approximately forty thousand occurrences in the South classified as Communist terrorism, ranging from assassinations to propaganda lectures that peasants in the hamlets and villages were physically forced to attend. This is a greater number of such events than in any other year of the long war; even in 1968, the year of the Tet offensive, the figure was about five hundred less. And the actual figure for 1972 is certainly even higher, since about a third of the occurrences are said to go unreported.

Although the Communist offensive that began last March did not succeed, chiefly because of American air power, it did a great deal to disrupt the government's security in the hamlets and villages throughout the country. Conservative American estimates, which the Vietnamese privately do not deny, is that security went down by at least twenty-five per cent over-all; according to the latest figures (which have not been publicized), forty-three per cent of the nation's hamlets are now either contested or under some form of Communist control, though seventy per cent of the rural *population* still lives in government-controlled villages and hamlets, which have always been more densely inhabited.

Militarily, the Communist regular, or main, forces, both North Vietnamese and Vietcong, have for the most part been broken down into battalion- or company-size units. When it appeared that a cease-fire was imminent in November, there was a lot of Communist military activity, accompanied by mortar and rocket attacks against government installations and some cities, including Saigon and its surrounding area. This extended into mid-December and will undoubtedly be resumed; the Communists seem to have plenty of Russian-made rockets available, though they are running short of other types of ammunition and, in some places, of food. Given the difficulties they have faced, however, their pre-cease-fire position at the end of the year was by no means weak.

Despite the fact that government regular troops, totalling between eight and nine hundred thousand, outnumbered the Communists nearly four to one, Saigon's forces have lately continued to show the same lack of aggressiveness that, with some exceptions, has

Golf Mountain.



The Arnold Palmer Golf Academy at Stratton Mountain, Vermont, is more than a golf training program for boys 11 to 17.

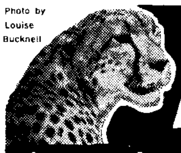
An illustrated brochure for Summer '72 is now available. Just send the enclosed coupon.

Arnold Palmer Golf Academy Box G011
Stratton Mountain, Vermont 05155

Name____________________
Address____________________
City____________________
State____________________

Arnold Palmer
Golf Academy STRATTON

Photo by Louise Bucknell



OUR EAST AFRICA

is more than elephants and lions

Leisurely three-week tours with authoritative leadership.

You'll see...

twelve national parks and game reserves ...elephants, hippos, rhinos. The hoofed beasts: zebra, giraffe, impala, wildebeeste, buffalo and others. The predators: lion, leopard, cheetah plus smaller hunters.

The whole magnificent land from the snows of Mt. Kenya and Kilimanjaro to the beaches of the Indian Ocean...tribesmen as natural and exotic as the wildlife... white settlers...Asians in turbans or saris ...veiled Moslem women...the ethnic struggle...tribalism vs. nationalism... agriculture vs. conservation...progress vs. prehistoric folkways.

Our Physical Services Match The Richness Of The Experience

the best accommodations...uncrowded cars...everybody has body room and a window seat. Leisurely pace...two nights in the same place more often than not. *Generously inclusive price (including tips) with round trip air from New York.* **$1675**

June, July, August, add $52

For brochure, see your travel agent or write to

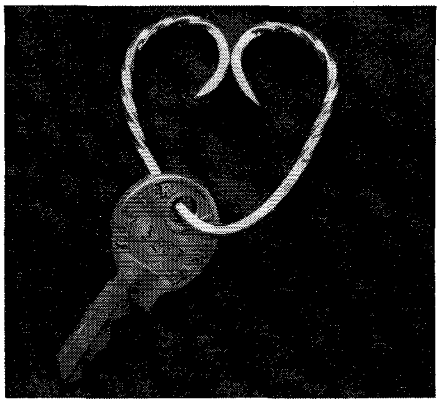
National Parks and Conservation Assoc.
Tour Office: 18 East 41 St., N.Y., N.Y. 10017
(212) 532-7075

Please send your East Africa brochure to
Name____________________
Address____________________
City________State______Zip______
I am interested in departures in (month)

For Rent:
John's Island, Florida

John's Island is a private 1,500 acre resort community built around the Ocean, Indian River and eighteen championship golf holes designed by Pete Dye and Jack Nicklaus. Located adjacent to Vero Beach, in sub-tropical Florida, John's Island is owned and administered by the same family that created Lost Tree Village. Golf cottages and private residences bordering the fairways of the John's Island course and Oceanfront Condominium apartments are privately owned and may be rented through the John's Island Property Owners Association while the owner is not in residence. These attractive two and three bedroom retreats are fully furnished and ready for immediate occupancy. Guest privileges are offered to the John's Island Club, golf course, tennis courts, and 2½ miles of private beach. Requests for rental applications and a brochure may be obtained by writing 1 John's Island Drive, Vero Beach, Florida 32960. (305) 567-7147.

john's island



18K gold, hand-crafted Key-ring made in Italy exclusively for us. A beautiful gift for any loving occasion. $33.50 postpaid. Duty, if any, payable on receipt.
Write for our illustrated brochure
"A distinguished store of impeccable reputation"
C. & M. CARON
P.O.Box 1735 Dept. N
St.Thomas, Virgin Islands 00801
You may charge to your American Express Card

Minutes from the glories of New York City with the economy of New Jersey.
- The Lamp Light Room . . . Gourmet Dining.
- Wooden Indian Lounge . . . Exciting Entertainment.

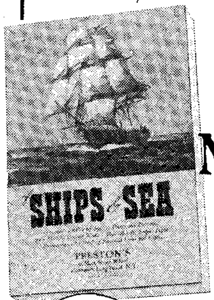
THE NEW Hotel Winfield Scott
(201) 352-1000
323 North Broad St.• Elizabeth, N.J.

characterized their behavior throughout the long war. Essentially, the government remains defense-minded. The leadership given by officers has improved somewhat, but troop morale is still low; though aware that the war may still go on indefinitely on a guerrilla basis and possibly be renewed on a major scale two or three or five years hence, the Vietnamese soldiers in both the Regular Army and the paramilitary territorial forces worry about being the last man to die.

The organizational ability and the ruthlessness of the Communists, combined with a general realization that the North Vietnamese will, at best, withdraw only partially and slowly, have created a new malaise, if not an actual fear, throughout government ranks. Though individual units have frequently acquitted themselves well in battle once they have been engaged, the principal tendency is to respond to a Communist attack, however small, by calling in air and artillery. But the ability of the South Vietnamese to operate in this fashion without the help of the Americans has yet to be proved, and, in any case, such a conventional response is not the most effective way to counteract the unconventional methods at which the Communists are so adept. In the Delta, for example, where a considerable number of government outposts continue to be overrun, and where the situation, especially in the south, has deteriorated badly, the government response has been to "shrink in;" that is, to strengthen the outposts and fire bases nearest to the population centers, and to try to maintain control of the roads and major canals. North Vietnamese elements from Cambodia now occupy most of the southern Delta and will almost surely stay there "in place" when there is a cease-fire. Efforts by the Thieu government to get the Americans to persuade Hanoi to withdraw its troops at least from this region and the region around Saigon were, not surprisingly, unsuccessful.

Elsewhere in the country, the Communists have been maneuvering to put themselves in as advantageous a position as possible when the projected leopard-skin cease-fire occurs. In the northernmost area, around Quang Tri, they control almost all the countryside, with the government holding the provincial and district capitals and some villages. In the Central Highlands, from Pleiku and Kontum Provinces across to the coast, the story is pretty much the same, and the Communists have been solidifying their position all the way from Da-

WASHINGTON, D.C.
A Renaissance of Graciousness
A luxury hotel in the great European tradition. Elegant, quiet, unruffled—never a convention.
THE MADISON
Washington's Correct Address
15th & M Streets, Northwest
Washington, D.C. 20005
Phone (Toll-free) 800-424-8577
or see your travel agent
Marshall B. Coyne, Proprietor



Send 25¢ for Preston's new 144 page Authoritative Catalog of SHIP MODELS & Decorative Nautical Ideas for the Home
OUR 92ND YEAR
Fully Illustrated; Historic Ship Models and Kits; Ships' Striking Clocks; Figureheads; Full Color Reproductions of famous Marine Paintings; Scrimshaw; Ship's Wheels; Copper Ships' Lights; Hundreds of Decorative Nautical Items.
Send 25¢ for Catalog to: PRESTON'S
86-V Main St.Wharf, Greenport, N. Y. 11944

EUROPE BY CAR
45 ROCKEFELLER PLAZA, NEW YORK, N. Y. 10020
9000 SUNSET BLVD., LOS ANGELES, CALIF. 90069
SAVINGS ON CAR RENTAL • PURCHASE
FREE 72 pg CATALOG

Cafe du Soir
INFORMAL — FRENCH CUISINE
LUNCHEON
COCKTAILS
DINNER
322 EAST 86th ST. • Closed Mon.
AT 9-9996 & 427-3900 Diners' • Am Ex

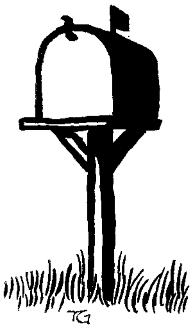
nang to Nhatrang, in the center. In Military Region III, which embraces the Saigon area, the government is somewhat stronger, but the picture here, too, is spotty, and Communist sapper units and rocket squads are capable of infiltrating key installations, such as the largest ammunition dump in the country, just east of Saigon, which they blew up in the second week of December. The explosions lasted twelve hours, and besides destroying an estimated eight thousand tons of ammunition, served the purpose of thoroughly frightening the population of the capital.

The Communists, using the structure of the People's Revolutionary Committees and Councils established several years ago in the hamlets and villages they control or hope to control, are urging the quick creation of new secret guerrilla units, partly through infiltration of the frequently demoralized ranks of the local militia and sometimes those of the Regular Army. The issuance of weapons and sharp knives to sympathetic peasants is recommended, under the slogan of "Militarize the Entire Population." All uprooted people—including those in refugee camps and resettlement centers, who total nearly a million—are to be urged by the Vietcong to return to their old villages and to resume farming.

In what is called "the battle of the flags," government flags are supposed to be flown or painted on all houses, while the Communists have ordered them torn down or erased, with Vietcong flags substituted wherever possible, including the banks of canals and rivers. Petitions demonstrating the Vietcong's popularity are being drawn up and signed for future presentation to members of the international supervisory commission. The Vietcong is making special plans to infiltrate religious groups, under the slogan "Use Religion to Destroy Religion," with the aim of further dividing the already divided Hoa Hao and Cao Dai sects in the South, as well as the Catholics. The Buddhists, who, according to one intelligence report, have decided to remain neutral, and even for the time being to tentatively support Thieu's Second Republic (the First having been the regime of the late Ngo Dinh Diem), if not Thieu personally, are not mentioned in the Communist directives. Assassination of all anti-Vietcong religious leaders has reportedly been ordered, along with that of all other "tyrants"—the word used to describe government officials of every sort who apparently will not be won over to the Communist side despite promises of future amnesty announced by the N.L.F. a year ago.

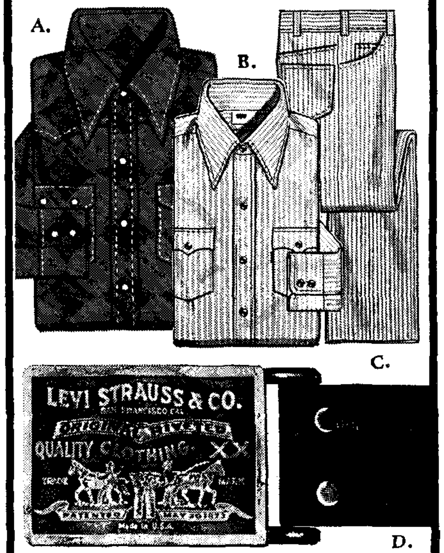
The creation of as much social unrest as possible, particularly in the cities, remains a primary post-cease-fire objective of the Communists. Demonstrations are urged against rising unemployment and higher taxes and for higher wages, more social welfare, anti-poverty projects, and "democratic rights" in general. There is little doubt that the Communists will attempt, through the adept use of their parallel legal and illegal apparatus, to sow a great deal of discontent. For instance, they may try to strangle the already overcrowded cities economically by impeding the flow of supplies from the countryside and fomenting labor unrest. Another directive, to "disobey the law wherever possible," is an indication that they will take advantage of the growing crime wave to cause general chaos and thus further weaken confidence in the government. As violence has increasingly become a way of life in Vietnam, crime has gone up tremendously, and it is bound to go up even more after "peace" comes, when it will be even more difficult to distinguish between ordinary crime and political crime, and when the bands of hoodlums in the cities and bandits roving the countryside will be able to move about even more freely.

As for the government, acting under a new directive that requires only one accusatory witness in order to justify a political arrest, it has apprehended more than twenty-five thousand new "political suspects" in the last seven months; about half of these have been released, but the ranks of political prisoners have nonetheless been swelled to at least seventy thousand, and the vast majority are not likely to be set free soon. No one knows how many of them are Communists or sympathizers, but Vietnamese whom I have known for years say that probably no more than a third fall into these categories. "However," one of my informants added, "prisons in Vietnam *make* good Communists."



WHEN Thieu, in late October, opposed the cease-fire agreement, which he felt the Americans were forcing upon him, his popularity undoubtedly rose, as it did when he initially refused to send representatives to

TRADITIONAL
CABLE CAR CLOTHIERS
San Francisco's Great Natural Shoulder Store Since 1946



Classic Western Outfit

A. Denim Shirt Jacket 12.50
B. Hickory Stripe Shirt 8.50
C. Corduroy Jeans 9.50
D. Antique Buckle Belt 8.50

A. Levi's® handsome rugged western shirt jacket in pre-shrunk Dark Blue cotton denim. Side vents. Fully cut with genuine Levi's handsome metal grommet buttons. Ideal for wear with Levi's jeans. Sizes: S(34-36), M(38-40), L(42-44), XL(46-48), 12.50.

B. Levi's® handsome western shirt, long sleeves, in Blue Hickory stripe, of pure pre-shrunk cotton. Sizes: S(14-14½), M(15-15½), L(16-16½), XL(17-17½), 8.50.

C. Levi's® soft, piant, cotton corduroy flared western jeans. Beige, Rich Brown, Navy, Faded Blue, 9.50.

D. Levi's® original 1840's Gold Rush era antique buckle belt. Includes 1¾" rich Cordovan soft saddle leather belt. Sizes: 28-44, 8.50.

MAIL ORDERS TO:
Levis Ensemble
Cable Car Clothiers
211 Sutter Street
San Francisco,
Ca 94108
(415) 397-4740

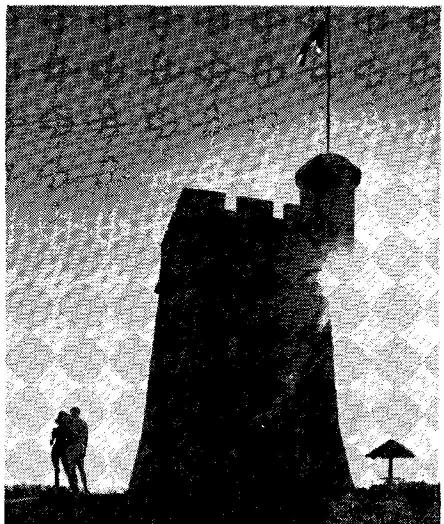
Length Inseam	Waist Size										
	28	29	30	31	32	33	34	36	38	40	42
29	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x
30	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x
31	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x
32	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x
33	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x
34	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x
36			x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x	x

Item	Qty.	Color	Size	M.O. or Check ☐
Shirt Jacket				Cable Charge ☐
Hickory Shirt				Sorry, no COD's
Cord Jeans				**Send Catalogue** ☐
Antique Belt				

Name ....
Address ....
.... Zip ....
Add $1.75 Ship & Hdlg.; 5½% Tax in Cal. MI-13

PINK BEACH
CLUB AND COTTAGES
TUCKER'S TOWN
BERMUDA

See your travel agent or our representative:
David B. Mitchell, 217 E. 49 St., New York, N.Y. 10017 • (212) 371-1323 Cable: Davmitch



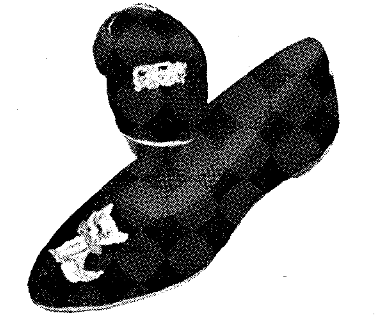
We built our dream in Jamaica with your dream in mind.

We envisioned an unspoiled stretch of beach. Romantic gardens. A swimming pool. Magnificent accommodations. Skin diving. Sailing. Tennis. It came true in a beautiful Jamaican cove. We have special plans to share it with you. Including breakfasts, dinners, airport transfers and much, much more.

For reservations, information contact your Travel Agent or the Leonard Hicks Organization, New York: (212) 765-5800.

TOWER ISLE

Tower Isle P.O., Ocho Rios, Jamaica, W. I.
AN ISSA HOTEL – Nick Brimo, Vice Pres. and Gen. Manager



CAT AND KITTENS...

One of our new designs for a fun slipper. Black velvet slippers with an embroidered applique of a Mother cat on front. She has sparkling green eyes. On the back are the silhouetted heads of her three kittens. Slippers are $7.00 a pair. Please send us your shoe size.

Add $1.00 if sent gift wrapped.
N.Y. State residents add 28¢ for tax.

EC Edith Chapman ROUTE 303 • DEPT. 24
ROCKLAND COUNTY, BLAUVELT, N.Y. 10913

VACATION RENTALS
CORNWALL-DEVON, ENGLAND

Secluded thatched cottage, 5 minutes to beach. Six rooms (3 br.) Fully equipped-electric heat-modern conveniences! Peaceful gardens. Picturesque, historic Cornish coastal villages, moors, pubs, minutes away. Available for two weeks ($300), the month ($550) or longer.

Falmouth Bay Area. At water's edge, comfortable 3 br. home with modern conveniences. Accommodates 6-8. Ideal for boating, sailing, fishing and swimming. "Away from the crowd" but central to other Cornish beauty spots and quaint villages. July-August approx. $200 per week-other months $125-$150 per week.

In Devon. Relax near Dartmoor, 2-3 bedrooms, all conveniences. Hiking, excellent golf courses, salmon and trout fishing, pony trekking at hand. All Devon beaches within an hour's drive-Plymouth 23 miles. Very reasonable at approximately $100 per week.

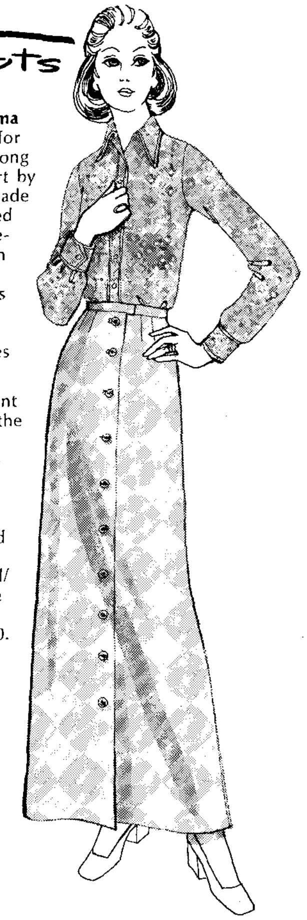
These accommodations book early-suggest prompt reply to: M. Weber, 308 N. West Ave., Wenonah, N.J. 08090, or phone 609-468-0007 after 8:00 P.M. EST.

the peace table in Paris in 1968, under what he felt were unfair circumstances. But over the last several weeks, despite numerous demonstrations staged in his behalf and exhortations by some five thousand new government political workers—mostly cadets from military academies—who have been travelling around the country to display the government's presence in as many places as possible, much of this fresh popularity has eroded. The Americans, having in effect painted themselves into a corner in the peace negotiations, have indirectly encouraged Thieu to do the same. His reinforced stubbornness was fully exhibited in a speech to the National Assembly on December 12th, and at another meeting that day, attended by some hundred and fifty assemblymen and other notables and officials, which was supposed to be "secret" but details of which quickly leaked out. After briefing his audience on what had happened in Paris, Thieu raised a symbolic cup of liquid and said that if he drank what was in the cup now, meaning the cease-fire agreement as it stood, he and the nation would die at once, and if he drank an alternative cup in two months, meaning a feared cut in aid by our new Congress, they would also all die.

One tragedy in Saigon today is that both the government and many Vietnamese generally still expect their chestnuts to be pulled out of the fire by the Americans; as Thieu put it in his December 12th speech, South Vietnam is "the bastion of freedom" in Southeast Asia and it is the "duty" of the United States "forever" to support it. Even when resident and visiting American officials, such as Kissinger's aide Brigadier General Alexander M. Haig, Jr., have done their best to drive home the message that Thieu cannot depend on indefinite American support, particularly with an antagonistic American Congress, Thieu's response has been to remain skeptical and to withdraw further into the isolation that has always characterized his Presidency.

A second tragedy is that Thieu is still unwilling to accept the help of many able Vietnamese—including bona-fide nationalists who are eager to assist him—because he mistrusts them, failing to realize that, whatever their opposition to him in the past, they want the Second Republic to survive in the coming showdown with the Communists. The mistrust grows almost perceptibly each day, and so, although there are repeated rumors of impending government reorganizations to include representatives of different religious and political groups, feelings of patriotism and confidence weaken, and

The Talbots



Full-Length Drama
Simply elegant for evening is our long button-front skirt by David Crystal, made of supple, ribbed polyester double-knit. Flared from the elasticized waistband, it has shiny embossed buttons. White, navy or red. Sizes 6-18. $30.00

Pick a pretty print to complement the charms of the skirt. Our long-sleeved shirt of silky Arnel has pointed collar, straight hem and full-length placket. Emerald/white, red/white or navy/white. Sizes 8-16. $20.00. Add $1.00 for postage.

Send for free catalog.

THE TALBOTS • DEPT. BZ, HINGHAM, MASS. 02043
Branches: Duxbury, Lenox, Mass.
Mt. Carmel, Avon, Conn.

IN BEAUTIFUL
EXCLUSIVE BAL HARBOUR

A great Spa . . .
One of Florida's largest

THE FUN SPA

9th BIG SEASON . . . AVOID WAITING LIST

REGENCY
Hotel-Spa

Rate Includes . . . 3 Wonderful Meals Daily
A VERY FINE HOTEL . . . PLANNED FOR FUN AND GOOD TIMES . . . WHERE YOU WILL LIVE IT UP AND HAPPILY LOSE WEIGHT

Regency Band
Jack Mathers, Entertainment Dir.
Nightly Entertainment
Free Golf

OCEANSIDE—101st STREET
BAL HARBOUR, MIAMI BEACH
Phone: 305-865-2311
N.Y.C. Office . . . 279-1957

James Feyko, Gen. Mgr.
Jack Heyman, Food Taster

Sign of the good neighbor.

The American Red Cross

advertising contributed for the public good
ADVERTISING COUNCIL

new despair sets in. Thus, as Thieu bargains away time in the hope of rallying people to his side and positioning his troops and his police to deal with post-cease-fire threats, he creates a vacuum to be filled by fear and uncertainty. His worsening relations with the Americans over compromises in the peace talks aggravate the over-all tension, and whatever solace the renewed bombing may have given him, it has saddened and dismayed most Americans and Vietnamese in Saigon.

In general, the Vietnamese here remain convinced that Thieu's survival depends almost entirely on the Americans. One Vietnamese friend of mine, a member of the National Assembly, said the other day, "You, the Americans, imposed leaders on us who took away our national pride and dignity. You built us a body politic as if you were building a house or a machine. It's a foreign object, and it must be discarded, because it is not based on Vietnamese traditions. You had your own logic, as the French did, grounded in your own self-interest, but you knew nothing of Vietnamese logic. Only when the United States accepts the logic of the Vietnamese can we nationalists take the initiative, and that can happen only after Thieu leaves." There seems little that the United States can or will do at this penultimate moment of our mismanaged involvement to provoke Thieu's ouster. Either he will step down of his own accord before elections are held, as he has said he would do (probably with the hope of running again), or, as is more likely, he will resign under pressure from influential military leaders and politicians—who themselves probably will not be able to create a more viable government.

Meanwhile, Thieu is doing something that the Americans have long suggested that he do—establishing his own party, which he calls the Democracy Party. He is doing this through the province and district chiefs, each of whom has been made responsible for signing up a stipulated number of members. The results so far are regarded as of little use to him in creating any real mass support, let alone any workable political organization. As an unfortunate side effect, established parties, notably the Cong Nong, or Farmers-Workers Party, run by Tran Quoc Buu, and the Cap Tien, or Progressive National Movement, headed by Nguyen Ngoc Huy, are being blocked in their efforts to gather membership; in a number of instances, provincial leaders of these parties have been threatened or coerced into halting any further recruiting or other activity, and

AN ORDINARY DOG IN AMERICA EATS BETTER THAN SHE DOES.

Cristina eats whatever she can find in the garbage. And that is far less than some prowling dog would find in your garbage can.

For just $12 a month, you can save such a child.

Through our Children, Inc. "Adoption" program you can help provide a child with a better diet, new clothes and medical attention. Even an education.

But there's not a moment to lose. Every 60 seconds, five or six more children will die from starvation.

Write direct to Mrs. Jeanne Clarke Wood, Children, Incorporated, Box 5381, Dept. YO-1, Richmond, Va. 23220.

I wish to "adopt" a boy ☐ girl ☐ in ________ (Name of Country).

I will pay $12 a month ($144 a year). Enclosed is my gift for ☐ a full year ☐ the first month. Please send me the child's name, story, address and picture.

I understand that I can correspond with my child, and continue the "adoption" longer than one year if I wish. Also, I may discontinue the "adoption" at any time.

☐ I cannot "adopt" a child, but want to help $________.
☐ Or, I will pledge $________ per month.
☐ Please send me further information.
☐ If for a group, please specify________ (Church, Class, Club, School, Business, etc.)

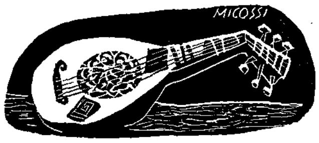
Name________
Address________
City________ State________ Zip________

You can "adopt" a child from any of the following countries: Bolivia, Chile, Colombia, Guatemala, Honduras, Hong Kong, India, Iran, Japan, Korea, Lebanon, Mexico, Nigeria, Paraguay, Peru, Syria, Thailand, U.S.A.—Appalachian children or American Indians. (Or a child of greatest need.) All gifts are fully tax deductible.

CHILDREN, INCORPORATED

have been told that they have to join the Democracy Party or "take the consequences."

Thieu's greatest crisis will occur during the period of three months or so following the signing of a cease-fire, when, in the face of intensive Communist activity, he will have to hold together his military and police apparatus, which, despite what the Americans and his own province chiefs keep telling him, are neither as effective nor as dedicated as he would like to think. As Senator Thai Lang Nghiem, an opponent of Thieu's who is an ardent nationalist, said in a Senate speech late in November, "If the problem of Vietnamization of the war had been properly regarded, right from the beginning . . . there would not have been the phenomenon of the United States taking the place of the Vietnamese in the talks with the Communists. But Vietnamization has completely failed, so that South Vietnam is now more than ever dependent on the United States, and, as a consequence, the question of war or peace has to be decided by the United States. . . . The realistic circumstances of our struggle are getting worse day by day, and who must bear the responsibility for such a worsening situation if not Mr. Thieu, the man who has full power? Is it true that the Communists have brought us to the brink of disaster? No, the Communists never had the ability to do so. However, in the relationship between our side and the Communist side, the shortcomings of our side have become advantages for the Communists. The ignorance and stupidity of our side have encouraged the talents and skills of the Communists. . . . Although South Vietnam actually does not need 'liberation' but only social reform."



It has become fashionable for Westerners who have been critical of American policy in Vietnam to discount such nationalists as Nghiem and regard a Communist victory as inevitable. I would not deny that a Communist victory is a strong possibility, but I do not believe that the nationalists, divided though they are, are finished. In fact, as one of them, a university professor, observed in a recent conversation I had with him, the objective conditions favoring the nationalists are better today than they were at the time of the coup against Diem, in 1963, because the American policies that supported the coup and the subsequent regimes have been discredited. The professor said, "Now you have a new strategy, which includes coöperation with Hanoi when the war is over, as you are already cooperating with Peking and accepting Communist elements here in the South. Also, in 1963 the Communists did not want to tolerate other elements, but now they want to use non-Communists to further their cause. If a rightist regime remains in power here, with American backing, the unavoidable explosion will soon take place. There would be less risk of that under a new regime, even a temporary one." Such a regime, he explained, could "open the door" to the moderate elements.

In a private talk I had with Senator Nghiem, who has been holding meetings with many of his nationalist friends to look ahead to the post-cease-fire period, he, too, emphasized the point that "only a liberal regime can avoid being absorbed by the Communists." He added, "We are on a downward curve, but we still have a chance to regain the revolution. If we are to share power with the Communists, and avoid a Czechoslovakian type of solution, we need a new group of younger men, who can deal with the twin problems of diversity and unity. Further repressive measures to maintain a stranglehold over the people and continued permissive attitudes toward corruption will only inhibit whatever final opportunity we have. If the Americans realize this, and can do something about it, we can survive."

AT this moment, it is impossible to forecast what the Americans will do once the secret negotiations get under way again, though a cease-fire remains inevitable, whether it takes place in the next few weeks or, as some predict, in February or March. Whether or not Thieu will sign an agreement also remains a matter of conjecture. Opinion here is about evenly divided—that he will sign, or that he will simply indicate compliance and register a demurrer, which is to say, go along without signing; that is what the South Vietnamese did in 1954 at the Geneva Conference, when the Americans didn't sign, either, but formally "took cognizance" of the settlement. Something that is fairly clear, however, is the nature of the American residual presence in Vietnam after an agreement is reached. There will be about six thousand American civilian technicians in the country—not ten or fifteen thousand, as has been reported. They will include engineers and specialists of all sorts who will work on a contract basis for two American firms, the big con-

Craig Claiborne says: "There does not exist in English a more thorough-going and thoroughly researched book on Mexican cooking. It is a *tour de force*, the Mexican cookbook by which all others will or should be judged for generations to come."

THE CUISINES OF MEXICO

by Diana Kennedy

Illustrated, $12.50 at bookstores

Harper & Row
10 E. 53rd St., New York 10022
1817

THE OFF OFF BROADWAY BOOK

BY ALBERT POLAND & BRUCE MAILMAN

The definitive anthology of Off Off Broadway, featuring its history; its founders; its patrons; its facilities; and 36 plays by such writers as Ed Bullins, Rosalyn Drexler, Israel Horovitz and many more. $20.00

BOBBS-MERRILL

A Good Buy to Fare Well

fodor's 1973 GUIDE TO EUROPE

Covers 35 countries.

Fodor's helps you **discover** each country, **know** the people, **enjoy** the life.

At all bookstores • $9.95 • **McKAY**

the aging parent problem

You might find the solution at Golden Grove in beautiful, sunny central Florida. More than 130 acres of groves, park, lake and complete nursing care facilities with resident physician.

Individual apartments and nursing villas. And the warmth of kindness and understanding.

For parents with children who care.

Now building. Write for details with no obligation or call collect.

golden grove nursing resort

Dept. NY-1
P.O. Box 1901 • Lakeland, Florida 33802
(813) 858-3881

It matters not if you win or lose, but where you play the game.

See your travel agent or call Robert F. Warner, Inc.

Innisbrook
RESORT & GOLF CLUB
TARPON SPRINGS, FLORIDA 33589

DELRAY BEACH, FLORIDA

20 two bedroom / two bath townhouses. 36 two bedroom / two bath mid-rise condominium apartments on 400′ Atlantic Ocean frontage.

Inquiries invited. Send to:
COSTA DEL REY CONDOMINIUM
2175 S. Ocean Blvd.
Delray Beach, Florida 33444
Tel. (305) 278-6788

MONSIGNORE
ELEGANT CONTINENTAL CUISINE
LUNCH • COCKTAILS • DINNER • SUPPER
Strolling Musicians—CHARGE CLUBS
61 EAST 55th STREET • EL 5-2070

glomerates Lear Siegler and NHA, Inc. There will also be an as yet undetermined number of Military Equipment Delivery Teams, composed of military men, to supervise the distribution of new equipment as it comes in on the one-for-one basis agreed upon—that is, a new gun, truck, tank, and plane for each one that wears out or is destroyed. In the opinion of the American Embassy, the flow of equipment will continue to be a sizable one, and to expedite it four consulates will be established in the country, one in each military region—at Danang, in the north; in Nhatrang, in the center; in Bien Hoa, just north of Saigon; and in Can Tho, in the Delta. These will be manned by State Department men, including approximately fifty Vietnamese-speaking Foreign Service officers, by representatives in charge of aid and development in the country's two hundred and fifty-odd districts, and by personnel concerned with the gathering of information and intelligence. The chief candidates for the job of heading the American establishment after Ambassador Ellsworth Bunker leaves—as he is expected to do, after six years here—are Deputy Ambassador Charles Whitehouse and former Ambassador to Laos William Sullivan.

The big question right now, especially in view of the resentment stirred up in the United States by the recent heavy bombing in the North, is what Congress will do about further aid to South Vietnam. Last year's economic aid amounted to three hundred and eighty-five million dollars, not including supplementary food, primarily rice. South Vietnam's Economics Minister, Pham Kim Ngoc, a diligent and able man, who has been in office three years, maintains that "we need between four and five hundred million to keep our head above water next year." Ngoc fully expects trouble, including unemployment, strikes, demonstrations, and more inflation. During 1972, tax collections increased by thirty-five per cent, and the hope is that they will be twice as high in 1973. Savings accounts in banks doubled during the year—another healthy sign. But prices increased by about twenty-five per cent (the Vietnamese man in the street says by more), although the supply of money went up by only about six per cent, or less than expected. The balance of trade was still way off—more than seven hundred million dollars' worth of imports as against only twenty-four million dollars' worth of exports, although that was twice the 1971 figure. During 1972, Vietnam, traditionally a rice-exporting nation, had to import three

The Talbots

A Blooming Outfit
Four fresh flowers adorn our pretty culotte by Leon Levin, of crisp drip-dry polyester/cotton, with back patch pocket on the flared back-zip skirt. Sky blue/white, yellow/white or pink/white. Sizes 6-18. $24.00.

A perfect match, our sleeveless jersey from Leon Levin is of nylon knit and has front zipper, ribbed collar and full-fashioned details. White, sky blue, emerald, yellow, raspberry or navy. Sizes S,M,L. $13.00.

Add $1.00 for postage.

Send for free catalog.

THE TALBOTS • DEPT. CE, HINGHAM, MASS. 02043
Branches: Duxbury, Lenox, Mass., Mt. Carmel, Avon, Conn.

Country Inns & Back Roads

"The Only Book of its Kind"

Crisp mornings, the aroma of country breakfasts, sunlight on fresh snow, deep woods, bluejays and friendly chickadees, crackling fireplaces, hearty dinners, new friends, good conversation, snug beds. Plan a real or imaginary trip to 103 warm, inviting country inns. At bookstores or order directly. Sounds wonderful, doesn't it?

3.50 ppd.

The Berkshire Traveller
STOCKBRIDGE, MASS'tts 01262
Box 661

Everything you've ever wanted

Art at Auction
The Year at Sotheby's & Parke-Bernet 1971-72
Edited by Philip Wilson and Annamaria Macdonald

The most important and interesting antique and art treasures sold at Parke-Bernet and Sotheby's—in a book to be treasured.
A Studio Book.
150 color and 1,000 black-and-white illustrations. $22.50
VIKING

hundred thousand tons of rice, mostly from the United States, and probably more than that amount will have to be imported in 1973. Reconstruction, foreign trade, and foreign investment are the three principal problems. Among Ngoc's many headaches is the prospect that the cease-fire agreement will allow the Communists to introduce their own Southern currency, the giai phong, to compete in the countryside with the South Vietnamese piastre. And, assuming that even a tenuous peace can be maintained, there is likely to be fierce competition with North Vietnam to attract foreign aid and investment and to divide the billions of reconstruction dollars that the Americans and Japanese have pledged and other nations will undoubtedly add to. The Japanese are already taking deep soundings of investment opportunities in both parts of Vietnam.

For the moment, obviously, everything is dependent on the signing of a cease-fire agreement. Everyone in South Vietnam—and no doubt in North Vietnam, too—realizes that this war cannot go on forever. Fatalistic as they are, and with their tremendous capacity for survival, despite certain self-destructive tendencies, the South Vietnamese people, if not their leaders, are prepared to make accommodations with the Communists and to engage in what they hope will be a competition rather than a confrontation with the North and with the Vietcong. The choice may not be theirs—I doubt if it will—but, whether or not the Communists take over, the Vietnamese on both sides have suffered enough as a result of our intervention. Awareness of that seems to be growing throughout Southeast Asia, and if the Nixon Doctrine means more of the senseless, ruthless destruction that has just taken place, there isn't a nation in the area that wants any part of it.

—ROBERT SHAPLEN

•

STRAIGHT ANSWERS TO FRANK QUESTIONS

1. WHAT IS THE COST OF JOINING THE PROGRAM AND BECOMING A FIELD RESEARCH CORRESPONDENT?

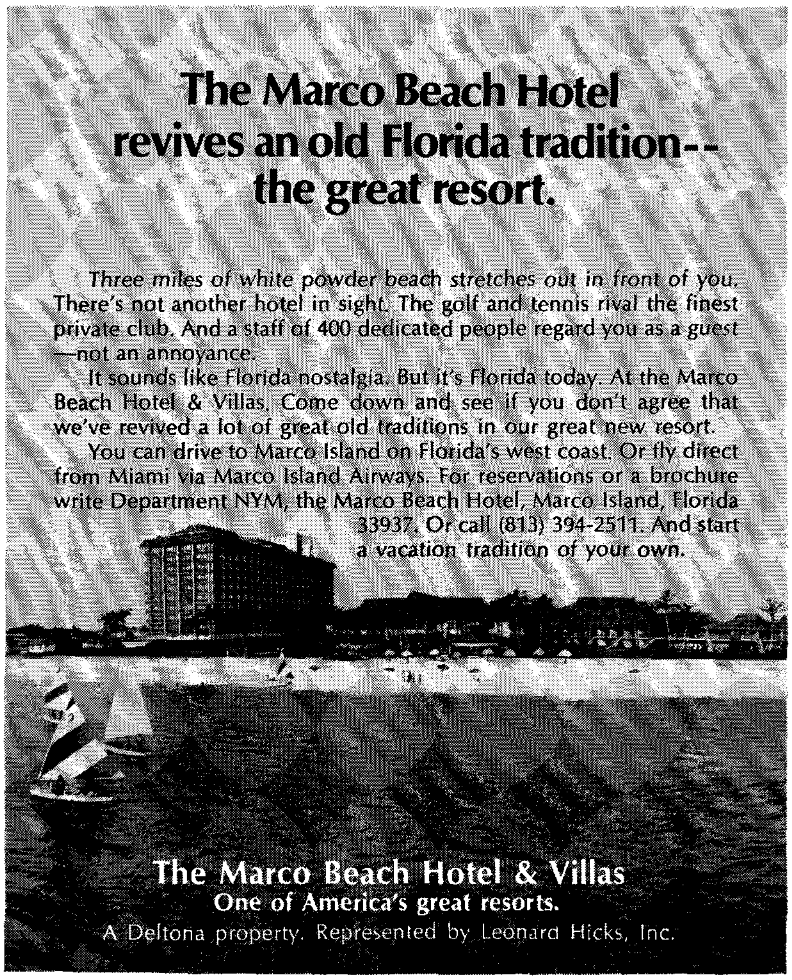
There is a nominal registration fee and a money back guarantee.
—*Letter from World Field Research, Mineola.*

Let's see one of your *devious* answers.

•

The television networks have done an outstanding job of leaving everyone in the ark about the NFL playoffs.—*Seattle Post-Intelligencer.*

Well, it's still raining.



The Marco Beach Hotel revives an old Florida tradition--the great resort.

Three miles of white powder beach stretches out in front of you. There's not another hotel in sight. The golf and tennis rival the finest private club. And a staff of 400 dedicated people regard you as a guest—not an annoyance.

It sounds like Florida nostalgia. But it's Florida today. At the Marco Beach Hotel & Villas. Come down and see if you don't agree that we've revived a lot of great old traditions in our great new resort.

You can drive to Marco Island on Florida's west coast. Or fly direct from Miami via Marco Island Airways. For reservations or a brochure write Department NYM, the Marco Beach Hotel, Marco Island, Florida 33937. Or call (813) 394-2511. And start a vacation tradition of your own.

The Marco Beach Hotel & Villas
One of America's great resorts.
A Deltona property. Represented by Leonard Hicks, Inc.

BURGLARS BEWARE!

WEN ELECTRIC PENCIL ENGRAVER The Police and Security people generally agree that your valuables marked with **permanent** identification will substantially reduce chance of theft.

Engrave everything of value: cameras, T.V. sets, hi-fi equipment, tools, bikes, sporting goods, typewriters—they will all be much safer. **Such articles are almost impossible to "fence."**

The Wen Electric Engraver is a durable tool of excellent quality. It will give long and dependable service. Its super hard Tungsten Carbide tip is adjustable to engrave or etch either light or heavy lines on almost any material—metal, wood, plastic, even glass.

The Engraver comes with instructions, supply of **Warning Stickers** and our Guarantee: **If you are not satisfied, Your money will be refunded.**

Visit our store, order by mail, or phone (415) 332-5035

$10.00 ea. 2 for $19.00, add 75¢ post. per order. 5% in Calif.

Ship ________ (quant.) Wen Electric Engraver(s) on Your Money Back Guarantee:

Name ____________________

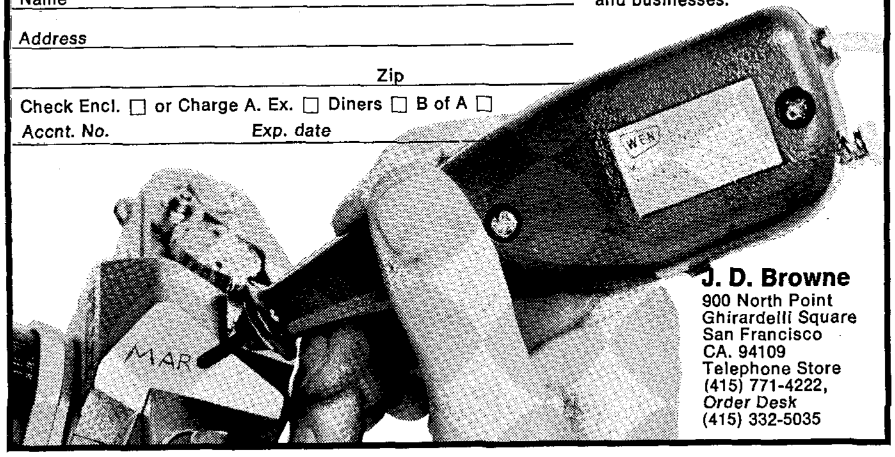
Address ____________________

Zip ________

Check Encl. ☐ or Charge A. Ex. ☐ Diners ☐ B of A ☐

Accnt. No. ________ Exp. date ________

Students attention:
Earn good money offering engraving service to your neighbors and businesses.

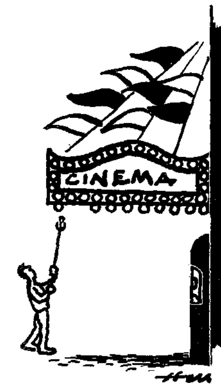


J. D. Browne
900 North Point
Ghirardelli Square
San Francisco
CA. 94109
Telephone Store
(415) 771-4222,
Order Desk
(415) 332-5035

THE CURRENT CINEMA

Unfair

THE genteel quotes in the ads for "César and Rosalie" ("A movie to see with someone you love," "An enchanting story of what love is all about," etc.) are somewhat misleading. It's not all that bad. The movie looks like those mistily expensive love potions the French have been exporting, and it's certainly loaded with the appurtenances of the pleasurable whirl of the beautiful rich, but it's really a jazzier version of a Marcel Pagnol film, with Yves Montand in the Raimu role. César (Montand) is a tycoon in scrap metal, a self-made man who enjoys being No. 1 in work and in play, and he adores Rosalie (Romy Schneider) and loves to amuse her child by a marriage now dissolved. There are no obstacles to their happiness and their eventual marriage; they have everything—yet almost inexplicably, before our eyes, it evaporates. Nobody's fault—just bad luck. An old love of Rosalie's—David, an eminent cartoonist (Sami Frey)—returns to France after an absence of five years, and when Rosalie sees him again, her feelings about César change. She still loves him, but she begins to look at him differently, and the love goes flat. It's as if César were cuckolded by a moonbeam.



The action skitters back and forth as Rosalie leaves César, then returns to him, and as César tries to help her get over her attraction to David, and that fails, and so on, but whenever you think the relationships are going to be stabilized into formulas, the picture wiggles free. And just when you think the picture is on the skids, the director, Claude Sautet, picks everything up for the end, and it becomes apparent that the irresolute behavior was a way of demonstrating an unresolvable unstable situation. It's a silly movie—a fluky, wry ode on the imperfect, haphazard nature of romantic love. What sustains it is that it never takes its three subjects too solemnly—never makes too big a deal out of their happiness or unhappiness. The movie's essential frivolousness makes its melancholy tone acceptable: we can laugh at the characters' self-centered sorrows.

Romy Schneider, a ripe *Fräulein* now, her kittenish face larger but also more luscious, so that she occasionally suggests the sensual beauty of Simone Signoret in the postwar films, is perfectly convincing as the one woman César wants. The contrasting character sketches of the men are, however, what give the film its wit: as the loud, blatantly materialistic, what-makes-Sammy-run tycoon, Montand provides the confident super-male energy that draws us into the situation (and it's César's whipping around in fast cars that sets the film in motion). He's playing a likable maniac, the kind of part an actor can sink his teeth in, and Montand chomps on everything in sight, overdoing the character in a jovial parodistic style. César's sudden violent squalls are in the earthy, whole-souled Raimu tradition, and when he bluffs his way through something or tries to ingratiate himself, his thinking processes are so childlike and easy to read we might be seeing them above his head in comic-strip balloons. (It's the sort of role Anthony Quinn thinks he can play.) Sautet has a very delicate sense of tone: we get to know César so well that when he comes up against the challenge he can't fight—Rosalie's changed feelings—we recognize that his collapse isn't pathetic, it's funny. And Sami Frey's wan elegance is just right for the man who hoodoos César's and Rosalie's happiness, since Frey's romantic appeal comes from what he is; he has what you can't get if you don't have it—the right blend of nuances. It's impossible to dislike César after you've heard him performing Bach without the aid of an instrument; you enjoy him so much that you're implicated in his foolishness. But you can also see that he looks like a hyperactive clown when Rosalie watches him while she is talking to the exquisitely modulated David, and the energy of clowns isn't very sexy. Rosalie begins to feel protective toward him, which is fatal to romance (though it may sometimes be the substance of marriage). It can't be held against César that he has the tiresomeness of the self-made man who can't just relax and take things for granted, the way the unobtrusively tasteful David can. And it can't really be held against David that he doesn't make much of an effort to hang on to Rosalie, and that losing her adds only the teeniest bit to his permanent air of despondency. The piquancy of the movie is that it reveals the two men's deadlocked characters without the usual pretense that a man's love turns him into just what a woman wants. The movie isn't quite as satisfying once César begins to unravel—it loses some of its charge—but the disconsolate confusion that sets in is integral to the theme. The film is a situation comedy about a love triangle, but it's also a *chanson*, saying ever so softly (why make a big noise about it?) that life is unfair. It's a movie not to be taken any more seriously than a tune one hums for a season—a little tedious, faintly absurd, but really quite pleasant.

"TRAVELS WITH MY AUNT" seems to run down before it gets started. Maybe the material couldn't have made it anyway (who knows what private joke Graham Greene was working out in the novel?), but for it to have a fighting chance the director should have a ravishing style and the actress who plays Aunt Augusta needs a charismatic presence; both are impossible to fake, and in this movie George Cukor and Maggie Smith don't have them—though they try exhaustingly hard. Cukor practically lusts for movement and a light touch, but the camera seems to go off on its own; he fails to keep us inside the situation, and things become so diffuse we don't remember why we're supposed to be watching the people on the screen. Maggie Smith gives a desperate, flustered performance, full of busywork with the hands and so many body tilts and high-piping vocal effects that after a while you just want her to stop vibrating and lie down and rest. Her great-lady, scintillating bit seems to mimic Edith Evans and Estelle Winwood and Cyril Ritchard, but where is Maggie Smith? When everything in a character is italicized this way, you never get a chance to feel the glamour or the aura; you never get a minute to surrender in (though the slurpy romantic score keeps telling you to).

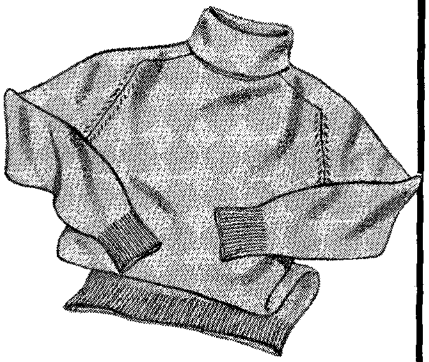
Augusta, the disreputable Englishwoman in her seventies, induces her stuffy, plodding middle-aged nephew Henry (Alec McCowen) to accompany her on her travels, and brings him to a new something or other. Freedom? Gaiety? Anyway, an end to the humdrum. It's another of those "live, live, live" movies that feature tight-knit epigrams and proselytize for the loose, carefree life. The idea may sound like a good movie idea, but it never seems to work as a theme; maybe it needs to slip in from the side instead of coming at us foursquare. "Travels with My Aunt" isn't stale and squawking, like the Rosalind Russell version of "Auntie Mame," but all the intangibles of casting and spirit and touch seem to have dried up, despite everybody's best intentions. Even the dynamics of the plot go wrong, when Augusta is pointlessly humiliated. Watching Maggie Smith, I remembered Constance Collier as the battered old acting coach in "Stage Door" who was tutoring the icy young Katharine Hepburn for her début; in a last surge of hope for her own long-abandoned career, she asked the producer, "Could you see an older woman in the part?" The answer here is yes. Augusta has no real zing, and Henry is so stodgy a cipher (as he was in the book) that your mind wanders from McCowen, who is perfectly good and totally uninteresting, to wonder if Alec Guinness might have been able to do more with Henry—give him, perhaps, a furtive spark for Augusta to fan. When you begin to speculate about who should have played a role, it means that the person on the screen doesn't touch your imagination and isn't going to leave much trace on your memory. And though this movie isn't painfully bad, just about everyone in it, from the bottom up, seems miscast.

PROBABLY many others feel about Paul Newman as I do: I like him so much I always want his pictures to be good, for his sake as well as for my enjoyment. Newman is throwing away a lot of beautiful good will because of his bad judgment. The people who go to see "The Life and Times of Judge Roy Bean" go because they like him, and it's a logy, thick-skinned movie that seems to spend most of its time trying to tone down the moral ugliness of its premises. Basically, it's another of the spinoffs from "Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid," this one, too, featuring nihilism plus sentimentality, which comes in the form of building up emotion for the star. Newman crinkles up so pretty when he smiles that he looks darling killing people, so even the large-scale carnage is cute. In "Roy Bean," as in the also current "Jeremiah Johnson," the writer, John Milius, provides a brutal, absurdist landscape while he is working up sympathy for his alienated modern version of a rugged individualist. Milius, a former University of Southern California film student, still in his twenties, received three hundred thousand dollars for his original screenplay for "Roy Bean," but other film students may know what's coming in just about every scene, because they, too, have seen the movies (John Ford, Kurosawa, Jodorowsky) that have fed Milius's imagination.

It used to be that the studios cannibalized their own properties; now film students cannibalize their own favorites—a dubious tribute—and the sour joke is compounded here, because John Huston, whose finest work broke with the clichés that Milius feeds upon, is the director. After the explanatory data about Texas "near the turn of the last century," we're given the lead-in to the action—"Maybe this isn't the way it was. It's the way it should have been"—and I thought, I haven't read that title in decades. And then we get the opening shots of the stranger, Roy Bean, an outlaw, coming into town and into a saloon where a whole troupe of amoral monsters—a fat woman being bathed, freakily taciturn men, silent whores—set upon him, without provocation (in fact, just as he is buying them drinks), and rob and beat him and put a rope around his neck, to strangle him while he is being dragged through the desert by his horse. The snapping of the rope saves him. Even before the young Mexican angel came to give him water, I knew I'd seen this stuff fairly recently—in "El Topo," of course. And, just like El Topo, Roy Bean comes back in righteous wrath to clean up that town full of besotted monsters, and, singlehanded, blasts them down.

The big scenes don't grow out of anything, and there are no characters—just mannerisms. In the published version of the script, that "It's the way it should have been" is followed by "and furthermore the author does not give a plug damn." This spirit seems to have carried through the whole production, which is full of the kind of inside jokes that do so little for an audience they suggest schoolboy pranks. Newman, his voice lowered to a gruff, nonmusical level, sounds like John Huston. Hiding in a beard throughout, he also goes in for a lot of beer-drinking. What with the actor's and the director's former associates turning up to do "cameos," the movie often resembles a log-rolling politicians' picnic. Stacy Keach appears in a camp vignette as a wild albino—he has his only moment of screen comedy so far, as his hands quiver at his sides, eager to draw. It's a funny bit, but it belongs in a revue parody of "El Topo," not in this mock epic that keeps turning serious. The movie is made of

TRADITIONAL
CABLE CAR CLOTHIERS
San Francisco's Great Natural Shoulder Store Since 1946



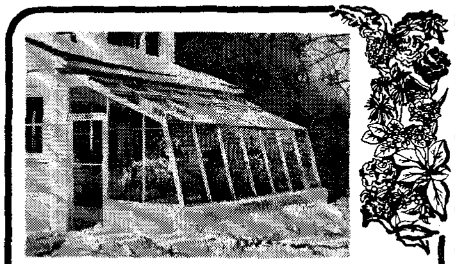
Classic Lambswool
Long Sleeve Turtleneck
Sweater From England $25

For over thirty years this handsome classic all-weather turtleneck, by Cox Moore of England, has proved to be outstanding in quality and taste. Full fashioned. Comfortable raglan shoulders. Fully cut. Washable. Worn outside or tucked in. Ideal for travel, sports, leisure. Coordinates well with slacks, sportcoats. Colors: navy, medium blue, red, black, wine, brown. Sizes: Small (34-36), Medium (38-40), Large (42-44), Extra-Large (46-48).
Satisfaction guaranteed.

Mail Orders to: Cox Moore Turtleneck Sweater
Cable Car Clothiers, 211 Sutter St., S.F. Ca. 94108

Quantity	Color	Size	M.O. or Check ☐
			Cable Charge ☐
			Sorry, no COD's

☐ Please send 1973 catalogue (415) 397-4740
Address
Name
Zip
Add 1.75 Ship. & Hdlg.; 5½% Tax in Cal. MI-13



Year round gardening is easy and fun!

For real pleasure, fascination, and educational experience for the entire family, nothing matches your own home greenhouse. It makes gardening a year round hobby—and gives you a head start on the growing season. Dozens of styles and models for every budget—from $495 up. Or get started with a prefab window greenhouse from $135 delivered. Send today for free catalog # 19.

Lord & Burnham Irvington-on-Hudson N.Y. 10533
Please send free full-color catalog that tells all about home greenhouses.
☐ Check here if only window greenhouse brochure is wanted.
Mr/Mrs
Address
City/State/Zip
In Canada, mail to Lord & Burnham Co., Ltd., St. Catharines, Ont. #19

scrap parts: the whores-who-become-respectable shtick; the Lily Langtry shtick, from the 1940 "The Westerner," with Ava Gardner now doing the walk-on, etc. But the old story of Roy Bean becomes a new-style myth. Roy Bean sets himself up as a judge, and builds his own town by confiscating the property of the men he hunts down and hangs. We are expected to laugh at the dangling, twitching men he strings up, because he's a cool rogue and a charmer, but when his beer-guzzling pet bear is killed and his angel—now his adoring, loyal "woman"—dies after childbirth, both tragedies are milked while our hero suffers. Stoically, of course, and showing his pain only in manly, violent acts. Roy Bean, the biggest killer, is a law unto himself, and a legend, like Jeremiah Johnson. He goes into the desert for twenty years, and when he returns, white-bearded, to purge the town again—of its new "generation of vipers"—he's asked who he is, and he replies, "Justice."

Milius, who wears a gun and adds to his gun collection by getting a new one as part of each movie contract, is having a flamboyant success in fantasyland. A hunting enthusiast, he had it written into his contract with Warners for "Jeremiah Johnson" that he would get to shoot the numerous animals that his script (later modified) required be slaughtered. He has already directed his first feature, from his own script, on Dillinger; if it's a hit, he can probably get a contract to shoot the actors in his next one. It wouldn't be fair to John Huston to call "Roy Bean" a Huston picture; it's his only in the sense that he consented to direct it, and lent it a few touches. He couldn't transform the enthusiasm for mayhem; he merely diluted it. The result doesn't work on any terms, and you can make out the script pattern underneath, particularly if you've just seen "Jeremiah Johnson." (Milius will probably go all the way with his specialty in his own movie.)

We're meant to laugh at Roy Bean's burlesque of frontier justice and see the "truth" in it. Milius is another of the boys in the "Naked Ape" movie colony; he's saying that belief in law is square and hypocritical. In his vision, the cool, smart thieves and killers *are* the only heroes. It's the sort of hipster's social theory you could develop if you grew up at action movies, or maybe if you lived your life around the film industry. Some of the primitivism that is being celebrated in movies now may be a reflection of the dealings behind the scenes in the movie business itself; writers and directors may have begun to see

THE NEW YORKER

☐ A Year of The New Yorker, $12 (less than 24¢ an issue)
☐ Two Years of The New Yorker, $20 (less than 20¢ an issue)
ADDITIONAL POSTAGE—Canada, Latin America, and Spain $2.00; other foreign $4.00 per year.

Please bill my: ☐ Diners Club ☐ American Express ☐ Master Charge (include number over your name)

Acct. No.________

Your signature________

My Check for $____ is enclosed.

Please print name

Address

City State Zip Code

4 02 3

25 W. 43 Street • New York, N.Y. 10036

THE NEW YORKER

☐ A Year of The New Yorker, $12 (less than 24¢ an issue)
☐ Two Years of The New Yorker, $20 (less than 20¢ an issue)
ADDITIONAL POSTAGE—Canada, Latin America, and Spain $2.00; other foreign $4.00 per year.

Please bill my: ☐ Diners Club ☐ American Express ☐ Master Charge (include number over your name)

Acct. No.________

Your signature________

My Check for $____ is enclosed.

Please print name

Address

City State Zip Code

4 02 3

25 W. 43 Street • New York, N.Y. 10036

MAUPINTOUR UNHURRIED HOLIDAYS . . .
LEAVE CARES AT HOME!

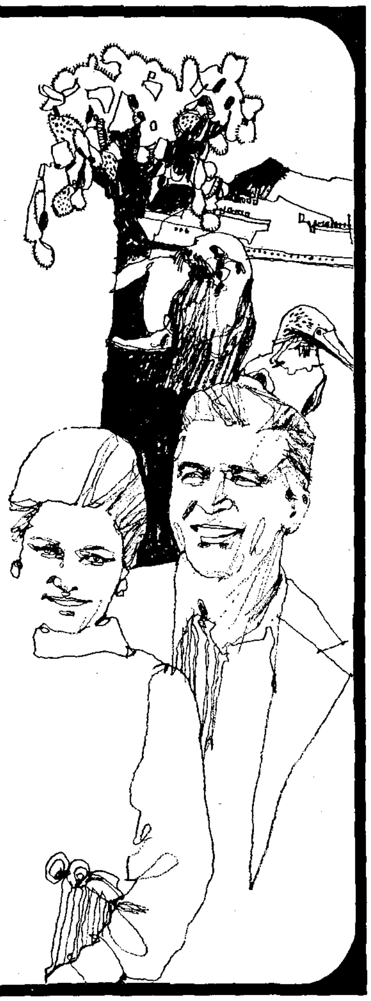
SOUTH AMERICA
AND THE GALAPAGOS

UNCOMMONPLACES! Seven different tours! Only $599 complete from Miami for 8-day *Peru FlyAway* (Lima, Machu Picchu). 14-day three-country, only $859. 15 days for Colombia, Ecuador, Panama, Galapagos Isles, $1099. 31-day *Grand* includes full Galapagos Cruise, San Blas Indians, Los Colorados, unspoiled life off-the-beaten-path, $2069. Plus 22-day and 30-day *'Round South America* from $1534.

ASK YOUR TRAVEL AGENT for folder or write Maupintour, 270 Park Ave., New York, New York 10017. Telephone 212/687-7773.

our 22nd year of quality tour operation Maupintour

ASK ABOUT THESE MAUPINTOUR HOLIDAYS:
☐ Siberia/Central Asia ☐ Europe By Train/By Air
☐ Spain/Portugal ☐ Alps of Europe ☐ Scandinavia
☐ Greece/Aegean ☐ Italy/Sicily ☐ British Isles
☐ France ☐ Morocco/Canaries/Madeira/Algarve
☐ USSR/Eastern Europe ☐ Dalmatia/The Balkans
☐ Samarkand/Oriental Russia ☐ South America
☐ South Pacific ☐ Orient ☐ Africa ☐ Egypt/Luxor



Fielding's travel guide to Europe
1973 Edition • by Temple Fielding

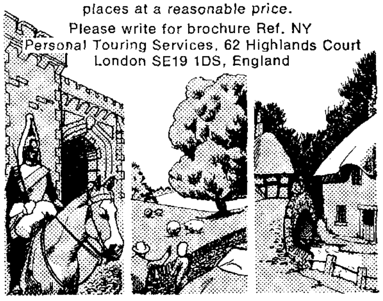
"America's No. 1 Travel Guide" *(Time)*.Twice as much information (a million words) as any competitor! Map. Bound in light-to-pack, durable Fieldingflex. $8.95

Other "must" Guides from Fielding:

FIELDING'S SELECTIVE SHOPPING GUIDE TO EUROPE 1973 EDITION by Nancy and Temple Fielding	$2.95
FIELDING'S GUIDE TO THE CARIBBEAN, PLUS THE BAHAMAS 1973 EDITION by Jeanne and Harry E. Harman, III	$7.95
FIELDING'S GUIDE TO TRAVELING WITH CHILDREN IN EUROPE by Leila Hadley	$7.95
FIELDING'S SELECTED FAVORITES: Hotels and Inns, Europe by Dodge Temple Fielding	$3.95
FIELDING'S QUICK CURRENCY GUIDE FOR EUROPE (Including Israel)	$3.95
FIELDING'S QUICK CURRENCY GUIDE FOR THE FAR, NEAR, AND MIDDLE EAST (Including Russia)	$4.95

It's *smart* to go Fielding!
FIELDING PUBLICATIONS/WILLIAM MORROW

Personal Tours of Britain
An atmosphere as if accompanied by a personal friend. Our English guides will take you by car to lovely unspoilt countryside and historic places at a reasonable price.
Please write for brochure Ref. NY
Personal Touring Services, 62 Highlands Court
London SE19 1DS, England



Gourmet MAGAZINE
HOLIDAY AWARD
Frenchy's
Fine Dining
AAA
1901 E. North Avenue Milwaukee, Wis.

Enjoy
gracious living at
47 Park Street
Mayfair
London
The Prestige Address

de luxe service apartments
by the day, week or month.
Colour brochure from:—
Graham K. Dennie, N
47, Park Street,
London W.1. England.

the world and the American past in terms of the cool-killer psychology of the barracudas and the smiling cobras who have taken over the studios (and who are financing principally action pictures). The ethos of ruthless, double-dealing winners is used as a model of the way things are—not to attack it but to become a winner. And the Vietnam war (which is in the background of the modern consciousness of practically all our action films now) is being exploited as a rationale—as a proof of rottenness that *justifies* brutality. Milius, a product of action movies, perpetuates what he got out of them: he piles on the slaughter, and is careful to twang the old-movie heartstrings and to keep the glamorous star center-stage. What I don't understand is: don't such stars as Redford and Newman—men who take an active interest in the environment and other good causes—realize what these films are saying? At some level, they must know, or the directors wouldn't be trying to garble the issues. Essentially, "Roy Bean" goes way beyond being a "Dirty Harry" on the range, because there is no rational order to keep in Roy Bean's world; we're supposed to laugh in agreement when he takes a lawbook and tears out the page that doesn't suit his purposes (another old-movie shtick). He is the law, and there is no other, except for fools and weaklings who are "taken in." Newman's twittering and Huston's small jokes with the famous performers making cameo appearances are just stardust they're throwing in their own eyes—maybe so they won't have to see the ugly right-wing fantasy they've trapped themselves in. Their only achievement is in blunting the impact of the material: the audience, trying desperately just to have a good time, takes its cues from the tacky genial tone and reacts as if it were watching a more violent version of a spoofy James Garner TV show, until the snarled point of view locks the audience out altogether. It might have been better if Huston and Newman hadn't softened the viciousness; then they'd have had to face the disgrace of what they were working on. Of course, if they hadn't tampered with it, it might have been a hit, and then maybe they wouldn't have been ashamed at all.

—PAULINE KAEL

•

DEPT. OF UNDERSTATEMENT

[*From a job-information list of the Modern Language Association*]

A tight job situation at Dunbarton has been further constricted by a decision to close the College in 1973.

BOOKS

Erasmus, Faust & Co.

NEW & USED
BOOKS
25¢

"Cities of Light and Sons of the Morning: A Cultural Psychology for an Age of Revolution," by Martin Green (Little, Brown), is a marvellously original mixture of literary criticism, political theory, travel writing, and history. It is also a record of its author's efforts to criticize himself and his standards. This autobiographical urgency propels the book exactly as plot drives a novel or structure a play. And although this is not at all the intention of Professor Green (English, Tufts), his work is a spendid demonstration of the purpose of learning and teaching the humanities, which is to find one's place in a spiritual universe.

To begin with, Green places other men; he categorizes writers, by temperament, as Faustian, Erasmian, or Calvinist, and this is how he defines the "bargain" each group makes with life:

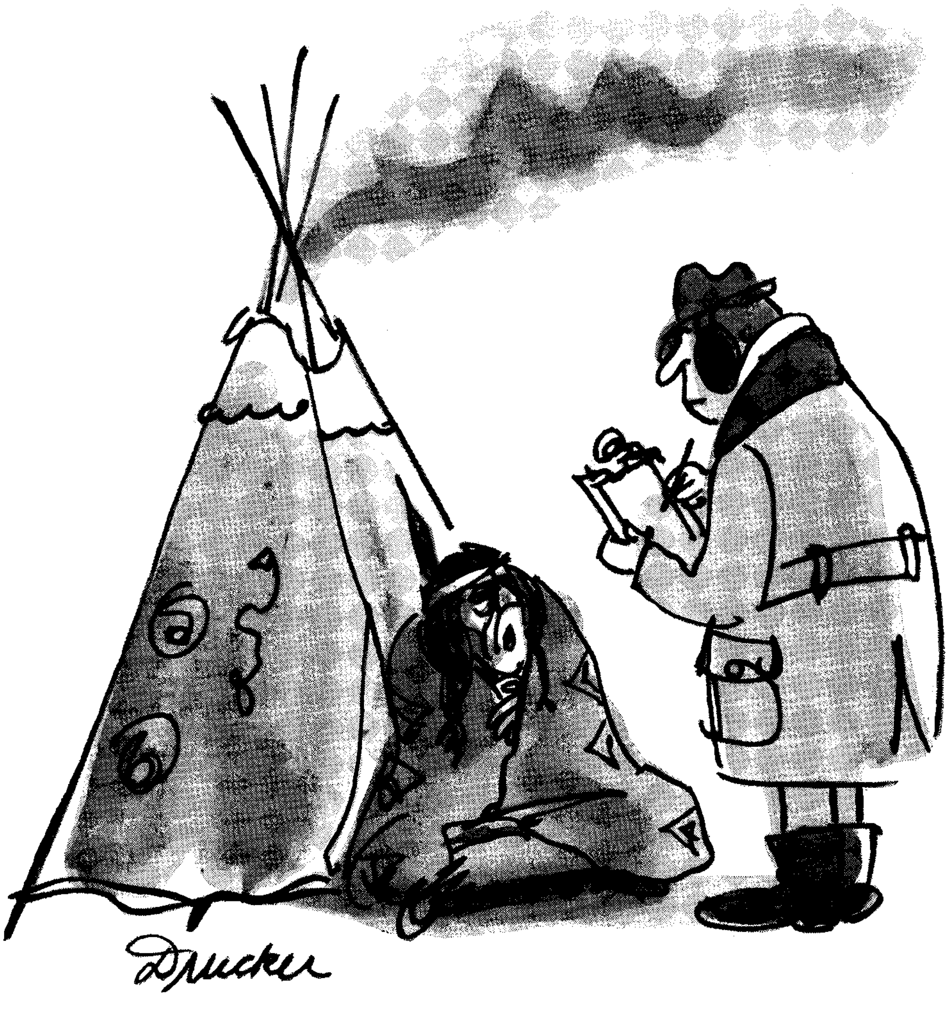
> The Faustian, or diabolic, bargain is that by which a man of imagination sells his soul (his sense of his own decency, normality, morality) in exchange for giant powers, swollen organs, of personality and of intuitive knowledge. The Erasmian bargain is the normal growing-up exchange of appetitive and instinctive energy for intellectual and moral civilizedness. And the Calvinist is the compact of the saints, of the dedicated members of an ideologically radical party, to exchange their individual freedoms for a group identity which will enable them to save the people. The Calvinist and the Faustian bargains are the two standard ways for intellectuals to escape the diminishment and enfeeblement of experience.

Green associates these literary temperaments he postulates with (respectively) conservative, liberal, and radical politics, and with the cultures of different cities in Western history. His explorations of art and ideas—and his on-the-ground search for landmarks—move in time and place: Mailer's New York, the radical London of the seventeen-nineties, Goethe's Weimar, the Edinburgh of the *Edinburgh Review*, Calvin's Geneva, Castro's Havana. This is an immense journey, but Green does not rush us. We move at the easy pace of a pilgrimage through our intellectual past. En route, he calls our attention to all sorts of resemblances—between Thomas Paine, say, and Che Guevara; Sir Walter Scott and Bing Crosby. He has a first-rate honesty, not debunking but truthtelling, which is of particular appeal in his pages about Alexandria, the home town of occultism. Occultism, he notes, has flourished among Faustian intellectuals in periods of religious uncertainty: the second two centuries A.D., the Renaissance, and again lately. (Yeats, of course, is the best-known modern instance.) Green objects to contemporary critical schools that encourage poets to build work on myths and occult systems, mainly because he thinks their political effect is conservative. I myself think the aesthetic effects are more objectionable. In the past, the attraction of occultism was that magic might work. Now that we know it does not, occultism is decoration (astrological symbols look dandy printed on yard goods), and decoration, in the arts, cannot do the job of architecture. But Green also adduces Alexandria to remind us that that city

> has been one of the type-cities of Western civilization, contrasting with its two more approved . . . models, Jerusalem and Athens. Out of Alexandria came imperial Rome, Elizabethan London, the Paris of Cagliostro, the New York of Timothy Leary and Norman Mailer. Out of Jerusalem, the city of faith, came Geneva under Calvin, Leningrad under Lenin, Havana under Castro. Out of Athens, the city of culture, came Weimar, Edinburgh, modern Academia. . . . Western high culture has . . . rarely . . . been occult, even when it has been Alexandrian in other ways. . . . It has spoken the language of Athens and Jerusalem, despite what it was actually doing.

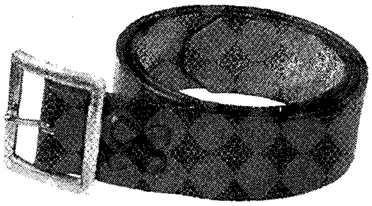
To be sure, neither Jerusalem nor Athens attained the perfection that legend maintains; the faith and morals of the one were unsteady—why else the prophets?—and the other was as devoted to pederasty as it was to philosophy. Is our self-deception about the holiness or wisdom of our past harmless? I doubt it. When we overestimate what human beings really did or were, we tend to develop unrealistic expectations of what they are or might be, and then come disillusion, apathy, and cruelty.

Green tells us that he was brought up, in England, to be an Erasmian liberal, but that he feels his temperament no longer has any moral authority or



"I'm for economic aid to all the Indians—except the Apache, who are my enemy."

Bean's 60th year
Outdoor Sporting Specialties
Sportsmen's Belt



Hand made and guaranteed for a lifetime. Dark Brown Steerhide leather treated with neat's foot oil for suppleness and rich finish. Solid brass buckle. 1½" width. For casual wear as well as for field trousers.

Men's sizes 30 to 42. Price, $5.00 postpaid.

☐ Send Free Catalog

Ship —— Sportsmen's Belt @ $5.00 postpaid.

Size——————

Name——————

Address——————

——————

Zip——————

L. L. Bean, Inc.
238 Main St., Freeport, Maine 04032

Fur is fine
But bare is better.

Slip out of winter and into our Jamaican sun. All rooms on the beach. All outdoor and indoor sports. All you have to do is call your travel agent or WDI Mundy, Inc., Empire State Bldg., New York 10001. Phone: (212) 868-0420. Out of state, call toll-free: (800) 221-7390.

SHAW PARK
BEACH HOTEL
Hugh Maitland-Walker, General Manager
OCHO RIOS, JAMAICA

RAINBOW BEND FISHING CLUB
GRASSY KEY

Patterned after the old Florida Keys fishing clubs and recapturing their spirit, Rainbow Bend is for people of all ages who seek simplicity in natural surroundings.

Fish • Swim • Sail • Snorkel
Birdwatch or Beachcomb

Owned and operated by the Tucker family it is situated on the oceanside of Grassy Key, ten minutes from Marathon Airport.

phone or write
(305) 743-6740
P. O. Box 2447
Marathon Shores, Florida 33052

political persuasiveness. The writers he most admires are Faustians, but his attempt to align their politics with conservatism does not really work. Faustian politics are wayward, individual amalgams that usually add up to Tory anarchy. Faustians grasp too much—the physical and the intellectual, the sensuous and the abstract; they get, one might say, the saliva *and* the polish. Their compass is too big for any party or movement. It is also too small, for Faustians are most concerned with themselves: Tolstoy wanted mainly to save Tolstoy's soul, Byron to free Byron more than Greece. (And Goethe, Green notes, subdued his Faustian inclinations in order to help govern Weimar.) Green now envies radicals. He writes out of a sense of failure amounting almost to despair—about liberalism, first of all, and about Great Britain, and about faculty life in the United States—and also, I think, out of sexual anxiety or competitiveness. He is drawn to elements of revolutionary radicalism that have to do with swaggering masculinity, with toughness—guns, wars, parades, armies; he wants more than absolute answers, he wants action this day. In his admiring description of an American student radical, he keeps using the word "steel," and what he most respects in some contemporary American Jewish writers is their refusal to be—which Jews, among Gentiles, once often tried to be—"nice" boys: smart, quiet, helpful, wry. In short, he identifies being a liberal with being a sissy. The reader must decide whether this is Mr. Green's problem or liberalism's.

Yet, however much he resents the upbringing that formed his temperament, our author was a luckier child than he knows, for he was not exposed to the rage of Puritanism, the heritage of Jerusalem and Geneva. Puritanism can only ask "Is it righteous?," "Is it edifying?," "Is it worthy?," even when the appropriate questions are "Is it pretty?," "How does it taste?," "What makes it go?" The radical bargain imposes terrible mutilations—dimming of sense, lobotomizing of intelligence—which, if they were carried out physically by the public executioner, might nauseate Mr. Green. But maybe not. He is rather casual about Calvin's burning Servetus; perhaps, in his present mood, he could make a case for Torquemada.

One cannot say of feelings, as one can of judgments, that they are mistaken; however little I agree with many of Green's judgments, I am affected by his feelings. He manages this because, whatever his politics, his prose is Erasmian—that is, civilized, intelligent, lucid, and fair. He remarks that Erasmians have always been notable letter writers, and he maintains a letter's tone of intimate communication. Whether or not Green speaks for you, he always speaks to you.

ACCORDING to Green's classification, Ezra Pound is without doubt a Faustian. As Hugh Kenner describes them in his stunning literary and critical history, "The Pound Era" (University of California Press), Pound's ambitions were inordinate, even for a man of his powers. He intended to remake English poetry and remodel every modern society by drawing on, transforming, reëxpressing, and explaining the wisdom of the ages, and to do all these things in a poem, the "Cantos." His poetic theories—"The Pound Era" elucidates them beautifully—parallel concepts that were beginning to appear in the sciences in his youth, particularly his idea that the essence of a poem is a pattern of energies rather than a pattern of words; the simile he himself used is the pattern that magnets make out of steel filings. Pound, then, tried to deal with two realities. The first is the glorious (religious, scientific, or philosophical) reality of the effortless, economical creativity of Nature (or God), the patternmaking by which—as Pound wrote—an acorn, without discussion, produces "oak leaf never plane leaf." The second is the destructive reality of war and poverty, the inveteracy of injustice which makes human history an unending international exposition, the World's Unfair. Pound's politics failed; his poetics succeeded, and "The Pound Era" is in effect a detailed, shining, and ample answer to the question "Where did modern poetry come from?"

Kenner is writing not alone about Pound but about his friends, acquaintances, and colleagues, born, like him, in the eighteen-eighties (Williams, Joyce, Eliot, Wyndham Lewis), who inherited one kind of literature and created another, and Kenner tells us what had happened across the nineteenth century to make them feel that there was the need for, and the possibility of, the kind of work they did. He describes the immense intellectual achievements—in every field, from archeology to zoology—that lay behind their literary achievement. Perhaps the most important—to Pound, at least—were the studies in linguistics, philology, and etymology, which laid bare the homicidal action of language on poetry:

as languages change, meanings die. Words, the things to which they refer; the emotional overtones they carry: lines, verses, whole poems—all these break up, disappear, or are read as something else. Pound took time's effect on language to be a challenge: his poetry would rediscover and re-create the meanings of past poems. He never, as Kenner points out, intended a literal translation, though many critics blame him for not ever having made one. Kenner's explications of Pound's and other poets' poems are a wonder—very nearly the best I know. They are truly careful, but they read as if they were effortless—and, more than that, effervescent—and they bring something new even to the most familiar verse.

Kenner relates Pound's concern with politics and economics to his and his fellow-artists' poverty, and to the illumination he found, in 1919, in the theories of Major C. H. Douglas. Douglas, who was an engineer, not an economist, emphasized the value of mankind's common heritage of design and patternmaking: the shape—not wood (capital) or carving (labor)—makes an oar, and this shape is the property of society, as is a ballad. Therefore, shapemakers should not hunger, and their work should not be traded. One can see the appeal of these ideas to an artist like Pound, who was already engaged in the rescue of the world's literary heritage. I have the impression, after reading Kenner, that Douglas did not wholly understand money and banking (who does?), and Pound certainly did not. In the modern world, property has lost its solidity; it, too, is a pattern of energies, and Pound thought it a wicked design. Pound was also a victim of that idolatry of the past, for he imagined that past societies—ancient China, the pre-capitalist West—had attained a harmony and justice that had been lost. He was evidently convinced that the perfection of the arts in bygone eras was proof of a finer social order, though—to take an extreme example—the society that produced those staggeringly beautiful Magdalenian cave paintings (Kenner says that these impressed Pound and his friends) could scarcely serve us as a model.

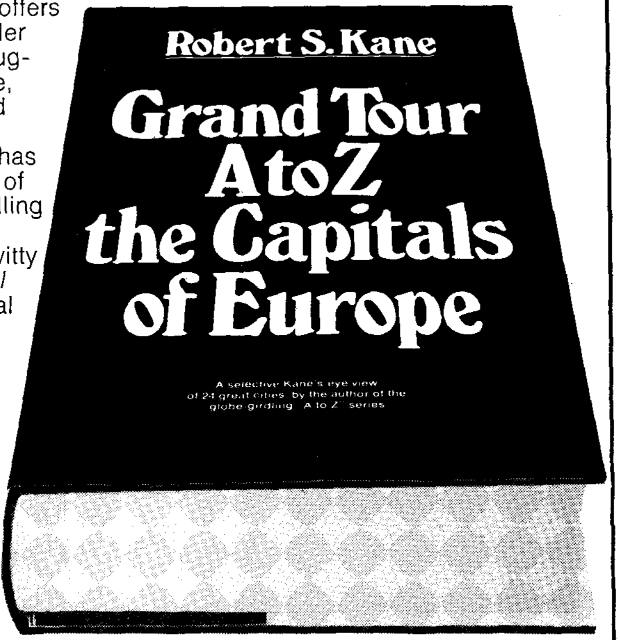
Pound is more than a poetic Prince of Serendip who, on his time travels, merely happened on his beauties. He worked, and Kenner's book makes clear what his work amounted to. The era Kenner traverses begins when Tennyson was Poet Laureate. It is impossible not to recognize how much our literature—not only our poetic diction but our expectation of what literature

"When Bob Kane says 'A to Z' he means it!"*

"Bob Kane is a travel writer who smashes stereotypes," says the *N. Y. Post.* And his newest 'A to Z' guide is more than the first book to profile 24 European capitals (with major chapters on London, Paris, and Rome). It actually breaks through the tourist-level cliches that clutter other books on European travel. Kane offers the sophisticated traveler candid and *selective* suggestions on what to see, eat, drink, and buy, and where to stay. And he adds a dimension that has become the trademark of the "A to Z" globe-girdling guides**: his own "informed, concise, and witty interpretations" *(Travel Weekly)* of the historical and cultural forces which make each of these cities a unique travel experience.

*Rochester Democrat and Chronicle

**For example, the just revised *Africa A to Z*


Robert S. Kane
Grand Tour A to Z the Capitals of Europe
A selective Kane's eye view of 24 great cities by the author of the globe-girdling "A to Z" series

Doubleday

SMALL... perhaps a bit backward, BUT TRULY EXTRA-ORDINARY

After almost 100 years of doing it, we're still processing meats up here in the BERKSHIRES just as we did long before pumps and needles and artificial flavorings were invented. When meat processing was an ART, not a race.

And in our own slow way, we've managed to develop a rather full, and if you ask us, exciting line of MEAT products, each with its own full-bodied flavor. BANGERS (the distinctively different British Sausage)... smoked MUTTON... old-time smoked HAMS... CROWN ROASTS of smoked PORK LOIN... smoked CAPONS, TURKEYS and GAME HENS... smoked TROUT, and more.

We're very proud of our wares (and of our brisk and lively service) and offer you our sampler... half of a FULLY-BAKED HAM (5 to 6 lbs.), a pound of lusty BACON, all liberally seasoned with nostalgia, for $16.50 delivered anywhere in the continental U.S., generally by United Parcel Service, with your unbridled delight always guaranteed by us.

If you've never experienced BANGERS, we'll ship you a pound free with your first order, just for your edification.

Or at least ask for our CATALOGUE ... such as it is.

McArthur's Smokehouse
Box 1000—Millerton, N. Y. 12546

Since 1876.

Some Fine Day
You'll Come
to
Waterville

the Silent woman
RESTAURANT
WATERVILLE, MAINE

WOMEN IN CONTEMPORARY EUROPE
Aix-en-Provence, France

EUROPEAN CIVILIZATION & POLITICS: 6-week course June 20–August 1 focuses on "Women in Contemporary European Art, in Contemporary European Literature and in Contemporary Politics." Given in English. $585 includes tuition, accommodation, demi-pension, field trips to Avignon, Arles, Nimes and Marseille. Charter flight extra. French conversation.

Director, Summer Program
Institute for American Universities
27 place de l'Université
13625 Aix-en-Provence, France

Studies in an ancient French university town—historic capital of Provence and famous for its Music Festival, Theater, Cinema, Art exhibitions and political cafés.

world famous imports

Wedgwood • Royal Doulton • Royal Worcester • Royal Copenhagen • Hutschenreuther • Bing & Grondahl Lalique • Baccarat • Orrefors • Kosta Galway Crystal • Iittala • Minton Crown Staffordshire • Val St. Lambert • Stuart • Hans Hansen • Michelsen • Dansk Design • Lauffer • Copco Gense • Digsmed • Lacoste • Braemar Alan Paine • Allen Solly • Burberrys Bleyle • Steiff • Perfumery and Cosmetics.

Continental INC.

Box 842, St.Thomas, V.I. 00801

Also in St.Croix

LOUIS AUCHINCLOSS
Richelieu

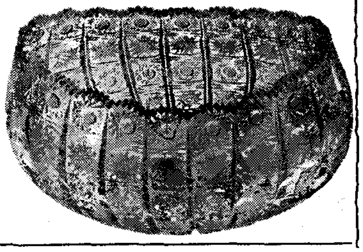
One of the 20th century's great writers examines one of the 17th century's great figures in one of the year's most lavish books. A Studio Book.

12 pages in color; 125 pages of black-and-white illustrations $16.95

VIKING

Crystal Lace

Lacy patterns hand-cut and hand-polished in full-lead Bohemian crystal by Old World artisans. Decanters, vases, goblets and bowls. At Peacock's in Chicago and other fine stores. Import of Queen Lace Crystal.
3 E. 27 St. N.Y.C. 10016.



will do—owes to Pound and his co-workers. Indeed, Pound's effectiveness recalls that claim of Shelley (another poet whose politics were not taken very seriously) that poets are the unacknowledged legislators of the world.

—NAOMI BLIVEN

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE SUNLIGHT DIALOGUES, by John Gardner (Knopf). In a notice issued by his publishers, Mr. Gardner writes that he belongs to the tradition of Robert Louis Stevenson and other romancers, as opposed to the realistic tradition of Henry James, and he goes on to explain that his book is "mere art . . . a book that imitates not life but certain kinds of books." This is both a poor recommendation for Mr. Gardner's fiction and an accurate description of it. "The Sunlight Dialogues" is a pastiche of childish romances, with the surface of a modern-day story set in upstate New York, and all its literary allusions and philosophical speeches tend, ironically, to make it shallower, flatter, more simplistic. Mr. Gardner occasionally tries to show a tender love for his characters—the principal ones are a small-town police chief and a lunatic magician—but because he regards them more as types than as individuals even these passages seem affected and a bit gooey.

GENERAL

THE DEATH AND LIFE OF MALCOLM X, by Peter Goldman (Harper & Row). The author, an editor of *Newsweek* who knew Malcolm X, says that since his assassination in 1965 the black leader has been almost replaced by a legendary personage. Mr. Goldman's biography relies on recollection, reporting, and research to recover Malcolm as he was—to demonstrate his immense intelligence and his affecting charm, and to tell about his earnest, essentially religious, lifelong search. "Malcolm was never so much a politician as a moral commentator on politics," Mr. Goldman says, and he makes the story of Malcolm's moral, ethical, or spiritual quest as gripping to modern readers as one imagines the Grail narratives were to medieval audiences.

SEVEN VOICES: SEVEN LATIN AMERICAN WRITERS TALK TO RITA GUIBERT, by Rita Guibert, translated from the Spanish by Frances Partridge (Knopf). Miss Guibert, a former reporter for the Spanish edition of *Life*, is a skillful interviewer, and her conversations with the Latin-American poets Pablo Neruda and Octavio Paz, the novelists Miguel Angel Asturias, Julio Cortázar, Gabriel García Márquez, and Guillermo Cabrera Infante, and the short-story writer and fantasist Jorge Luis Borges are crammed with fascinating nuggets. One learns that all the writers except Neruda were living outside their countries when Miss Guibert approached them but were nonetheless intensely involved in their countries' politics, and felt that their work, their ideas, and even their daily lives were strongly affected by their political views. But the common flaw of books of this sort—and this one is no exception—is that they are misleading; the best writers do not necessarily make the best, or even good, interviewees. Neruda is evasive, Asturias is murky, Borges is patient but is clearly itching to get back to work, and Cortázar is positively dull. Only García Márquez' speech sounds anything like his writing. The best piece by far concerns the least known of the seven—Cabrera Infante, a former Cuban revolutionary who now lives in London. It is witty, brilliant, and particularly thought-provoking on the subject of revolutionary rhetoric. As it happens, he wrote it himself. The translation is excellent.

THE TRAGI-COMEDY OF PEN BROWNING, by Maisie Ward (Sheed & Ward). A disorganized, mumbly biography of the Brownings' unhappy only son, which is doubly disappointing because of a fascinating short prologue by Dr. Robert Coles on the difficulties of the children of geniuses.

•

"The towns have finally accepted the fact that they have to do something about housing," said Sy J. Schulman, the agency's executive officer for Westchester. "U.D.C. has been the instrument of identifying an issue that's been bubbling under the surface for a long time."

What about the Watergate case?

"Oh, they say that was a put-up job," he said. "The Democrats did it themselves so they could put the blame on President Nixon."

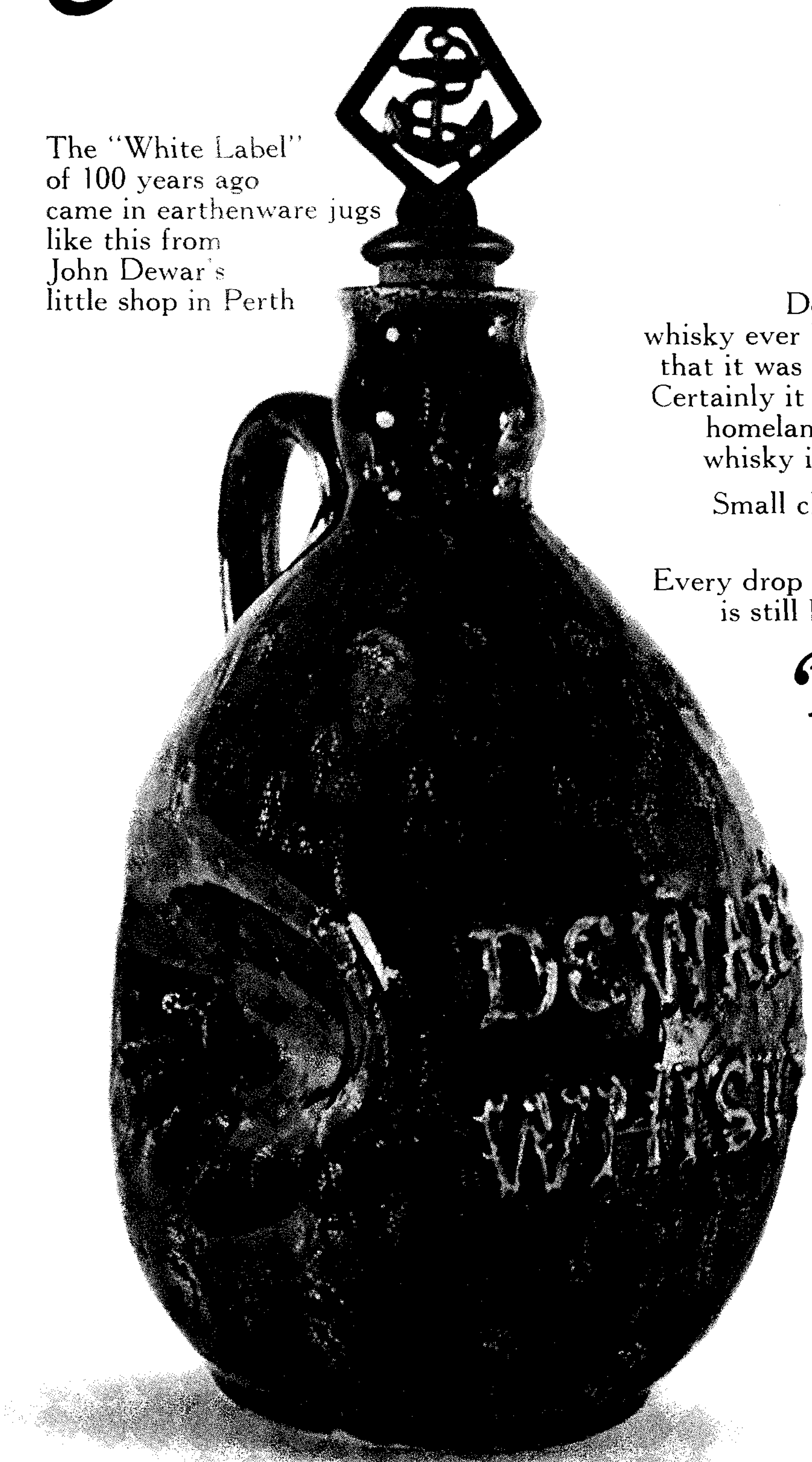
He crumpled the empty package of cigarettes. "I just don't see anything wrong with this country," he asserted. "It is still the land of the free. There are no limits to what you could do or how much money you could make. What could be fairer?"—*The Times.*

Housing.

BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY • 86.8 PROOF • ©SCHENLEY IMPORTS CO., N. Y., N. Y.

Authentic.

The "White Label"
of 100 years ago
came in earthenware jugs
like this from
John Dewar's
little shop in Perth



Dewar's was the first Scotch whisky ever bottled. Word comes down that it was a great product even then. Certainly it had to be—to survive in a homeland where the taste for good whisky is fiercely uncompromising.

Small chance would it have had if it were not authentic!

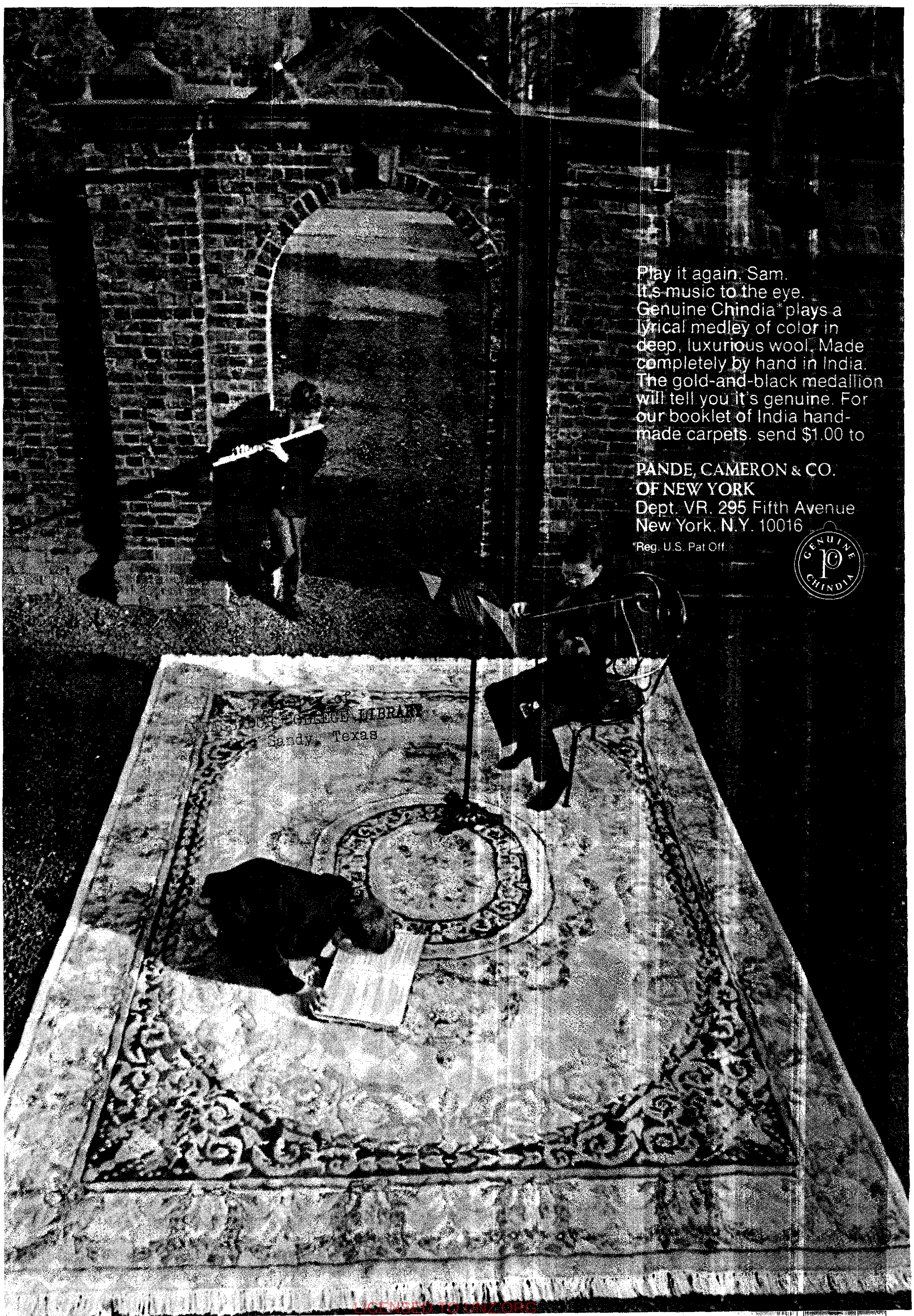
Every drop of Dewar's "White Label" is still bottled in Perth, Scotland.

DEWAR'S
"White Label"

White Label
DEWAR'S
BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
John Dewar & Sons

Dewar's never varies

The facts in this advertisement have been authenticated by the management of John Dewar & Sons, Ltd., Perth, Scotland.



Play it again, Sam.
It's music to the eye.
Genuine Chindia* plays a lyrical medley of color in deep, luxurious wool. Made completely by hand in India. The gold-and-black medallion will tell you it's genuine. For our booklet of India handmade carpets, send $1.00 to

PANDE, CAMERON & CO.
OF NEW YORK
Dept. VR. 295 Fifth Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10016

*Reg. U.S. Pat Off.

Property of
[illegible] COLLEGE LIBRARY
[illegible] Sandy, Texas